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## Poetry.

### LORENA.

"The years creep slowly by, Lorena,
The snow is on the grass again;
The sun's low down the sky, Lorena,
The frost gleams where the flow'rs have been.
But the heart throbs on as warmly now
As when the summer days were nigh;
Oh, the sun can never dip as low
Adown affection's cloudless sky.

"A hundred months have passed, Lorena,
Since last I held that hand in mine,
And felt that pulse beat fast, Lorena,
Tho' mine beat faster far than thine.
A hundred months—'twas flowery May,
When up the hilly slope we climbed,
To watch the dying of the day
And hear the distant church bells chimed.

"We loved each other then, Lorena,
More than we ever dared to tell;
And what we might have been, Lorena,
Had but our lovings prospered well;
But then 'tis past—the years are gone;
I'll not call up their shadowy forms;
I'll say to them, 'Lost years, sleep on,
Sleep on; nor heed life's pelting storms.'

"The story of that past, Lorena,
Alas! I care not to repeat;
The hopes that could not last, Lorena,
They lived, but only lived to cheat.
I would not cause e'en one regret
To rankle in your bosom now,
For, 'If we try we may forget,'
Were words of thine long years ago.

"Yes, these words of thine, Lorena—
They burn within my memory yet;
They touched some tender chords, Lorena,
Which thrill and tremble with regret.
'Twas not thy woman's heart that spoke—
Thy heart was always true to me;
A duty, strong and pressing, broke
The tie which linked my soul with thee.

"It matters little now, Lorena,
The past is in the eternal past;
Our heads will soon be low, Lorena,
Life's tide is ebbing out so fast.
There is a future—Oh, thank God!
Of life this is so small a part;
'Tis dust to dust beneath the sod,
But there, up there, 'tis heart to heart."

### THE ISLE OF THE LONG AGO.

B. F. TAYLOR.

Oh, a wonderful stream is the River Time,
As it flows through the realm of years,
With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
And a broader sweep and a surge sublime,
As it blends with the ocean of years.

How the Winters are drifting, like flakes o snow!
And the Summers like buds between;
And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go
On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
As they glide in the shadow and sheen.

There's a magical Isle up the River Time,
Where the softest of airs are playing;
There's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
And a voice as sweet as a vesper chime,
And the Junes with the roses are staying.

And the name of this Isle is the Long Ago,
And we bury our treasures there:
There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
They are heaps of dust, but we love them so!
There are trinkets and tresses of hair.

There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
And a part of an infant's prayer;
There's a harp unswept and a lute without strings,
There broken vows and pieces of rings,
And the garments that she used to wear.

There are hands that are waved when the fairy shore
By the mirage is lifted in air;
And we sometimes hear through the turbulent roar
Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
When the wind down the river is fair.

Oh, remembered for aye be the blessed isle
All the day of our life till night,
And when evening comes with its beautiful smile,
And our eyes are closed in slumber awhile,
May that "Greenwood" of soul be in sight.

## Our Story Teller.

### THAT MAN BANCROFT.

About four years ago I became the husband of a very charming girl in one of our seaboard cities. In my marriage with Mabel Lane all the conventionalities were fulfilled. She was a few years my junior—modest, domestic—and this, I sincerely believe, her first attachment. Even our complexions presented the proper extremes, she being a perfect blonde and I a dark brunette. I loved her sincerely. I was in comfortable circumstances, and on our wedding day I saw no reason why our married life should not be bathed in perennial sunshine.

Such would probably have been the case had it not been for an unfortunate defect in my disposition. I may as well state here that before my marriage I had devoted myself to that agricultural pursuit known as sowing wild oats. I cannot say that I was vicious, but I loved the company of good fellows. Late hours had a peculiar fascination for me, and the pop of a champagne cork fired me as the report of a cannon is said to thrill a war horse. These things, which never counted more than "wildness" in a single man, I suddenly found became heinous vices and utter depravity in a married one. Like many another, I had difficulty in adjusting myself to the changed condition of affairs, and then the trouble began.

We lived in a pretty little Queen Anne cottage, not exactly in the suburbs, but far enough from the business portion to be a pleasant walk. Our household consisted of Mabel, myself and a servant. I was then employed as a bookkeeper in a commission house, and my duties were properly over at 8 in the evening—rarely later than half-past. Next door to our office was the office of the *Morning Sun*. After work I had fallen into the habit of playing billiards with some of the clerks for a couple of hours, by which time some of the *Sun* reporters, just off duty, would be sure to drop in. They were thoroughly good company, and had a wild originality in their dissipation, when they dissipated, that captivated me. Their presence was certain to mean an indefinite prolonging to the session.

So it was that after spending all my evenings faithfully at home for a month I began to drift back into the old routine and pleaded an increase of business to Mabel as an excuse for later hours. I did this gradually. Now and then qualms of conscience would conquer force of habit, and I would be entirely domestic and devoted for several days at a time. Then I would backslide and come home at 1. It was not that my affection for my wife diminished. On the contrary, it increased. I was never so happy as when in her company, but I think it must have been a strain of old Bohemia in my veins that drew me with a subtle force back to the boys.

All this, though, was as nothing compared to the actual downfall that began one night in May. I recall it shudderingly, hesitatingly, awesomely. As I entered our gate an unusual light in the bedroom warned me that Mabel was waiting for me, and I shut my lips tight between annoyance and contrition as I looked at my watch and saw it was after 12. I found her in tears. "Oh, Frank," she sobbed, "I am very unhappy!"

"Not unhappy with me, are you, Mabel?" I asked.

"No, no," she said, "but unhappy because I am without you so much. I am sure it cannot be business that keeps you out at these awful hours. O, Frank, tell me what was it kept you so late?"

"Well, Mabel," I answered, feeling it useless to resort to the old story, "the fact is, I met a friend of mine who is something of a bore, and he held me in conversation for a couple of hours."

"Who was he?"

"Bancroft," I said desperately, using the first name that came into my mind, "a fellow named George Bancroft."

"What does he do?"

I felt that I was in for it, and told her that he was the accountant at Reed's tea store. There were a few more tears, but her suspicions were lulled and peace was declared. I went to sleep, I blush to say it, with a sort of guilty satisfaction that I had done a smart thing. Little did I dream of the precipice upon which I was treading.

A few nights afterwards, when I was late again, Mabel met me with the inquiry: "I suppose you were out with that Bancroft?"

"Yes, dear," I replied, catching at the straw, "Bancroft is a pretty good fellow after all, Mabel. He has a scheme on foot for some real estate investments, and we were talking it over."

"Why, has he any money?" she asked in surprise.

"Yes, some," I answered indefinitely.

"Then he must be of a saving disposition," she said, musingly. "Perhaps he is a better man than I thought. Tell me something about him, Frank."

"Why, what do you want to know dear?" I replied feebly.

"Where does he live?"

"He has a room at—at—20 Staunton place; No. 12, I believe." I chose Staunton because it was a long distance from where we lived and consisted of only two short blocks, so I was quite sure Mabel would never find or penetrate them. To my great relief she did not pursue her investigations further, but threw me into consternation at the table next day by looking at me wistfully and saying:

"Frank, I am quite curious about your friend, Mr. Bancroft. Does he look like you?"

"No," said, giving my imagination rein, "he is shorter and of light complexion."

"Does he wear a beard?"

"Yes, a full beard, cropped close."

"What color are his eyes?"

Some foul fiend prompted me to say he was cross-eyed, and that one organ was blue and one gray.

"How very singular," said Mabel, with growing interest. "I should like to see him. Tell me about this real estate scheme."

I felt that if I hesitated I was lost, and laying down my knife and fork, I entered into a detailed account of a series of fictitious investments contemplated by Bancroft and myself. I did not originally intend to go so deep, but her questions drew me out, and each successive step was necessary for preservation. As I walked out of the front gate I felt like convicted felon.

However, the mythical Bancroft was a convenient personage, and I concluded that, now that I had invented him and put my foot in it, so to speak, I might as well use him to all possible advantage. Consequently Bancroft was pleaded night after night with great success, although the continued questioning of my wife involved me in a tissue of falsehood so monstrous that I was afraid to contemplate it. Bancroft became a piece of exquisite character painting. As the exigencies of the case demanded I endowed him with tastes, habits, prejudices and some few principles. All the details of his constitution were given the night he was sick and I had to accompany him to his room and stay until 2 o'clock. Then it was that Mabel learned he was subject to sudden and violent cramps, epileptic fits and partial paralysis. The night he took me to a poor widow's garret and rescued her from the verge of starvation Mabel wept over his goodness of heart, but made some suspicious inquiries as to the widow's personal appearance. Next night she abused him savagely because he got drunk, and I had to stay with him and see, as a friend, that he did not get into trouble. About this time I became alarmed lest she should visit his supposed place of business to read him a lecture upon his habits, and told her he had left Reed's and gone to an up-town store. This necessitated going into all the details as to why he left, which I gave shamelessly. My conscience was in such a condition by that time that I was less troubled over my fabrication of complicated lies than I was that I should cross myself in some of them. How intricate, how manifold and multiplied they were can be imagined when I say that at the end of two years Mabel was still unsuspicious.

She had, however, conceived a violent dislike, growing into an utter abhorrence, of the man. This was engendered by a peculiar turn which the fiction happened to take. One morning the first pencilings of dawn were showing in the sky when I returned home. I had not intended to stay so late. I realized with sudden and humiliating force that I was a brute to leave a young girl alone, unprotected, anxious and afraid through the long night. I felt ashamed, mortified, and, above all, alarmed, for I was well aware a scene awaited me. With beating heart I entered the house. Mabel was in bed, and turned her head slightly without looking at me or speaking. I felt intuitively that she was crying. At that instant any plan, any lie, no matter how black, that would have relieved the poor girl's distress would have seemed noble to me. So it was with no pang of conscience that I sank into a chair and exclaimed in hollow voice: "Oh, Mabel, if you had seen what I have seen you would be sick at heart."

"What was it, Frank?" she asked with instant curiosity, sitting up in bed.

This was the effect I had calculated upon, and for a moment I said nothing, as if too much overcome to speak. Then in a low tone I continued:

"Bancroft is in jail!"

"Oh, Frank!" she cried, her eyes suddenly dilating; "what has he done?"

Again I was overcome with emotion; I had to have time to think.

"You know how Bancroft is when he is drinking," I said finally.

"Yes," she replied eagerly, "very quarrelsome."

"Exactly. Well, we were playing a game of billiards last night. I hadn't noticed that he was under the influence of liquor, but he got into a dispute with a clergyman, who was a perfect stranger, and took his billiard cue and—"

"Killed the minister!" shrieked Mabel.

"No; thrust it down his throat and broke it off."

Mabel stopped her ears and paused for breath.

"Of course," I went on, "he was arrested, and I went out to get bail for him."

"What business was that of yours?" asked Mabel, sharply.

"For your sake, dear," I replied. "Although no party to the affair, I realized how the linking of my name with it would pain and mortify my little girl, so I determined to sink my pride and ask some of my friends to go on Bancroft's bond to hush the matter up."

"You dear old darling," said Mabel, "can you forgive me?"

I forgave her, and, assuming the mien of a martyr, went to bed. From that moment, however, she regarded Bancroft as my bad angel, and hated him with all the cordiality of indignant womanhood.

Meantime Bancroft had commenced to haunt me. From being of a naturally frank and open disposition, I became preternaturally vigilant and alert, fearful each instant that I would betray myself, and recognizing that each day put me farther from the possibility of an explanation. I grew preoccupied, moody, morose. My nerves, quivering under the tension, were giving way. I looked scared and guilty. The very name of Bancroft was hateful to me, and when my wife harped upon him I felt that I should go mad if I did not get away. He had become astonishingly real to me, and I felt my personality becoming mixed and meshed with this myth—this man of air and nothingness—in a manner that upset all my previous notions as identity. I almost believed I had actually met Bancroft at some time, or that I was living a dual existence. In short, I was on the verge of lunacy when the climax came.

One evening when I went home to supper in my usual perturbed state of mind there was a strange man at my gate. He had a keen, katchet face and wore a slouch hat.

"Mr. Frank N. Styne, I believe."

"Yes, sir."

"I am a member of of the city detective force. The chief wants to see you at his office."

"What for?" I gasped.

"I don't know. You had better come down at once."

"All right," I said, my brain in a whirl. "Wait till I go in and see my wife."

"Your wife is at the office," he replied, with a peculiar smile.

Shocked and alarmed beyond expression I plied him with questions, but he insisted that he knew nothing of "the case," as he called it, and hurried me along. The fact that I had not the slightest idea what Mabel could be doing at the police headquarters redoubled my fears.

The chief's office was approached by a series of passageways, at the end of one of which I saw, as in a field glass, a room in which were seated my wife and a stout gentleman in uniform, whom I knew by sight and reputation. Mabel did not seem frightened, but was very pale and wore a determined look.

"Mabel!" I cried as I rushed in, "what does this mean?"

"Your wife," interposed the chief, blandly, "states that you are acquainted with the occupant of room 12, No. 20 Staunton place. Is such the fact?"

"What about it?" I asked, apprehending the necessity of gaining some more information before committing myself.

"Have you seen the evening papers?"

"No."

"Then," said the Chief, "I will tell you frankly what I want, for I believe you to be a man of reputation. The occupant of room 10, No. 20 Staunton place, was murdered last night, and the occupant of room 12 is suspected. We could not find out who that individual was, but your wife has been kind enough to inform us that it is a party named Bancroft, a friend of yours. We want Bancroft. When and where did you see him last?"

I felt the ground suddenly slipping from under my feet. The whole horror of my situation flashed upon me. Mabel spoke up:

"Frank," she said, "when I saw that number in the paper this afternoon I knew it was Bancroft. I could not keep silent after such a dreadful thing, and I felt that this was perhaps the way open to break your connection with that wretch. So I put on my things and came down here. It was for both our sakes. O, Frank, tell the gentleman all you know of that man, and let us at least get our skirts clear of this awful crime."

The chief looked at me fixedly. Under certain circumstances a man's brain will work like lightning. In an instant I had formulated a plan.

"Have you a private room?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "come this way."

"Wait here," I said to Mabel; "do not be alarmed. I will tell him all."

When the chief closed the door of the inner room I said to him very calmly:

"There is no such man as Bancroft."

"What!" he exclaimed, startled out of his professional stoicism.

"He is a mere creation of my poor wife's fancy," I replied, sadly.

"Explain yourself."

"I will. If you will make the most trifling inquiries you will find that no such person as Bancroft ever existed. Did she tell you he used to work in Reed's tea store?"

"Yes, I believe she did."

"Well, inquire at Reed's and you will find that he never had such a man in his employ. The fact is, my wife exhibits at times certain signs of mental aberration. This imaginary man Bancroft is the most noticeable one. I had hoped, sir, to keep this secret locket forever in my breast, but these circumstances force me, of course, to make a confession of it to you. I trust, as a gentleman, you will not betray this melancholy confidence. My physician has warned me not to disturb the hallucination, else I would have warned you in the other room. I suppose she told you, among other things, that Bancroft once thrust a billiard cue down a clergyman's throat?"

"Yes, she did say something about that."

"Well, how preposterous that is! Do you want further proof? What would a clergyman be doing around a billiard saloon?"

The chief was convinced. "I noticed something queer about her eye," he said, grasping my hand sympathetically. "Depend upon me to keep mum."

Mabel was anxiously awaiting our coming. "It is all right, Mrs. Styne," said the chief. "Your husband has told me everything and you can go now. I'm much obliged to you."

She cried a little on the way home and wanted to be sure I was not angry. "Where has that monster gone?" she asked.

"He has fled," I replied, "and will never bother us again."

And he never has. I keep regular hours now and hold out my experience as a solemn warning to all those who meditate going into the creative business.

### BROWN'S MARRIAGE.

Concerning Brown, it was said that he never saw a pretty face without falling in love with it. He certainly was of a susceptible nature, but he had so much time on his hands and so much money which he considered it incumbent on him to spend, that he had to do something. As he had neither wit nor industry enough to take to trade or sport, he took to falling in love, and in his drowsy and easy going way did his best to do his self-imposed vocation justice.

One day, after he had carried his fascinating employment on ten years or so and wasted a fortune on bonbons and opera boxes, diamonds and lap dogs, lawn parties and midnight banquets, according to the social and moral qualities of his impartial inamorates, his friend Robinson suggested it was about time he got married. Brown had a great regard for Robinson for several reasons. One was that they belonged to the same club, and perhaps still more because Robinson owed him money. Robinson had the tastes of a prince and the income of a parasite. Brown's ready good nature and plethoric bank account represented all of his income but a couple of thousand dollars a year, the rent of a house an eccentric old aunt had left her pet nephew in trust, for fear he would squander the principal if it was given to him. Robinson had reason to bless the foresight of his venerable benefactor after he finished his share of Robinson senior's estate. It provided him, at any rate, with club dues and pocket money, and chance and ready wit supplied the rest—that is to say, they supplied him with Brown, and for ten years Brown fulfilled the rest of the contract.

"So you think I ought to get married, hey?" said Brown.

"You ought," returned Robinson, decisively; "it's too bad. You're frittering yourself away like a raw member, and I'll swear there are gray hairs in your mustache."

"Well," said Brown, "perhaps you're right. But who is she?"

"Didn't you meet my sister when you were at Naples last winter?" demanded Robinson.

"Oh!" retorted his friend. "She——"

"She's the best and purest girl alive," cried Robinson, with a sudden animation, dealing the table a blow with his open palm.

"Well, who the deuce said she wasn't?" asked Brown, calmly. "I was going to say she wouldn't have me."

"My dear boy," said Robinson, drawing his chair closer, and patting his knee in friendly confidence, "you're wrong."

"No," said Brown, incredulously.

"I tell you yes," insisted Robinson. "The poor girl adores you. She has written to me a dozen times, and made me promise never to give it away to you. I am breaking my word, but I can't help it. Friendship, dear boy——"

"Bobby," said Brown, getting up, "you're a good fellow. Thank you. I'll think of it."

They went out together. As they parted at the first corner Robinson, having some special business and Brown an engagement at the stage door of the Casino, the former borrowed a spare fifty from his friend. While Brown was bowling up-town in a hansom, Robinson was in the office of the Commercial Cable company writing the following dispatch, which he paid for out of the clean, crisp note which had not grown warm in his hand:

*Miss Louise Robinson, Hotel Ragossy, Paris, France:* Come home at once. Brown and wedding bells are ready. FRED.

It was gray morning when Brown's cat-footed valet pulled his master's boots off. Invested in his night-robe, Brown dismissed his attendant. His head was hot and the bed looked warm. He opened the window and looked out into the mist. Then he closed it and lighted a cigar from a stand on the mantel, went to his desk, and from one of its compartments produced a little account-book in a cover of aromatic leather. This book was headed, page for page:

F. Robinson, Dr. F. Robinson, Cr.

The pages under the name of "F. Robinson, Dr." were full of dates and figures. Those under "F. Robinson, Cr." were blank. For half an hour Brown totted up column after column of figures, puffing his cigar calmly and with as impassive a face as if he had been counting grains of sand instead of gold.

"Gad!" he said, when he had made a total; "he's too greedy."

And he closed his book, threw his cigar and the balance-sheet into the grate, rinsed his mouth out and went to bed.

Three weeks later L'Amerique steamed up the harbor. The first shore visitors to board her at her pier were Brown and Robinson. The greeting between Robinson and his sister was charmingly tender. Miss Robinson's reception of Brown was delightfully gentle and confiding. Miss Robinson might have been a few years younger, but she could not have been more innocent and trustful if she had tried. Happy as she was to meet her old acquaintance, for whose sake the devouring worm had ever since been preying upon her cheek, she insisted on "Dear Fred" putting her in the coach. Brown, whose gallantry was natural, however vicious indulgence had rendered it, performed that office for her maid. It was raining and he insisted on the maid's sharing the coach with them. His valet remained to battle with the tide-waiters.

For the next month nothing was talked about in a certain set but the approaching union of Brown and the Robinsons. It was a splendid match for them was the universal verdict. Brown was a millionaire, Miss Robinson had about enough a year to pay her board abroad and dress her decently, and every one knew what Fred was. A good many people went so far as to express sorrow for Brown. He only smiled when his valet gave him the gossip he had picked up, and went on visiting Miss Robinson and lending Fred money as of old.

One morning when Miss Robinson rang for her maid, one of the attendants of the house—she had a suite of rooms in a quiet house on the avenue—responded.

"Where is Jennie?" she asked.

"She went out an hour ago, miss," answered the slavey, "with Mr. Brown's gentleman."

Mr. Brown's "gentleman" had brought so many errands to the house that he was as well known as his master. Miss Robinson expressed her anger, got up and dressed herself, and was in a fever of fury at the neglect of her servitor, when the door was opened with a crash and her brother hustled in. He had a letter and an envelope crushed in his hand, and his usually impassive face was white and haggard as an old man's.

"You —— fool!" he roared, "look at that."

And he threw the paper at her with such force that, striking her on the cheek, it drew from her a cry of pain. She was a methodical woman, however, and without stopping to reproach him for conduct for which she knew there must be a reason, she opened the letter, smoothed it upon her knee, and read:

NEW YORK, ——, 188-.

MY DEAR ROBINSON: You will forgive me, I trust, for so commercial an action, but I beg to submit to you a little memorandum of our account. If you wish a bill of particulars you can obtain it from my lawyers. The balance sheet at present stands:

FREDERICK ROBINSON, DR,
to
GEORGE WALTER BROWN.

To cash in 9 years 6 months 18 days, $48,750.

In view of the extent of the account, I am under the necessity of closing it and of assuming no further credit. You will, I hope, consider this a receipted bill. Yours very truly,

BROWN.

P. S.—I have written to Miss Robinson personally.

There was a rap at the door. It was a letter for Miss Robinson. She tore the envelope with a nervous hand, and a slip of paper dropped to the floor. Her brother caught the figures $10,000 on it and grasped at it. She covered it with her foot and read:

MY DEAR MISS ROBINSON:—You will pardon me, I am sure, for asking you to accept the inclosed. The expense you have been put to upon a misconception ought not to fall on you. Yours very truly, G. WALTER BROWN.

Miss Robinson picked up the slip of paper and put it in her bosom. "I want to dress for breakfast, Fred," she said. "What can have become of Jennie?"

"Become of her!" snorted her brother, beating a dainty Japanese stand to wreck with one furious blow. "Why, ——! they were married at 7 o'clock this morning, and are off for Europe by this time."

### BEECHER'S BOYISHNESS.

**The Great Divine's Liking for Children—A Famous Game of Marbles.**

That bright, observant young New York journalist, Allan Forman, has always been an ardent admirer of the late Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. He was brought up in close proximity to the great Brooklyn divine, and had a good opportunity to study the famous preacher's characteristics. Said he, in speaking of him yesterday: "Mr. Beecher was always a favorite with the children in the vicinity of Plymouth church and his Brooklyn residence, and he in turn manifested a great interest in them. It was a common sight to see the celebrated divine walking along the street with a child holding on to each hand and several others attached to his coat tails.

"'Here comes Mr. Beecher,' would be the cry when a group of them at play in the street happened to catch sight of their venerable friend, and off they would start to meet him. Not only was he interested in the pastimes of the young folks, but he would sometimes even take part in them. On one occasion he happened along while a number of boys were engaged in an exciting game of marbles. 'Oh,' he said, after watching them intentively for a while, 'you boys don't know how to play a game of marbles. You can't play the real interesting game I used to when a boy.'

"He then went off, but surprised the players by soon returning with a pocket full of marbles, which he had evidently procured at some neighboring shop. Very soon the dignified pastor of the most prominent church in the land, who could sway with his eloquence and thrill with his patriotic sentiments an audience of 5,000 as easily as he could lead a Friday-night prayer meeting, was enthusiastically matching his skill against that of his young competitors, on the public sidewalk. And when the game was finished he had lost every marble!"

Beecher was one of those whose hearts never grow old, no matter how white their locks become or how heavily the hand of time bears upon him.

**An Abrupt Matrimonial Offer.**

The following story, concerning a Boston hotel man and his estimable wife, comes to the ears of the Saunterer, and is a unique contribution to hymeneal lore. The gentleman is nothing if not severely practical in many things, and notably in his opinion of the matrimonial relation. When he made up his mind to get married he took a rather short cut to the consummation of his determination, and, addressing the lady by her Christian name, voiced his proposal in the following unique style: "I consider marriage a purely business transaction; there is no love or nonsense about me; now, with this understanding, will you marry me?"

Such a frigid way of putting this all-important query appreciably lowered the temperature in that vicinity, for a few minutes, at least, and the lady is not to be blamed for the immediate "No" given in answer. "Very well," said Mr. Icicle, "suit yourself." The lady, evidently regretting her hasty negative, immediately retracted with, "Yes, I guess I will have you," and Cupid, having completed his task, packed his quiver and hastened to a warmer climate to get thawed out, leaving "Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as—" well, as they always did, each thumping away on its own account.

**How the Girls Defeated the Policemen.**

The story of "Godiva," wife of that grim Earl who ruled in Coventry, has been, not outdone, for that will never be, but repeated in a less romantic manner by the twenty-five naked maids of Ireland, who baffled 100 armed policemen that came to make their arrest. The story of this appeal to and respect of modesty is told by a Dublin cable dispatch as follows: "The climax was reached yesterday, and at the same time occurred a veritable *reductio ad absurdum* of Castle rules when 100 armed policemen entered the poor-house to arrest these female offenders, and were baffled by the girls simply taking off their clothes and going to bed. Twenty-five naked women, it may literally be said, beat 100 men armed to the teeth." Lady Godiva by her perilous adventure "took the people's taxes away and made herself an everlasting name." These twenty-five Irish maids may not secure such a permanent niche in the temple of fame but they will at least have the transient notoriety of having defeated 100 armed English policemen.—*Chicago Herald.*

**Teaching School in the South During the War.**

Whatever teaching was done during the war was carried on under great difficulties in so far as ordinary school supplies were concerned; at least we judge so from the following extract from an article on "War Time Expedients" in the North Carolina *Teacher:*

"For pens we used goose quills unless one was fortunate enough to possess a gold one. Ink was home-made also, generally the juice of some astringent berry, like polk or elderberry, with the addition of copperas. For pencils we sometimes used the sharpened end of a bar of lead. School-boys made slate pencils by cutting a broken slate into narrow strips and whittling them round with a pocket-knife. A small bone of a chicken was burned in the fire until almost calcined, and so used as a slate pencil, but was rather too soft. To break a good school slate by accident was quite a misfortune in those days. The school books were those used by the former generation of children, and sometimes there would be hardly two alike in a class."

**The Good Old Amen-Corner.**

The question having been asked: "Where is the amen-corner in the Methodist church?" an old class-leader answered: "When we had an amen-corner it was all over the meeting-house and much of the adjoining county." Just so! That was in the days of the meeting-houses, and where they still exist the amen-corner is yet to be found. But in these days of churches, organs and organized choirs, a hearty amen, uttered in approval of the enunciation of gospel truth, would frighten propriety out of its self-complacency, and even out of the church.

## Humor.

### HIS DOUBLE MALADY.

**A Gentleman Whose Case Certainly Merited Much Sympathy.**

"Pretty fine weather, eh?" said the brakeman.

"Yes," replied the sad men reflectively; "it is pretty balmy for this time of the year, and that's just why I don't like it."

"Would you like to have it colder?"

"No," responded the sad man; "I don't like it cold, and I don't like it hot."

"Then how do you like it?"

"I like it mixed," replied the sad man; "because I am a sufferer, and need two climates to be all right. Do you know of any country having two climates?"

"No!"

"Do you know of any way in which I could be in two climates at once?"

"I do not," said the brakeman, who looked as though he imagined he was conversing with a lunatic.

"Well, neither do I," continued the sad man: "and that is just what makes me so blue and downcast. I am in very much the same position as my uncle, who was a proud-spirited man, and very fond of variety. He died of two diseases."

"How was that?"

"I will tell you," replied the nephew of the man whose love of variety was kindly catered to by Fate that permitted him to die of two diseases: "my uncle had both heart and lung trouble, and he went to two specialists for advice. The lung man told him to drink plenty of rye whisky, and he would be all right. The cardiac man told him that his heart was affected in a way that would make it an utter impossibility for him to drink alcoholic liquors and live. In fact, he said my uncle's safety depended almost entirely on his abstaining from strong drink."

"What did your uncle do?" asked the brakeman, solemnly.

"He didn't know what to do for a long time. He knew if he didn't drink whisky that his lungs would fade softly away from him, and if he fortified his lungs with this stimulant, it would prove disastrous to his heart. So he left whisky alone, arguing that his heart was entitled to the preference, for the reason that while he had but one heart to his name, he had two lungs. It was a most exasperating dilemma for my relative——"

"But what's the matter with you?" interrupted the brakeman, who seemed anxious to change the subject, which seemed to be a painful one, from his uncle to himself.

"My trouble is a very peculiar one. Several years ago I was stricken with pneumonia, and left with weak lungs. The doctor sent me to a warm climate to brace up, and while in the tropics I kept out of doors as much as possible. One day I was sunstruck, and the warm weather had such an effect on my head that the tropical doctor sent me off post-haste to Nova Scotia. Nova Scotia fixed my head all right, but it raised ructions with my lungs. Then I went to Cuba and stayed a few weeks, and got my lungs in good trim. Then I fled back to Nova Scotia, because it was my head's turn to be treated. In the cold climate I wore an ulster and a straw hat, in the warm climate a duster and a cake of ice."

"How do you manage now?" asked the brakeman.

"In winter I sit in the house with my head out of the window, and in the summer I sit in the cellar with my head in the refrigerator. At least, that is what I used to do before I got on to my present plan."

"What is your present plan?"

"It is to live in New York, because while there my head and lungs are all right."

"I thought New York a pretty bad place for sick people?"

"Not with people with my troubles," said the sad man: "I want all kinds of weather mixed up, and New York is the only place where you can get winter and summer all the year round. I had another uncle who had rheumatism so badly that he couldn't move, and at the very same time he had chills that almost shook the flesh off him in chunks. I tell you—"

But just then the train shot into the tunnel, and the brakeman jumped to turn the lights up.—*Puck.*

**Why They Never Disagreed.**

They were talking the other evening at a Parisian club about mothers-in-law. Each one told his anecdote and made some biting comment. When it came to Smith's turn he said:

"Gentlemen, I think you are all too severe. I have been married 25 years, and I have never had a single occasion to complain of my mother-in-law."

"You don't say so," they all exclaimed in chorus; "who is this wonder? Introduce us to her!"

"That would be somewhat difficult. She lives in Chili, and as she can't endure a sea voyage I have never had a visit from her!"

**Did Not Put Him at His Ease.**

In the hotel parlor, 11 p. m.:

"Have you any idea what time it is?" he asked, after he had talked her to sleep three or four times and waked her up as often by laughing boisterously at his own brilliant ebullitions of wit, humor and burlesque.

"Really, I haven't," she replied wearily.

"It certainly must be time I was going home," he continued, as he made a move in the right direction.

"Oh, I am sure it is very much later than that," she said sweetly and innocently, and then he went away with a hideous suspicion in his manly bosom.

**Chicago Pulpit Eloquence.**

A North Side minister was preaching on "The Immortality of the Soul." When he reached the climax of his sermon he stepped to the front of the platform, and, leveling his right index finger at the congregation, said:

"You may lose your wives and get others; you may lose your husbands and get others; you may lose your horses and carriages and get others, but when you lose your soul it's good by, John."—*Chicago Herald.*

**No Fun in Him.**

Mamma—"What's the matter, Bertie? I thought you'd stay and play with Tommy Carroll all the afternoon."

Bertie—"Tommy ain't got no fun in him."

Mamma—"He hasn't?"

Bertie—"No; we was playin' horse, and every time I hit him with the whip he yelled. I don't want a cry-baby around me."—*Tid-Bits.*

**As Far as Her Faith Went.**

First lady—Ise gwine ter chutch to tank de Land dey ain't no mo' erfquakes. Ain't you gwine too, my sister?

Second lady—No! no! my sister, I no gwine! Enty de bric' chutch?

First lady—De bric' chutch fo' tru', but don' yo' trus' de Laud?

Second lady—I trus' de Laud, aw my sister, I trus' um, but I never fool wid um.

**The Advantage of It.**

Mrs. A—I see you have got a new servant girl.

Mrs. B.—Yes! I make it point to get a new one every month.

Mrs. A.—But that must be very inconvenient.

Mrs. B.—Yes, but there is nothing going on in this town that I don't know all about it.—*Texas Siftings.*

**Why They Laughed.**

Mr. Charles Baker has a client who is trying to obtain rent from a former tenant. Examined by Mr. Baker, she testified:

"I called at the house and asked him for the rent. He told me to go to the devil, and I went directly to my attorney's (Mr. Baker's) office," and everybody laughed.—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

**Color Tells.**

"Ephra'm, does de good book say dat we are made ob de dust?"

"Yes, Augustus—yes, sah!—and dat we must return to de dust."

"Yah! yah! yah! Is dat so? Well, den, I guess it must be coal-dust."—*Harper's Bazar.*

**Two of a Kind.**

"Are you asleep, Bobby?" "Why, ma?" "Because it's time to take your medicine." "Then I'm asleep."

Sunday School Teacher—"Now, children, what happened on Christmas; can't you remember?" Wee Scholar (in great delight) —"It snowed."

**Graybeard Routed by a Tot.**

Kind-hearted old gentleman—There! there! don't cry. Be a little man.

Injured child—How c-can I be a l-little man when I's a l-little g-g-girl? Boo-hoo! —*Harper's Young People.*

### NOT SO VERY SLOW.

**Amusement of a Bored Millionaire at Newport.**

A famous millionaire sat on the edge of a table in the Casino at Newport one night and stared at his boots in dismay.

"Yaw!" he yawned in an excess of boredom as he raised his eyebrows and rammed his hands deep into his pockets, "It's slow; monstrously slow."

Apparently it was. One or two men in faultless attire smoked near a window. Others sprawled in languid desperation in the deep arm-chairs, and an eminent stock speculator added drowsiness to it all by snoring with subtle but penetrating regularity in the corner. It was a sultry night, and the negro waiters mopped their black faces as they whispered together in the corridor. The ennuied millionaire could almost hear the lapping of the water in the harbor against the sides of his beautiful steam yacht. His horses moved uneasily in the heat without and rattled the big pole chain impatiently.

It was nearly midnight in the queen of American watering-places, and nothing was going on! The millionaire kicked his heels peevishly against the table and motioned to one of the waiters. They all scrambled forward in such haste that the oldest one slipped and almost fell. The great man smiled, whereat a wave of joy passed over the dusky group, and all but one retired with teeth in full review. Who is unhappy when a millionaire smiles?

"Is the champagne well iced?" asked the man of means, good-naturedly.

"It is indeed, sah. De las' bot'le wuz froze dead hard."

"Bring me some."

When the waiter poured it out it was so cold that it dribbled slowly into the glass and sent up a milk white mist almost as thick as the foam that raced to the top of the glass, while the dew gathered in beads on the bottle. The millionaire smiled gently as he gazed at the champagne and then glanced at the panting waiter.

"Would you like to shiver, Thomas?" he asked solemnly.

"Me, sah?" said the waiter with a chuckle. "Dere aint not'in in dis hea wuld ud make me shivah t'night, sah—no'n 'deedy."

"Oh, yes, there is."

"Squese me, sah, but I'm roastin', I am, 'n I don' b'lieve I'll evah be col' again."

"I'll make you shiver in two minutes by the watch, or I'll give you $50."

"Go ahead, sah!"

Without more ado the millionaire took the champagne bottle from the other's hand, turned it upside down, thrust it calmly down the back of the darky's neck and left it there, while the champagne dripped gently down the waiter's spine. Then, watch in hand, he waited, while the loungers sat up and the waiters moved in from the corridors with their eyes fairly starting from their heads.

"Don' you shiver, you fool niggah!" said the foremost of them in a hoarse whisper to Thomas. "Fy do I'll—I'll kick yo' head offen y' body, shuh. Y' got a chance f' ter pay me dem seving dollahs now, an' if y' miss it I'll lam y'—I will fer a fac'."

Meanwhile the waiter stood there with pursed lips, staring eyes and clenched fists. His head was bent forward and his legs spread apart, while his breath came in mighty snorts. The loungers were crowding around with their watches in their hands making bets rapidly while the time wore slowly away. Presently the millionaire shouted:

"One minute!"

"Oh Lordy!" moaned Thomas in a voice like the soulful roar of a cavern by the sea. "I'm a-goin', I'm a-goin'!"

"Remember dem seving dollahs!"

There was an awful hush, the sound of the grinding of African teeth, a wild "Huh-wu-wu-whoop," followed by helpless chattering, and Thomas stood shaking like an aspen leaf, with one eye turned appealingly on the $7 man, while the other sought the face of the millionaire. One after another the waiters essayed the test, and for two hours the Casino was the liveliest spot in America. Then the famous millionaire climbed contentedly to the seat of his cart and murmured as he drove home in the moonlight: "It wasn't so monstrously slow, after all."—*Blakely Hall.*

### NATURE OF UMBRELLAS.

**The Right of Property Therein Discussed in a Beer Cellar.**

The natural depravity of umbrellas is racily set forth in this extract from a sketch by Anna Eichberg:

As he spoke there tore down the rickety steps that led into Auerbach's cellar a short, fat man with angry eyes, whose stout person quivered with rage.

Sneezing in the dense fumes of tobacco smoke and stumbling among the chairs and small tables to everybody's annoyance, he at last stood before my philosophic friend and waved in his face a huge umbrella, disreputable and rusty and wringing wet.

"Sare," he said, "I am a French-*man*."

"So I hear," my friend interposed politely, "take a chair."

"Sare, I was in ze libraire reading an' you was zere."

"I was so, it cannot be denied. I remember the back of your very interesting bald head."

"I am a French-man, sare, I am a stranger in your vile countree and it is only a Cherman who take a good umbrella an' leave zis." Whereupon he brandished it in the air.

"I do not understand! Calm yourself, my dear sir."

"Sare, you took my umbrella at ze libraire—a fine unbrella, bought in Paree, an, you leave zis, O, zis! I run to find you at your 'ouse, and zey tell me to find you 'ere."

"Observe, there is nothing so convenient for one's fellow-creatures, as to be a man of habit," my friend said with much suavity. "If, sir," he said to the Frenchman, "you will curb your resentment, I will try to explain matters. Sit down," which the little man refused to do in high wrath, while the professor continued, "this proves my theory, though I do not recognize in the corpus delicti a familiar article. What umbrella did I bring with me tonight?"

A waiter brought a respectable silk umbrella with a noble handle.

"Zat's mine," the Frenchman cried, "look at ze handle and see my name—Prosper Duprey."

Sure enough, the name was on the handle. However, the professor did not lose his self-possession.

"Let me give you a piece of advice," he said to his enemy. "I am a professor of medicine at the university, and without extra charge pray allow me to say that if you lose another umbrella and so agitate yourself, you will certainly have a fit of apoplexy. Better to own but a cotton umbrella and to preserve your health and your peace of mind. Take, as I do, whatever umbrella fortune casts in your path. This umbrella," he said, gazing at the article, which looked like a seedy member of the cabbage family, "I do not seem to recognize as ancestral property. Yet, stay! A glimmer of light breaks upon me. The young man who is good enough to court our cook, modestly left it in the hallway this evening, and I probably took it as I went out."

"Sare," the little man interrupted breathing hard, "zat is nonsense. Ze men what takes a good umbrella, and leaves zis, such a zing as zis—we call 'im——"

"A victim of the gods," the professor interrupted very gently. "If you really have the courage to shut out heaven with a bit of black silk you must take the consequences. The warth of the immortal gods is not to be trifled with. Have some beer?"

"Nevere! Nevere wiz a Cherman in zis detestable countree," the Frenchman shrieked, and clapping his hat upon his head, and with his recovered umbrella well under his arm, he vanished in the tobacco-smoke.

"What unnecessary and unjust wrath," the professor exclaimed.

"Suppose some one had taken your silk umbrella, would you have been equally philosophical?" I asked, laughing.

**The Boy Agreed with Him.**

Scene—A variety shop. Enter small boy who purchases a cigarette and turns to go. Proprietor examines the coin and finds it bogus.

Proprietor—Say, bub, that'll never do! It's bad!

Small Boy (lighting cigarette)—You're right, old man; but I guess I can smoke it. [Exit, puffing vigorously, and the proprietor is left.]

**The Small Boy Knew.**

Superintendent of a Fashionable Sunday-school—Now, children, what bird was it that brought Noah such good tidings?

Small Voice from Rear Seat—I know! Ostrich, 'cos Mrs. Noah could put the wings in her hat.—*Tid-Bits.*

## Miscellany.

### RUM'S WORK.

**A Young, Heartbroken Mother Creates a Pathetic Scene in the Cathedral.**

A most affecting scene, suggesting in itself an epitomized temperance lecture of the most eloquent character, was witnessed by a dozen or more persons in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, yesterday afternoon. It was about 3:30 o'clock, and the priests were engaged in hearing confessions, while long lines of devout persons, mostly women, were arranged about the confessional, each one awaiting her turn to enter the box. Suddenly a delicate-appearing young woman, poorly dressed, and somewhat lame, came in the main doorway, and with tears streaming from her eyes, lifted the wraps from the face of a little child, apparently about one yeer old, which she carried in her arms. As she did so she almost fell into one of the rear pews, exclaing, "Oh, Mother of God, my poor child has gone at last! Great God help me!"

Then with a suppressed moan her delicate frame trembling with the great agony she was suffering, she laid the body of the now freed little sufferer beside her on the seat and wept as if her heart would break. Then as suddenly as she came in, after hurriedly making the sign of the cross, she tenderly raised her precious burden and disappeared. Strong in her faith, and with an appreciation of God's holy place, she had brought the little sufferer to yield up its spotless soul at the altar of its creator and before the font where it was baptized at the beginning of its earthly career scarcely a year ago.

While she was sitting with her dead in the Cathedral, her young husband and the father of the child was lying beastly drunk in a Clark street saloon, scarce three blocks away. She had been to the saloon, and with the infant dying in her arms tried to rouse him to a sense of the condition of their child. The proprietor of the saloon, who had sold the man the liquor, was a witness to this spectacle, but his thoughts, if he had any about it, didn't cause him to take any action in the matter. About fifteen months ago the young woman married the man against the wishes of her parents, who objected to his fondness for liquor. She at first rejected his suit, but upon his representation that by marrying him she could save him she relented and married him. She soon found cause to regret the step. In less than five months after their marriage she attempted to bring him home drunk from the saloon in which he was yesterday. He staggered and fell upon her, fracturing her hip and laming her for life. He went from bad to worse, and is now a wreck, spending what money he makes in the one resort.

The keeper of this place worships in the cathedral. This morning himself and his well dressed wife and children will assemble before before the brilliantly lighted altar, and while the fragrant clouds of incense are ascending he will thank God that his business is good and that he is enabled to drop a liberal offering in the contribution box. He will not think of his wrecked customer; he will not care to picture the cold, wasted body of an innocent martyr to whiskey and poverty, with a pale, half starved and maimed young mother bending over it. What concern is all this of his? Isn't saloon keeping a reputable business, and hasn't he the respect of his fellow man?—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

**Personally, We Think Kissing Is.**

In *Harper's Bazar* T. W. Higginson has this to say of dancing and kissing:

It may be asserted, in a general way, that wherever in the United States you do not find dancing you find kissing. In communities where dancing was disapproved I have seen "string games" called for and carried into practice at entertainments held in school houses and even at church sociables. In such places church members —and, for aught I know, deacons— take part in the amusement; and I have seen it develop a friskiness, so to speak, in grizzled men, which made them, one would say, anything but seductive or beguiling to the young and fair. Among these of earlier years kissing becomes in such communities a systematic pursuit, like hunting or fishing. Young girls whose parents object to it are neglected or disliked; a young man in such a village told a friend of mine, with some indignation, that she was the only girl in town whom he had not kissed. It is of no use to object to it as immoral, where the church members are committed to it. Perhaps it cannot be called immoral; but when society has reached a certain stage of refinement these games vanish. The symbol of that increased refinement is usually dancing. Dancing, whatever its drawbacks, serves practically as the antidote to kissing games; where one begins the other dies out. They do not seem to flourish side by side; at any rate, people rarely go back from dancing to kissing. Granting, for the sake of argument, that it is necessary to have some amusement, the choice lies, in our villages and their scattered families, between these two forms of relaxation. Which is the better of the two?

**When She Has Her New Gowns Made.**

"In my opinion," said Kate Field, "it is impossible to suggest any radical change or improvement in woman's dress while the general style is at all what it is now. These things cannot be forced. They must come about slowly like all other changes perhaps if Queen Victoria or Mrs. Cleveland were to adopt a radically new form of dress, the women would all follow, for women are like sheep—they will follow anywhere if they have a leader. But so few women invent or design. If they do start anything new, the chances are that they have not the courage to stand by it. They can't stand public disapproval. I have seen every sort of reformed dress that has been devised, and I confess I have never seen an improvement on the present one—you understand, I mean one that looks at all like the garment in vogue. Now, the dress I would like to see women adopt is the dress of the first Empire. In that the waist is where it should be, just below the bosom, which leaves all the vital organs free to the unrestricted motion which they should have; it makes straight, seamy folds; it was worn very short, and the limbs were as unfettered as they can be in a dress; it was worn very light, and what weight there was came upon the shoulders. I have almost decided that when my present gowns wear out—one has to think of these things, you know—I shall adopt that manner of dress for my own house and receptions."

**A Honeymoon Adventure.**

A newly-married pair, who arrived on their honeymoon trip at a celebrated Scotch watering place when accommodations were at a premium, had a mattress spread for them by a compassionate innkeeper in one of his bathrooms. In the middle of the night the house was aroused by loud shrieks proceeding from the nuptial chamber. What was the matter? Well, this: The young bride, wishing to ring for a servant, had caught hold of what she supposed to be the bellrope and pulled it smartly. Unhappily for her and her spouse, it was the cord of the shower bath over their heads, and forthwith down plunged such a deluge of cold water as would throw a damper upon the most devoted honey-making couples. Her husband, in dismay, caught frantically at another cord on his side of the extemporized couch, but the only response was an equally liberal deluge of water, this time nearly boiling hot. The unhappy pair then screamed in unison. When the servants came they found the floor of the room flooded with water, and the wife was perched like a monkey on her husband's back, uttering the most lamentable cries, while her good man was fumbling about in the dark, trying his best to find the door.—*N. O. Times-Democrat.*

**Just as Good an Expression.**

It is told of a German, who was the instructor of a class of bright girls, that he one day spoke at length of the beauties of the German word, "Auf weidersehen," and said that there was no English word that corresponded to it in sentiment and feeling. "Oh, yes there is, professor," said one of the girls. "So?" said the professor. "Vot is dot?" "See you later," answered the smart girl. The German took the answer in good faith, said that the phrase was good, idiomatic, very expressive; and several evenings later shocked a proper old gentleman with whom he had been dining by grasping his hand as he started for home, and saying, in a tone of deep feeling, "See you later! See you later."

**How a Family Should Dress.**

There is a modern Jewish proverb, I believe, that a man should clothe himself beneath his ability, his children according to his ability, and his wife above his ability.

### BURNING A DEAD MAN.

**Description of the Slow Process as Seen in India—A Strange Scene.**

There is a movement on the part of the spectators shifting to windward; and a certain European who was sheltering from the sun behind the stone obelisk hard by is warned to get farther out of the way of the smoke, which a native, with a grin and a very significant gesture, intimates to be trying to the olfactory nerves, says a writer on cremation in India, in St. James' *Gazette*. In the dry air and sultry weather the wood catches first. A thicker steam rises out of the coffin and mixes with the thin blue smoke. There have been smiles and laughter on the part of the company—numbering hardly over half a dozen—both during the tucking-up process and afterward; but the laugh is not malicious, it can hardly be called irreverent. It is the laugh of men who known no harm in it. Meanwhile the fire grows hotter. With the dense steam rising out of the coffin there begin to be mixed tongues of flame. An attendant bales water in a small tin can out of the bucket placed near the altar and sprinkles it freely from time to time over the inside and outside of the burning box. After each baptism there is a dull blackness within and an angry vapor rising out of what is there. And now, as the heat grows more intense, a charred foot rises above the edge of the coffin and slowly stretches itself up into the red flames. The knee-joint is unbending itself as some unseen and smoldering muscle contracts. But now the sides and ends of the plank box can not surely hold out much longer.

The fire looks fierce enough to melt an iron cage, and yet the wood only cracks and hisses, while there is an ugly, spluttering and gurgling noise inside. At last it burst, but only gradually. The empty end, where the feet were, gives way first; and then through the open chasm you can see the poor shriveled legs, with only a remnant of black flesh over the shin-bones, which point upward in different directions. The feet have still their natural shape, but they are black and ghastly, blotched with a leprous, bubbly white. Then the other end falls out, and the skull hangs down into the glowing embers. Wonderfully human it is still, with the face even now retaining much of its flesh and almost its complete features. It is strange to see the blackened countenance so calmly looking down into the seething sea of fire beneath and around it. And still it stares, though gradually becoming more ghastly and indistinct. Long ago most of the spectators have departed, tired of a useless waste of time. Hardly one remains to rake the scattering bones together, which in two short hours from the time the fire was kindled will have been reduced to blackened cinders, weighing a few ounces only, and scarcely recognizable from the ashes of the burned sticks.

### A MILITARY STORY.

**Two Young Women and Two Young Lieutenants, and What Happened.**

A well known major general in the army this evening gave the true story of the original quarrel between Grant and Hancock. He said: "The facts, familiar to some of us, and as related by contemporaneous army officers, who, like myself, met the Russell and Dent families and young Lieuts. Grant and Hancock years ago in St. Louis, briefly stated, are these: The Russell family, then living in St. Louis, were rich, becoming so upon profitable army contracts which Miss Russell's father had obtained from the United States government during and after the Mexican war. The Dent family, then residing in the suburbs of St. Louis, was poor. The Russell family 'entertained' splendidly. The Dent family did not mingle in the 'society' of that city, but lived humbly and frugally. The young lieutenants and captains of our regular army, who coveted riches and were fond of elegant society, visited the Russells, admired and some courted the rich and accomplished Miss Russell.

"The gay young officers who coveted riches did not seek Miss Dent, and, therefore, it was said, she became just a little bit envious of the much-sought young lady. A 'superb' young officer won and carried off the 'rich prize.' Lieut. Winfield Scott Hancock married Miss Russell. A poor, and not then very prepossessing, young officer found favor in the eyes and won the heart of the more humble young lady. Lieut. Ulysses S. Grant married Miss Dent. Though for many years thereafter the homes of those two families were separated by hundreds of miles, yet the members were not lost sight of each to the other. Hancock became personally popular with the people of his home in Pennsylvania, and advanced creditably in the military service, while Grant, not thus favored by fortune, got out of the army and struggled in poverty.

**Marine Parasites.**

We caught a number of sharks, and with them some of their peculiar parasites, remora, small fish resembling catfish, which, by a sucker on top of their heads, attach themselves to the sharks under their fins so firmly it is difficult to pull them off. In some places a larger remora is used for catching turtles. The fishermen carry them out in boats with a line made fast to a ring neatly fitted around the tail. When they approach a turtle they throw the remora toward it, which quickly swims to it and attaches itself to it so firmly the turtle is drawn to the boat by it. One evening we seemed to run into a sea of fire. On all sides the surface of the water was illumined with a greenish blue phosphorescent light.

Buckets were thrown over the side to ascertain the cause, and, when drawn up, found to contain a number of subjects resembling cornecobs in size, form and roughness of exterior, but of a hard, transparent, gelatinous substance. Pyrosomæ is the technical name for them, though very appropriately, as I thought, our men called them sea pickles. An opening at one end and extending nearly the whole length corresponds with the pith of a corncob. Although so solid, each form consists of a great number of distinct living objects adhering firmly to each other. The whole mass was luminous, of a beautiful color and emitted as much light as a candle. Some of the men too them in their hands and had a torchlight procession around the deck. The effect was beautiful but weird. —*Letter from Brazil.*

**From the Tropics.**

A lady, writing from Mandeville, island of Jamaica, West Indies, to a Chicago friend, February 19, says:

I should enjoy a little of your snow and ice. Your description before your library window has made me more tired than ever of our everlasting summer on this island. I think I could be happy and comfortable if I could look out upon the white winter landscape you wrote about. I am sitting and writing at an open door. There are large mango, orange and lemon trees just before the door. The orange and lemon are covered with their golden fruit, and the mango has all kinds of Jamaica orchids nailed into its trunk, which are now all in beautiful flower. Roses are climbing all over the verandah of the house. The scenery about here is rather wild, and is very much admired by English people.

"We have begun the sugar crop for the year, and, if we have dry weather, expect a large one. But the price of sugar is so low that it hardly pays to make it, and, in consequence, there is no sale for cattle or stock, and the planters are despondent. Jamaica's best days are over."

**Hindoo Women.**

Boycotting and outcasting are made doubly oppressive to Hindoo women, and for the most trifling reasons. A married woman not putting the sindoor (a red powder) on the parting of her hair is boycotted. In the country, if a mother-in-law eats or lives in the house of her son-in-law before her daughter has a child, she will be at once boycotted. A young married lady was boycotted for not observing some ceremony at the birth of her child. A man can regain his caste by performing the expiatory rites, but an outcast woman, especially is she has broken away from the zenana or associated with non-Hindoos, is never taken back to her caste.—*St. James Gazette.*

**The Canals of Mars.**

The curious "canals" on the surface of Mars are like nothing else known, and still remain unexplained. They are seen as nearly straight lines, and appear like cuttings, with parallel sides, extending from sea to sea across the planet's continents. They are about fifteen miles wide. They were discovered a few years ago by Schiaparelli, an Italian astronomer, and their existence has since been confirmed by several other observers.

## Recent Literature.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, issue "How Shall My Child Be Taught?" which has for a second and explanatory title "Practical Pedagogy or The Science of Teaching Illustrated." It is written by Louisa P. Hopkins, who is a teacher of Normal methods in the Swaim Free School, New Bedford, and is already known by several works of great merit. The volume is made up of a series of papers published in the *Primary Teacher*, and are reports of actual works with a class of children, "whose growth from childhood to later youth, has," the author says, "justified the methods of that early education." They received severe criticism upon their first publication, but have since been highly commended by the best educators.

From Lee & Shepard, also, comes "Young People's History of Ireland," written by George Makepeace Towle, well known by his former histories which cover a large extent of ground, comprising many of the countries of Europe and Asia. Now that Ireland is claiming so much of the attention of the world this little volume which gives a clear and succinct narrative of its past is particularly seasonable. Without poring over long accounts of battles and their results, and the minutia of political events, a good idea can be obtained of all the causes that have brought that unhappy country into its present unenviable condition.

The same house issues "Foes of Her Household," by Amanda M. Douglas, a very pretty story of a fair and innocent young girl who is yet strong in her sense of right and justice. The story opens at a small place in Italy, and with an accident which finally results in throwing the two young people together, whose marriage entirely changes the future of the young girl in a way of which she did not dream. It is a very well written story and holds the reader to the end.

A little book from the same publishing house and by the same author is "The Nation in a Nutshell: A Rapid Outline of American History." It is exactly what its title purports, a rapid outline and yet a very clear one, one which will be excellent to revive the memory or to give a connected idea of historical events before unlearned.

A curious little book which yet is full of meaning, is that entitled "The Monarch of Dreams," by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It describes an experiment upon himself by a young man in the matter of controlling his dreams. The result is that he loses the opportunity of his life. It is unique and interesting. Lee & Shepard, Boston, are the publishers.

"Introduction to Psychological Theory," by Borden P. Bowne, author of "Metaphysics," is published by Harper & Brothers, New York. The author does not pretend to go into the details or literature of his subject but to point out the way of an understanding of principles. He does not pretend to give physiological psychology, but treats of pure psychology. The student in this direction will find in this volume, modest as is the claim made for it by the author, a great deal worthy of careful study and earnest thought. That he is arbitrary in some of his declarations and conclusions is true, but the reader can easily forgive that for the really careful survey of the subject.

"The Memoirs of John Charles Fremont," now in the course of publication in parts, by Belford, Clarke & Co., New York, is a work full of the greatest interest to readers. The first issue gave a foretaste of the volume and the expectations then formed are fully met in the succeeding numbers, of which ten have now been received. The excellent maps and fine illustrations add greatly to their value. When completed, it will be a work that should be found in all libraries of any pretension. The tenth number closes the first volume, and is the end of the record part of the life of Mr. Fremont, which was, as he says, spent among the grand and lovely features of nature, and its pure and wholesome air. The next will find him "in the poisoned atmosphere and jarring circumstances of conflict among men." Sold by subscription only.

"L'Ombra," is the title of the latest French novel issued by William R. Jenkins, New York, in his excellent series of *Romans Choisis*. The author, A. Genevraye, is little known in this country but is quite popular abroad. The heroine is an Italian countess possessing a remarkable voice, which she uses several times in opera, when she assumes the stage name of "L'Ombra," and thus causes a profound sensation, not only upon the audience, but upon an infatuated English nobleman, who seeks her everywhere. Price, 50 cents.

Alphonse Daudet's latest publication has just appeared in Paris, among the *Livres d'étrennes*, under the title of "La Belle Nivernaise." It is indeed a charming story, graphically portraying life on the Seine; with delicate touches of character painting, full of delightful humor and pure sentiment, and withal very amusing and interesting. William R. Jenkins added it to his series of *Contes Choisis*. Price, 25 cents.

The BLADE has received a copy of the new, revised edition of that popular book known as "College Songs," edited by Henry Randal Waite. It is a capital collection of new and popular songs of the American colleges; containing, also, the best of the old-times. Many of the songs are of real solid beauty; others are of the jubilee order; and there are trifles from all sorts of merry sources. The revised edition contains several new selections which have never before appeared in any college song book. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass. Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address.

### Literary Notes.

William Black's oddly named novel, "Sabina Zembla," will soon appear in book form.

Mr. Rider Haggard is mousing among mummies in Egypt in search of local color for his next book.

George Meredith's volume of "Songs and Ballads of Tragic Life" will be published shortly by the Macmillans.

Mr. Robert Ridgeway, curator of the Department of Birds, United States National Museum, has prepared a book for naturalists entitled, "A Nomenclature of Colors."

The Leonard Scott Publishing company of Philadelphia have added *The Scottish Review* to their regular series of foreign periodicals reprinted by them for the American market.

The *Atlantic* for April will contain a new etched portrait of Dr. O. W. Holmes, accompanying his series of characteristic sketches descriptive of his recent "One Hundred Days in Europe."

Robert Buchanan's book, "A Look Round Literature," is to be published in this country by Scribner & Welford. Unless Mr. Buchanan has lately changed his critical attitude his book will evoke cries of rage from brother authors.

George W. Peck, of *Peck's Sun*, and author of "Peck's Bad Boy," will publish in a few days, through his publishers, Belford, Clarke & Co., Chicago and New York, a new work, entitled "How Private Geo. W. Peck Put Down the Rebellion, or, the Funny Experiences of a Raw Recruit."

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have in press "Zury; the Meanest Man in Spring County," by Joseph Kirkland. It is a novel of serious purpose—the depicting of the almost incredible toil, privations and hardships of the pioneers on the Grand Prairie of Illinois, their dialect, humor, piety, and other characteristics good and bad.

The Century Co. will issue their war book, "Battles and the Leaders of the Civil War," edited by R. U. Johnson and C. C. Buel, by subscription only. It is to be issued in about 32 parts at 50 cents each. They will publish shortly, under the title of "The Pharaohs of the Bondage and the Exodus," the lectures on Egypt delivered before his congregation this winter by Dr. C. S. Robinson.

S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago, have now in press a novel that is calculated to excite the curiosity of the reading public and one which will have additional interest now, as being the last volume prepared for the press by the author. It is from the pen of the late Dr. B. F. Taylor, author of "Between the Gates," "World on Wheels," etc., and is said to be decided unique in character and original in design. Its title is "Theophilus Trent, or, Old Times in the Oak Openings," depicting scenes and incidents of pioneer life 40 years ago.

Miss Marietta Holley, the distinguished humorist, better known as "Josiah Allen's Wife," and author of "Samantha at the Centennial," "Betsey Bobbitt," etc., etc., who spent all last season at Saratoga (accompanied, of course, by Josiah) wrote up a book taking off the fashions, follies, flirtations, water craze, poodle dogs, lowneck dressing, etc., etc., of that great pleasure resort, has just realized a decidedly handsome figure for the MS. from Hubbard Brothers, of Philadelphia, who propose publishing it this spring, and illustrate it very handsomely and sell it exclusively by subscription.

## THE MARCH SKIES.

### What the Observer of the Starry Vault May See of Interest.

Some of the most interesting astronomical phenomena of the year are presented during March. The planets are nearly all on exhibition, including two that rarely come within the ken of the ordinary observer. The most brilliant of the fixed stars are still visible. The moon, just new a few days since, performs some remarkable operations during the month. Last, but by no means least, the equinox comes, and the astronomical spring begins.

To begin with the sun, he is now in the constellation Aquarius. He rises on the 1st at 6:35 and sets at 5:20. The day is already eleven and a quarter hours long. By the 31st these figures are almost reversed, sunrise coming at 5:46 and sunset at 6:23, making a day of more than twelve and a half hours. It is a curious fact that although the day and night are just equal on the 17th—6:09 being the time of sunrise and sunset—the equinox does not occur until the 20th. This is because the astronomical equinox is not fixed by the length of our day and night, but by the sun's apparent crossing of the celestial equator. Every year he crosses this 50¼" behind his previous crossing place. That accounts for the fact the sun is in Aquarius instead of Pisces, and will be in Pisces at the beginning of spring, instead of in Aries, where he ought to be, and where he was when the signs were named. Since then he has fallen behind a whold sign—30°. How long it is since the signs were named we leave to the ingenuity of the reader to cipher out.

The moon appeared, very close to Venus, on the evening of the 24th. Now they are running an unequal race eastward, in which the Huntress has it all her own way, and has already distanced the Goddess of Love. She is after higher game. It is not Endymion this time, but Aldebaran. She has had a spite against the gem of the Hyades for a year, for this is the fourth time she has put him out within twelve months. This occultation has the advantage of being visible to us, which not all the others were. It begins at 7:44 p. m. on the 28th, when the dark rim of the moon suddenly blots the ruby twinkler from the firmament, and an hour later he will emerge, none the worse, apparently, on the western, or bright side of the moon. Luna is full on the 9th and new again on the 24th.

Of the planets, all are visible this month except Mars. Jupiter rises a little late now, but by the end of the month he will come up at 8 o'clock. He is in the constellation Virgo, and may be found easily by following out the curve of the handle of the Big Dipper to Arcturus, and thence onward to the next bright star, Spica, near which, and brighter than which, the heathen monarch is at present.

Saturn occupies a very prominent position among the notables. He is in the constellation Gemini, and between Castor and Pollux on the north and Procyon on the south, while Orion is close by. He is just about as bright as his first magnitude companions, but may easily be distinguished by his steadier luster.

Mercury will actually be visible this week. Saturday, just after sunset, is the best time to look for him, and the place is 9° north of the point where the sun went down. Venus is only 5° away from him, toward the southeast, if one knows just where to look. He is not far from Jupiter, and appears as a star of the sixth magnitude, between Gamma and Theta Virginis.

This is the last month to see the great winter constellations, Orion and his companions, at their best. The sky is studded with stars of the first magnitude, and if the nights are fine there will not be a better month in the year to study astronomy and astrography than March.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

## THE WRONG HOUSE.

### His Attempt to Break Into a Lady's Chamber, Thinking It His Own.

Washington cor. N. Y. World, March 1.

At the close of last night's session of the House, which did not adjourn until after 2 o'clock, Congressman Hitt, of Illinois; Rice, of Massachusetts, and two others were driven to their homes in the same carriage. The last to be discharged was Mr. Rice, who lives at 1,341 L street. The house adjoining that in part occupied by Mr. Rice is so similar in architectural construction and furniture, both exterior and interior, that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other. Mr. Rice ascended the steps of the wrong number; his night-key fitted the lock the same as his own door. He was soon within and upon the floor corresponding to that of his own rooms. The door leading from the hall to his supposed apartments was locked, which naturally aroused his temper, which is generally tranquil and gentle. He turned the knob the second and third time, and still no progress. He took his heavy cane and fairly battered down the door. This so aroused the occupant of the chamber that cries of "Who is that?" came loud and often.

"It is me," shouted the Massachusetts congressman, "and I want to come in."

"I do not know you," came from the scared and half-frenzied occupant, "and besides you have no business in here." It was the voice of a woman, and the congressman supposed it was that of his wife, who desired to perpetrate a practical joke on him. He gave the door a still heavier and harder knock with his cane and demanded that it be opened at once. By this time the fair occupant was wild with fear and rage. She appealed in tones of fright coupled with a threat that unless the intruder immediately departed she would sound a general alarm, arouse the inmates of the house and have him given over to the police.

"Are not these my own rooms?" demanded Mr. Rice.

"They are not, and no Congressman by the name of Rice lives in this house," shouted the irate female.

"Is not this No. 1,341 L street?" said the Congressman.

"No, sir; it is not. The figures painted on the glass over the door read '1,343,' and if you were not intoxicated you could have read them."

At this Mr. Rice retraced his steps down the stairs, and to his astonishment made the discovery that he was in the wrong house. He had hardly reached the storm door when a gentleman from the inside came down with a pistol in his hand. The Congressman, who is always polite, made the necessary explanations, and entered his own residence feeling, as he expressed it, "that he had narrowly escaped with his life." Two new and different locks were placed upon the respective doors this morning.

—The Nineteenth Century Club is an organization that will consist of an equal number of men and women. It is hardly to be expected that they will agree on all subjects: but it can surprise no one to learn that Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," is unanimously pronounced the most successful remedy extant, for pulmonary consumption, as has been demonstrated in hundreds of cases; it positively arrests this disease and restores health and strength, if administered in its early stages. By druggists.

## POPULAR ERRORS

### Prevalent Concerning the Weather—A Few of the Principal Ones.

Few erroneous notions are spread so readily or cling so tenaciously as those respecting the weather. In noticing common errors of the kind, Prof. Cleveland Abbe, the distinguished meteorologist, urges attention to these facts: That while the moon might well be expected to influence our weather, scientific evidence shows that it does not; that there is no sound reason for believing that sunspots has any appreciable effect in producing storms, or other local changes; that animal instinct ranks greatly below human intelligence as a guide to future weather; that the indications furnished by plants are due to the hygroscopic condition of the air, as are also other "signs," and are less delicate and reliable than the accurate instrumental tests of meteorologists; that electricity and ozone do not produce the effects often ascribed to them; that thunder storms do not cool the air, but the cool inrush results, like the storm, from the rise of hot air—at least in many cases; that it has not yet been proven that the removal of forests and the extension of railroads and telegraphs have influenced our climate; that the weather is materially the same as in old-fashioned times, scientific records disproving the faulty recollections of the oldest inhabitant; and that severe storms are no more liable to occur at the date of equinoxes, or on certain days of the week or month, than at other times.

**HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.**

**A Valuable Remedy for Gravel.**

Dr. T. H. NEWLAND, Jr., St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have used it in diseases of the urinary organs, such as gravel, and particulary spermatorrhœa, with very good results, and think it a very valuable remedy in those diseases."

## IN THE OREGON DESERT.

### A Crater Which Is Supposed to Be a Burning Coal-Field.

Fifty miles due west of Robinson City, Grant county, Oregon, is the northern extremity of the Oregon Desert. This barren tract is mountainous and produces nothing. The soil is sandy, and the rocks strewn about are of volcanic origin. The region has never been thoroughly explored. A few adventurers, who made visits there several years ago, found the bones of the enormous animals that lived in the ages gone by, fossils of fishes, and what resembled a Chinese junk. These curiosities they preserved, and I think they are now in the Smithsonian Institution. Fifty miles west of Robinson they came upon what they set down in their note-books as burning coal-fields, which covered a plat of ground about a mile square, bounded on the north by a spur of the Blue Mountains. From this crater huge columns of smoke issued, illumined by streaks of fire. They made a superficial examination, which availed nothing. The Wasco Indians gave the information that the burning region was the hell of the Great Spirit, where recreant red men atoned for the misdeeds of their days on earth after they had passed to their happy hunting grounds. The hell was for the exclusive use of the chief of the Wasco tribe, and whenever in his judgment he had offended the Great Spirit in any manner he betook him to the region of fire and descending by a hidden path to the interior confronted the host and humbly begged pardon. Whenever a young buck or a klootchman went near the place death was the punishment.

Since the Indians have been removed to a reservation Eastern Oregon has been settled up, and stock-raising and other industries inaugurated by the inhabitants. However, the settlement of the country has not interfered with the hell and it burns as brightly as ever. It occupies a much larger area than heretofore, being now about one and a half miles square, the increase in size arising from the constant falling in of the banks of the abyss.

Many fatal accidents and disappearances have occurred in this neighborhood. May 16, 1887, a sheep-herder named Adam S. Collins left the Dalles to round up and bring in a band of about 150 sheep. Several weeks passed and nothing was heard from Collins. Search was instituted for him and the tracks of the herder and his band were found within 150 feet of the abyss, leading in that direction. The searchers becoming alarmed then returned to the Dalles. In 1870 a prairie schooner from Missouri containing a family of Cusicks and Pilkingtons was lost in the neighborhood and no trace was ever found. A number of sheep-herders and cowboys are known to have been lost here. Last Thursday a party of cowboys—Harry L. White, R. W. Mitchell, and William Claggett—left John Days City to bring in stray cattle. The trip took them in the vicinity of the burning crater, and they determined to take a look before returning. They selected a feasible spot, but in a few moments were stifled by smoke and retired. One, named Hugh Connolly, a daring young Texan of 22 years, saw a higher place and left his companions, with the remark, "Boys, yonder is a fine place; I am going to see how far it is to hell, anyway." He reached the spot and waved his sombrero to his companions, saying something which they did not understand. Just then the ground on which Connolly stood gave way and he disappeared. His companions mounted their horses and never drew rein until five miles away. A party of explorers will leave here May 15, to explore the region. Negotiations are pending with a New York scientist for him to accompany them.

## HIS CREED.

### On What Religious Platform Henry Ward Beecher Stood.

On Tuesday, September 28, 1886, upon the occasion of Mr. Beecher's visit to England, the Board of London Congregational Ministers, with their wives or other lady friends and a few invited guests, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Beecher at a social meeting in the Memorial Hall. On that occasion Mr. Beecher made an address in which he said:

I say in regard to all church worship, that is the best form of church economy that in the long run helps men to be the best Christians. In regard to ordinances I stand very nearly where the Quakers do, except that they think that because they are not divinely condemned they are not necessary. I think they are most useful. Common schools are not divinely ordered, Sunday schools are not divinely ordered; but would you dispense with them? Is there no law and reason except that of the letter? Whatever thing is found when applied to human nature to do good, that is God's ordinance. If there are any men that worship God through the Roman Catholic church—and there are—I say this in regard to them: "I cannot, but you can; God bless you!" In that great, venerable church there is gospel enough to save any man; no man need perish for want of light and truth in that system; and yet, what an economy it is, what an organization, what burdens and how many lurking mischiefs that temptation will bring out! I could never be a Roman Catholic, but I could be a Christian in a Roman Catholic church; I could serve God there. I believe in the Episcopacy—for those that want it. Let my tongue forget its cunning if I ever speak a word adverse to that church that brooded my mother, and now broods some of the nearest blood kindred I have on earth. It is a man's own fault if he do not find salvation in the teaching and worship of the great Episcopal body of the world. Well, I can find no charm in the Presbyterian government. I was for ten years a member of the Presbyterian church, for I swore to the confession of faith; but at that time my beard had not grown. The rest of the Book of Worship has great wisdom in it, and rather than not have any brotherhood, I would be a Presbyterian again if they would not oblige me to swear to the confession of faith. On the other hand, my birthright is in the Congregational church. I was born in it, it exactly agreed with my temperament and with my ideas; and it does yet, for although it is in many respects slow moulded, although in many respects it has not the fascination in its worship that belong to the high ecclesiastical organizations, though it makes less for the eye and less for the ear, and more for the reason and the emotions, though it has this: that it does not take men because they are weak and cruth them up upon its worship, and then just leave them as weak after forty years as they were when it found them. A part of its very idea is so to meet the weakness of men as that they shall grow stronger; to preach the truth and then wait till they are able to seize that truth and live by it. It works slowly, but I tell you that when it has finished its work it makes men in the community; and I speak both of the Congregationalists that are called Baptists and those that are called Congregationalists; they are one and the same and ought to be hand in hand with each other, in perfect sympathy.

**To Weak Men**

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A reliable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

## A FLAT WHEEL.

### A Fact that Travelers in Railway Cars Should Know.

As a train was pulling out of the West Side Union Station in Chicago a passenger sat still a moment as if listening to something, and then rose from his seat, picked up his luggage and asked his traveling companion to go with him into the first car ahead.

"But we have just got comfortably seated here," replied the other; "why should we make a change? Car too hot for you?"

"No, the temperature is all right."

"Too cold, mebbe?"

"No, it's not too cold."

"Then what is the matter? Why should we go into the front car?"

"Well, I'll tell you. You know I used to be a railroad man—a conductor—and, of course, I picked up some ideas on the road that a man gets only from experience. As soon as the train started my ears told me there was a flat wheel under this car. Don't you hear it rapping on the rails? Wait till the train slows up for the first stop, and then you'll hear it—running too fast now. Yes, sir; car wheels flatten out, and have to be closely watched. Some imperfection or unevenness in the iron, or some extraordinary blow on a rail or obstruction, makes an impression on the surface of the wheel, and then every revolution thereafter adds to the injury. A wheel will flatten out in a remarkably short time, and on long runs of through trains a flat wheel is a source of danger. If this wheel runs from here to New York, and happens to be a pretty soft wheel, the chances are that it will arrive there in very bad condition, after doing as much damage to the track on the journey as the company will get in passenger money from all the occupants of the car. Of course, there's not much danger, but I make it a rule never to ride in a car that has a flat wheel under it, and if you don't mind we'll go up ahead."—*Chicago Herald.*

**The Throat.**—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" acts directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

## A PRAIRIE OF PITCH.

### The Wonderful Asphalt Lake of Venezuela Described.

I have just returned from a trip to the so-called "Pitch Lake," writes a correspondent from Port of Spain, Trinidad, to the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. Running south down the Parian Gulf to La Brea, some 40 miles distant from this port, we there disembarked, and, climbing a gentle ascent of 140 feet, we found the lake, a little more than a mile inland. Strictly speaking, there is no lake in the common acceptance of the term, but a level plain, composed of a concrete, though flexible, mass of pitch, covering an area of perhaps 100 acres.

Bushes, patches of vegetation, and occasional pools of brackish water diversify the surface here and there, giving it the appearance of a mud-swamp. There is no difficulty in walking or wading from end to the other, for with the sole exception of several places where the pitch is in a state of ebullition in a soft and viscid consistency the "lake" is semi-solid. On it I found chestnut-colored men and women digging out large clods of the asphalt with ax and shovel and loading it upon donkey-carts.

Each lump of the asphalt exhibited small cavities, and we were informed by the diggers that they never dig deep enough to find the pitch at all softened. The roughened surface of the pits is exposed to the tropical sun, and within a few days the cavities are full again. From 30,000 to 40,000 tons of the asphalt are dug out every year, each cubic foot of the pitch weighing on an average 60 pounds. It is estimated that there are in the deposit not less than 10,000,000,000 pounds, which, at the present rate of digging, should last fully 8,000 years. This is on the basis that it lies four feet deep, but as it actually lies much deeper, and as there is more or less of it elsewhere, it is practically inexhaustible. The lake is a dead sea, and deserves the name quite as much as did the Lacus Asphaltites of Palestine in ancient times. This, however, is a more remarkable deposit—the most remarkable in the world—more so than the asphalt stone of Switzerland and Germany. For many scientific reasons it is superior to the latter, and is proving an able substitute for it. For what purpose, do you ask? For pavements, of course. It is a Yankee idea of European parentage, and not a bad idea by any means. It is a strangely interesting history that has to do with the matter. It may be of interest to relate the story of asphalt. In 1711 Eirinius, a Grecian physician, discovered and first utilized the asphalt of the Val de Travers, near Neufchatel, and ten years later published his discovery. In 1849 the material was made use of for paving, and in 1854 the first asphalt pavement was laid in the Rue Bergere, Paris. The result was satisfactory, and to-day there are in the French capital hardly less than 1,000,000 square yards of compressed asphalt paves and 5,000,000 yards of asphalt mastic sidewalk. London also has it, and so have other European cities.

## BOB INGERSOLL ON BEECHER.

### "Manhood Is His Forte"—A Touching Tribute Paid in 1880.

Do you want to know what Bob Ingersoll thinks of the great man who lies dying in Brooklyn?

Would you like to know what the renowned infidel wrote with his own hands of Henry Ward Beecher?

It was the fall of 1880.

Mr. Beecher had introduced the infidel orator to a great political gathering in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, saying that the colonel was the most brilliant living orator in any tongue.

A day or two afterward the colonel was asked by a reporter what he thought of Mr. Beecher. He at once sat down and wrote as fast as his pencil could trot over paper thus:

"I regard him as the greatest man in any pulpit in the world. He treated me with a generosity that nothing can exceed. He rose grandly above the prejudices supposed to belong to his class, and acted only as a man could act without a chain upon his brain and only kindness in his heart.

"I told him that night that I congratulated the world that it had a minister with an intellectual horizon broad enough and a mental sky studded with stars of genius enough to hold all creeds in scorn that shocked the heart of man. I think that Mr. Beecher has liberalized the English speaking people of the world. I do not think he agrees with me. He holds to many things that I most passionately deny. But in common we believe in the liberty of thought.

"My principal objections to orthodox religion are two—slavery here and hell hereafter. I do not believe that Mr. Beecher on these two points can disagree with me. The real difference between us, is, he says God, I say nature. The real agreement between us is, we both say liberty."

"What is Mr. Beecher's forte?" the reporter asked.

"He is of a wonderfully poetic temperament. In pursuing any course of thought his mind is like a stream flowing through the scenery of fairyland. The stream murmurs and laughs, while the banks grow green and the vines blossom.

"His brain is controlled by his heart. He thinks in pictures. With him logic means mental melody. The discordant is the absurd.

"For years he has endeavored to hide the dungeon of orthodoxy with the ivy of imagination. Now and then he pulls for a moment the leafy curtain aside and is horrified to see the lizards, snakes, basilisks and abnormal monsters of the orthodox age, and then he utters a great cry, the protest of a loving, throbbing heart.

"He is a great thinker, a marvellous orator, and, in my judgment, greater and grander than any creed or church. Besides all this, he treated me like a king. Manhood is his forte, and I expect to live and die his friend."—*New York Herald.*

## THE DUTCH WAY.

### How Young Ladies Behave Themselves in Holland.

An unmarried lady always takes the right arm of her escort, while the married one selects the left side of her husband. So deeply has this custom entered into the life of the Hollanders that at a church wedding the bride enters the edifice on the right side of the groom, the young wife returning on the left side of her husband when the ceremony has been performed. No unmarried lady in this country can dream of going to church, concert or any other place of public assemblage without the escort of parents or male members of the family. She cannot take a walk, pay a visit or go shopping unaccompanied by her mother or some married lady friend. The Hollander father is not like his American competitor, troubled in the evening with the thought that his daughter is flattening the pocket-book of a poorly-paid dude by an indiscriminate indulgent in ice cream or oysters. Until the betrothal of the young lady has been announced, she remains the sole charge of father or mother, and she makes acquaintances always in the presence of a third party.

The Holland young lady does not go to the theater with a gentleman who has been introduced to her a week before, neither does she vary her beau to suit her dress or complexion. Unmarried daughters in this country are chaperoned to all places of amusement; even dancing parties are interspersed with songs, recitations, etc. for the amusement of the elders of the family, who sit around tables, cially sipping their coffee, wine or other favorite beverage, while the younger members glide over the waxen floor to the fitful strains of music. Here the young must make the best of their opportunities, for when it pleases the parents to seek the quiet solace of the home the daughters also quit the gaiety of the ball-room. Parents here certainly have a responsibility in raising a family of daughters but are no doubt comforted with the thought that

> "The hand that rocks the cradle
> Is the hand that rules the world."

**Don't Get Caught**

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequaled for purifying the blood, giving an appetite, and for a general spring medicine.

### Turn About is Fair Play.

"Talking about street cars," said a gentleman yesterday, "reminds me of a queer experience I had on a Milwaukee avenue car the other evening. The car being crowded, I got up at Franklin street and gave my seat to a lady. When we reached Chicago avenue she arose and insisted that I sit for awhile—'just until you are rested,' she said. Well, I sat down, and presently becoming interested in a conversation with a gentleman at my left about the county 'boodlers,' I forgot all about the lady. At North avenue she touched my foot with the toe of her dainty boot and smilingly remarked: 'Well, are you going to sit forever?' It is needless to say that I again relinquished my seat, and I did it with pleasure, too; for do you know, I think she is the only lady I ever saw in a street car who seemed to have any idea of fair play?"—*Chicago News.*

—Bryant & Stratton's College, Buffalo, N. Y., gives instruction *at home* by mail in Book-keeping, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Shorthand, etc. Send for circulars.

## OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

THE guests of a Washington hostess at a recent luncheon must have thought that not only was she

> Genteel in personage,
> Conduct and equipage;

but that the other two lines applied to her as well:

> Noble by heritage,
> Generous and free,

when they carried away their favors, which were silver salt cellars of artistic and curious design. The joke of it was that they were not designed as favors at all, being the valued gifts of an old and very dear friend, and it was simply by accident that the cards with the guests' names upon them were made to rest against them. The chagrin of the lady as she saw these articles disappear into the pockets of the guests, one by one, can better be imagined than described. No wonder that, as a correspondent says, "a painful silence ensued," and the guests thought their hostess was suddenly taken ill. She was sick at heart.

IN truth, it is well that some such thing should happen in order to show the absurdity of this present-giving under the name of "favors." A gift of flowers is always in order. So, too, a card which the hostess has hand-painted, but when it goes beyond that into costly souvenirs, it becomes vulgar. The same may be said of the prizes which it has become the custom to offer in progressive euchre. Ungracious as it may be to say, it is yet true that the prospect or possibility of obtaining some article of value arousos a spirit which gives an atmosphere the reverse of what should prevail at a social gathering. Women sit with eyes intent upon the board, their cheeks flushed, while they are ready with sharp words for the partner who makes a poor play, words which savor of anything else than the amenities of the drawing room, and meny men are not far behind in their determination to win at all hazards.

IF those who have the means to buy costly articles for such a purpose would set the example of only offering simple prizes that could be purchased for a few shillings, they would show not only good taste and good sense combined, but would relieve those who like to entertain their friends, but whose purses are not deep enough for such extravagance, from embarrassment. It is in reality an ostentation, or looks like it. The same amount of money may be spent in flowers for table decoration and have no smacking of vulgarity, for they are beautiful and are enjoyed equally by all. They arouse no jealousy, one of another, no ill feelings, no spiteful judgments, as do rich gifts played for as gamblers play for money.

SPEAKING of gambling reminds the Salad Server of Monte Carlo, which is known from one side of the civilized world to the other as the most magnificent as well as the most dangerous gambling hell in existence. If there is any such thing as special judgments, it would seem that the earthquake ought to have shaken it into next week. On the contrary, it stands firm and unscathed, while there is scarcely another place upon the Riveara that escaped. The earthquake seems to have developed a greater amount of cowardice upon the part of the pleasure seekers there, than has ever been exhibited elsewhere under similar circumstances. Mr. Labouchere, of the London *Truth*, suggests that the occurrences during the shakes will cause the adoption of a new garment by tourists, called the "earthquake nightgown."

THE Salad-Server came across the following poetical (!) conundrum in the works of an old English poet:

> Aldeborontiphoscophornio!
> Where left you Chrononhotonthologos?

Give it up. Has Robert Browning ever tried to guess it? He is the only individual living who has the mind to grasp it, unless it be Mr. Evarts.

A GOLDEN wedding! It is not often that two walk side by side for fifty years, climbing the rugged hills of experience hand in hand, or descending into the valleys of sorrow together, and when they do it deserves more than a passing chronicle. For it means so much, and the cases are so rare that one of a united two does not cross to the shining shore before anything like that time has passed away. Two among Toledo's oldest and most respected citizens have counted off their fiftieth anniversary during the week just departing, and one could not but think as they stood side by side greeting their gathered friends, what varied feelings must fill their hearts as they glanced back over those long years of companionship. Fifty years! It is more than the average life time, and yet they are spared to each other. That many long years of a united life this side of the river may remain for them is the wish in the hearts of all who know them.

ETIQUETTE in social matters is constantly changing, but there is yet no law that demands sending the acceptance of an invitation to a reception. That is only necessary for a wedding, a dinner, or some small party where the presence or absence of one guest may make some difference in the arrangements. Where two or three hundred persons are invited, all that is required is either to go or to send regrets. Of course the large majority of those whose presence is requested are expected and prepared for, and the absence of 20 or 30 will make no change in such preparations. Then the physical exertion required for the receiving and looking over of all these acceptances is appalling! One lady thus overwhelmed this winter remarked that it was more wearing than the reception itself. Save your envelopes and cards, ladies. Etiquette does not demand their use for this purpose, and good sense, when you really think about it, forbids their sending.

## THE SAME KITTY CHASE.

### Without Money or Power She is Still Regnant.

Some one the other day seeing her, and knowing the imperious nature of the woman, said to one of the soldier senators: "How on earth could she marry William Sprague?"

He answered: "You forget—or you are not old enough to know—that William Sprague when she married him was considered one of the most brilliant young men of the age. He was the youngest war governor there was. I think he was not more than 28 years old when he was elected governor of Rhode Island. He was immensely rich, or thought to be so, and was as handsome as a dream. Did he not seem a very suitable match even for Kitty Chase? Of course he was the same foolish fellow he is now, but fortuitous success, youth, good looks and money concealed the best part of it."

The senator was in a reminiscent mood, and he continued:

"I was in Washington every winter then. Lord, how Kitty Chase did bulldoze Mrs. Lincoln, though! As Gen. Badeau says, Mrs. Lincoln was a little off, even then, but Kitty Chase, with her beauty and her sharp tongue, managed to take the *pas* of Mrs. Lincoln, and everybody else, for that matter, when she chose. I can see her now at a President's reception, sailing in on her father's arm with a corporal's guard of men after her. She did not allow anybody but herself to play first fiddle in those days. Ah, musn't she feel like a ghost in a graveyard when she comes to Washington now!"

Meanwhile Mrs. Kitty stood up near Mrs. Mullett and talked with something of her old manner to the people about her—and with ambition and money and power and position gone, and deserted by her husband and her son, and a stranger and a pilgrim where she was once queen regnant, she was still the Kitty Chase in beauty and charm of twenty years ago.

### Letting Children Go Out at Night.

Henry Ward Beecher continues his talks on social topics in the Sunday papers. In his latest he remarks that "the practice of allowing children to go out at night to find their own companions and their own places of amusement may leave one in twenty unscathed and without danger; but I think that nineteen out of twenty fall down wounded or destroyed. And if there is one thing that should be more imperative than another, it is that your children shall be at home at night; or that, if they are abroad, you shall be abroad with them. There may be things that it is best that you should do for your children, though you would do them for yourselves; but they ought not to go anywhere at night to see sights, or to take pleasure, unless you can go with them, until they are grown to man's estate and their habits are formed. And nothing is more certain than that to grant the child liberty to go outside of the parental roof and its restraints in the darkness of the night is bad, and only bad, and that continually."

**Not a Drug.**

Compound Oxygen is not a drug. It does not introduce an enemy into the system, but a kind and gracious healer. It does not assault or depress nature, as is always the case when crude drugs are taken, but comes to her assistance and restores her weakened vital forces. All of its effects are gentle, pervading and vitalizing. If you are suffering from any disease which your physician has failed to cure, send to DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, for their pamphlet, and learn all about this wonderful treatment.

## The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

### BRAVE BOYS.

MRS. ANNA J. GROFF.

> Heavily falls the rain,
> Wild are the breezes to-night;
> Yet, 'neath the roof the hours, as they fly,
> Are happy and calm and bright,
> Gathering 'round the fireside;
> Though it be summer time,
> We sit, and talk of brothers abroad,
> Forgetting the midnight chime.
>
> Chorus—Brave boys, are they,
> Gone at our country's call;
> And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
> That many brave boys must fall.
>
> Under the homestead roof,
> Nestled so cozy and warm,
> While soldiers sleep with little or none,
> To shelter them from the storm;
> Resting on grassy couches,
> Pillowed on hillocks damp;
> Of martial fare, how little we know,
> Till brothers are in the camp.
>
> Thinking no less of them,
> Loving our country the more,
> We send them forth to fight for the flag
> Our fathers before them bore.
> Tho' the great tear-drop started,
> This was our parting trust,
> "God bless you, boys," we'll welcome you home,
> When rebels are in the dust.
>
> May the bright wings of love
> Guard them wherever they roam,
> The time has come when brothers must go
> And sisters must pray at home.
> Oh! the dread field of battle,
> Soon to be strewn with graves,
> If brother must fall, oh! bury them where
> Our banner in triumph waves.

### Over Coffee and Hard Tack.

A. M. Sloan, of Milan, O., wonders why some member of the old Sixth Michigan does not contribute to the CAMP FIRE.

E. R. Boach sends us another version of the "Blue and Gray," but there is so little difference between it and the one published, that it is not worth while to produce it.

H. S. Thomas, Logansport, Ind., writes that he enlisted in 1865 in Co. A, 8th Ind., and was with the regiment in all of its many hard-fought battles. He has no hospital record, as he was in good health throughout the war.

### The Democrats Helped.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In the BLADE of September 30 is an editorial entitled, "Did the Democrats Put Down the Rebellion?" with a singular lack of information (it seems to me), you proceed to give figures to show that they did not. As a rabid Democrat, I must say that your figures are very incomplete and wholly unreliable. Why, at Fort Donelson, Vicksburg, Port Hudson, Sailors creek Five Points and Appomattox alone 86,000 Democrats laid down their arms, and in doing so did more than the Republican state of Rhode Island towards ending the rebellion. Of course, the Republicans are entitled to some credit for their share in the work. There were quite a number of them in the army and several of them were killed. Some of them were captured, but the Democrats took them to Andersonville and boarded them free of expense (to anybody) till they went home or to heaven. And I never knew a black Republican to carry information to the enemy's country. Now that's queer, is'nt it? But perhaps the reason is, that there was so few of them. At Appomattox I actually saw Republican soldiers shed tears of joy when the Democrats laid down their arms and "put down the rebellion." And did these Democrats put on airs and brag? Not a bit of it. They were as sober and quiet a lot of fellows as you ever saw. I know this is so, for I was in line there with quite a lot of Republicans, and saw the whole business. Another thing—but I guess this is long enough.—H. B. HOGAN, Co. H, 44th N. Y. S. V., Ellsworth's regt., Java Village, N. Y.

### Jayhawking In the West.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—For the want of one I take the other. In the absence of rails, they being chiefly in demand, I will try and make a light of some waste material, picked up in the wake of the Kansas Jayhawkers, of which I am a representative. Not in all things, but in some particulars I am proud of the name.

It was wonderful the number of milestones left to mark the route of the portion of the army led by James H. Lain in the fall of the year, 1861. The campaign commenced at Osceola, Mo., as that place was taken by two companies of infantry belonging to the 4th Kansas, a few cavalry for advance guard, and one howitzer. We were fired on in line of march, near the town of Osceola, and we returned the fire. The result of this little fight, although brief, was on our side, two wounded slightly, and of the enemy, one killed and two wounded, one of them dying about noon of that day. The fighting commenced about 2 o'clock a. m., (I am not positive as to data, and will refrain from giving it for fear of contradiction, as I want to tell straight facts in this case). About daylight, or as soon as the boys could see what was done and what was left to be done, they went to work looking up loose property, and, I dare say, some that was not loose, for some got rather tight handling tight property. Some of this property was confined in barrels, and some, more convenient to handle, was in bottles. Anyhow, all who wished were supplied, as some took clothing, others musical instruments, and jewelry. And as that was Price's and McCulloch's supply depot when they were fighting for Lexington, Mo., and capturing Mulligan and his braves. We helped ourselves to such supplies as we could take with us in the wagons that conveyed us to that haven. But to my text. We burned all, I believe, of the houses in town but two, and they were guarded. Thence we went on that line to Springfield, but were vindicated, as the bushwhackers had burned the houses of Union men. Now, speaking of jayhawking, it was quite a trick to do the thing nicely. I remember on one occasion we started out with three days' rations in our haversacks (as per orders from our colonel, William Weir). We were out for ten days, scouting and looking for Col. Coffee, and consequently grub ran short, as well as Coffee (Col. Coffee) and the boys would, as necessity prompted, look around for the needful. As the case in the question at issue, one of the boys had found a meal barrel and had put all of the meal in a sack which he also found, and was making off, when the colonel seeing him, accosted him with, "Say, soldier, what is this you have in that sack?" "Meal, sir," was the reply.

"Where did you find it?" "In a barrel at your house." "Did you take all there was?"

"I did, sir, and looked for more." "Go back, sir, and leave half of the meal."

"I can't, sir, for another soldier took half, and I would have none."

"But jay-hawking was done on the halves, as the Rebs took half and if we got any it was but the half, hence jay-hawkins.—JACOB STONIGAR, late member of Co. A, 10th Kans. Vet. Vol. Inf't, Mendon, Ill.

### Thanksgiving 20 Years Ago.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I wonder how many of my comrades will remember the following incident which occurred 20 years ago. I was a private in the 3d brigade, 2nd division (Grover's) 19th A. C., and we had gone into camp about four miles south of Winchester, after cleaning old Jubal Early out of the valley. How vividly that campaign recurs to my memory to-day! The stubborn fight at Winchester in which our division lost 1,600 men; the turning of the enemy's left flank by the 8th corps—better known as Gen. Crook's command; their retreat and our pursuit are all familiar. Then followed the fight at Fisher's Hill and the pursuit to Harrisonville, then our return to Cedar Creek and the battle there October 19, 1864, when Sheridan made his famous ride from Winchester down. By the way, a few words in regard to this matter. History says that Sheridan met the routed army in full retreat and disorder, and, in some miraculous manner, halted them and reformed them into a new line of battle. Whereas, we who were there, know the following to be the facts in the case:

Gen. Wright, of the 6th corps, was in command when the enemy attacked us that morning, and was wounded shortly after the action began. Then the command was assumed by Gen. Emory, of the 19th corps, who by his vigor, energy and courage, assisted by the magnificent Custer and other officers, had a new line of battle formed (about three miles in rear of our position in the morning) when Sheridan arrived from Winchester, 17 miles away. He (Sheridan) rode down Emory's line and made the following speech as nearly as I can remember: "Boys, if I had been here, this thing would never have occurred. Now you who have no coffee, and can make some and rest a little while by and by, when I get ready, I am going right back to my old position, and I want you all to go with me." And sure enough we went, and camped on the very spot we had the night before. But Custer, who that saw Custer on that day, will ever forget him? One of his bands was stationed right on the pike, where for an hour or more under a storm of shot and shell, they stood and played "Yankee Doodle," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Hail Columbia," while he, his long yellow hair streaming behind, flew across the line of retreat from East to West, back and fourth, urging, storming, coaxing and threatening the retreating troops into new formations, which with the active cooperation of other gallant officers, resulted in the new line of battle, which Sheridan found when he arrived from Winchester. However, all this has nothing to do with the incident I intended to remind my old comrads of—well, here it is:

As I have said we were camped about four miles south of Winchester in the fall of '64. Thanksgiving was approaching, and as the armies had been uniformly successful that season, the loyal people at home decided that every Union soldier in the field, no matter where he might be, should have turkey for Thanksgiving dinner. Immense preparations were being made to have all the turkeys delivered in time; these facts were read to us on dress parade, and were not received indifferently. To men who had been living for months and months on sow belly and hardtack, this was a big thing. Just think of it! Roast turkey way out there, in the desert, as it were. As Thansgiving drew near, there was considerable turkey interspersed with conversation. The boys gathered in groups around their campfires, and told stories of famous turkey roasts which they had enjoyed at home, until their mouths watered, and they turned in and dreamed all night of monster turkeys.

Well, the eventful morning dawned at last, and our commissary sergeant was dispatched for the turkeys. He took the cook along, it being the general impression that it would take at least two men to carry our company's rations of turkeys. By and by the rumor was circulated that the turkeys had come sure enough, and the boys gently and gradually gravitated towards the cook's tent.

After a large crowd had gathered, one of the boys rather anxiously inquired of the sergeant: "How many did you get!" The answer from the tent, "One," caused a general feeling of depression. It would take an immense turkey to go round our company, if it was rather decimated, but when the sergeant stepped out from the tent and held the turkey aloft, saying, "There she is, boys," there was about a half a minute of astonished silence. Then there went up a shout that fairly jarred the branches of the trees. They leaned against the trees and laughed. They lay down and rolled and laughed, laughed until the tears ran, and there was a scene of wild revelry. But the turkey! Great Scott, it was just a size or two larger than a quail. After the boys had recovered their gravity, they took the bird, mounted it on the end of a pole, put the drum corps in front, and had a procession and more fun than we would have had with a half dozen old gobblers. I do not remember what finally became of the turkey, but think it went with the other companies (we all fared alike) to the regimental hospital.

Do you remember that Thanksgiving, comrades, and was your turkey experience similar to mine?—A SURVIVOR of a few battles.

### At Fort Donaldson.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Let me "grab a root" and throw it on to make it blaze up. This expression will cause an 8x10 smile to run across the faces of the veterans who tramped by file torough Tennessee and Mississippi. It originated in an Illinois regiment, soon after the battle of Fort Donaldson. I well remember the day the 53d Illinois lost their battle flag. Our battery was attached to Gen. Lanman's division, and one section of it took an active part in that engagement, on July 12, 1863. A writer on a former occasion, in the BLADE, gave only a partial account of those who took part in that engagement.

In that battle were the 28th, 41st and 53d Illinois regiments, the 3d Iowa and 33d Wisconsin, and a section of the 5th Ohio battery. Three of our drivers at one gun lost one of their legs by one discharge of cannister from the rebel batteries, and some twelve in the section were wounded. Only they who were there will remember those terrible fifteen minutes of horror after we went down the hill out of the woods into the flats. Shot and shell fell thick and fast, all around us. The air seemed as full of bullets as if all the bees in the South were swarming. I had little hope of getting out alive. Two out of every three in the brigade were either killed or wounded.—ANDREW M. TRUNK, 5th Ohio Battery, Wooster, O.

### "Old Dutchy."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have taken great interest in the CAMP FIRE and thought that I would like to hear from some comrade of Col. Chas. L. Mathias's ("Old Dutchy's") regiment, the immortal 5th Iowa. While I write this, there is before me a well-executed crayon portrait of Gen. C. L. Mathias, by comrade Henry Fry, of Co. K, and my mind reverts to that hazy afternoon in September, 1862, when the 5th Iowa, with a company of the gallant 26th Missouri, a short distance in advance deployed as skirmishers, leading Rosecrans's army, were nearing the fateful battle-field of Iuka, Miss. When the massed columns of the boys in gray, not 200 yards in our front, gave us a deadly volley as we were marching along the road; when "Old Dutchy," (as the boys called him) mounted an old black "shoo," ordered "columns to the right—double-quick." With what coolness and good judgment did the brave old colonel manage his "poys," (as he was wont to call his regiment), on that victorious and bloody field. Now, I shall be pleased if this little reminder calls out some response from the Fifth Iowa, or any one of Hamilton's old division of the 17th army corps.—J. M. WEBB, Co. K., 5th Iowa, Mt. Vernon, Iowa.

### The Mitchell Raiders.

Mr. Wilson W. Brown, who was the engineer of the Mitchell raiders, writes us from Dowling, O., that he has been having some interesting correspondence with W. A. Fuller, the conductor of the train which was stolen by the raiders at Big Shanty, in 1862. Mr. Brown encloses the following letter, which he received from Mr. Fuller, and which will be of interest to all who recall that memorable expedition:

"Your very kind and complimentary letter of Dec. 22, was duly received by me, as you will see by this, my reply. Even at this late day I am glad that we can recount to each some of the wonderous and marvelous trials and escapes. If there was no sadness to which our minds naturally revert, when contemplating the brighter side of our celebrated adventure, we could have many pleasant thoughts, and tell many lively and interesting stories in connection with our race. But alas, the loss of so many of your best and bravest companions, which, though according to the rules of war, seemed even then cruel and heartless. This always detracts from that which would otherwise be one continuous story of life, push, enterprise, danger, energy, cunning, toil, exposure and disappointment.

"Yes, sir; I recently met Mr. Pittenger here and was with him considerably. I think he is now trying to get up all the facts and interesting points in the case and write another book. From what I have seen of him I think he will be inclined to give both sides justice. I hope he will be successful in defeating the story that is attempted by some of our northern writers to the effect that the raid was not of much consequence, and would not have amounted to much even if you had succeeded. I was astonished when I saw that such an effort was being made up there. The truth is, if you had succeeded in destroying the state railroad in April, 1862, you would have cut the Southern Confederacy in twain, and our general, E. Kirby Smith, with his army at Knoxville, would have fallen an easy prey to the Union army. Any man who will study the military situation in the early part of 1862, will see at a glance wherein the Southern cause would have been lost if you had succeeded. Your plans were well laid, and your work was well done, and the only reason why you did not succeed, I suppose, is because you were contending against one like yourselves—one who was not afraid of any sort of danger or toil.

During the entire race of the day, the idea of danger never occurred to me, and when I would approach you close enough to shoot I would do so just as I would shoot at a herd of deer or a covey of turkeys. All of that is a long time in the past, and when we have joined one another in the interest of truth, for the benefit of history, and the truth has been written about us, impartial readers will be inclined to praise rather than belittle us for our work on the memorable 12th day of April, 1862.

And then let us incline ourselves toward the good work of fraternizing the sections so that there will never again be cause for such strife, toil and danger.—W. A. FULLER, Atlanta, Ga.

### Information Wanted.

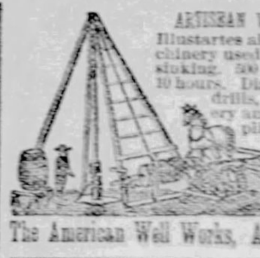
☞ Requests of this sort will be inserted in this department at the rate of 50 cents for three lines one insertion. It is impossible to insert them free.

Lewis Boynton, Farmingdale, Bledsoe county, Tennessee, would like to correspond with Daniel M. Lassering, who made a land entry in Tennessee in the year 1832, or any of his heirs or relatives or friends.

Wanted, by W. T. Frankeberger, of Competition P. O., Laclede co., Mo., the address of his son, Charles Albert, last heard from November, 1881, at McAllister, Indian Territory.

**Lord Beaconsfield**

Cherished English primroses as the sweetest of flowers. But neither roses, lilies, nor buttercups are sweeter than the mouth of that fair one who uses SOZODONT daily to keep her teeth white as the driven snow, and her gums red as Juno roses.



ARTESIAN WELL ENCYCLOPEDIA

Illustrates all the tools and machinery used in the art of Well sinking. 500 feet has been sunk in 10 hours. Diamond pointed Rock drills, Prospecting Machinery and all manner of appliances for pumping Artesian Wells. We are the largest manufacturers in this line. Book free. 25 cents for mailing.

The American Well Works, Aurora, Ill., U. S. A.

## FASHIONS FOR FAIR MAIDS.

Colored cotton crapes made very attractive sash curtains.

Cloth ribbon, so called, has a heavy mat surface, and makes very pretty bows.

Baby ribbon made into a full aigrette is worn in the hair, and is quite effective.

White sofa pillows are a novelty which have come with the white framed furniture.

Among the pretty costumes in simple woolens, the favorite corsage is a la Mme. Royale.

The modes for spring comprise woolen and velvet combinations, also silk or plush with wool.

Pattern dresses in woollens are very stylish and generally very popular and are in great variety.

Plain skirts will be rule the coming season, with very long and full draperies in the over-dress.

Colored Brussels net still takes the place of white ruching for neck and sleeves of dressy costumes.

Gauze sashes with colored ends are worn gracefully arranged with a light evening toilet of China silk.

Herring-bone camel's hair fabrics are soft and pliable, and in all the desirable shades both dark and light.

Heelless slippers of scarlet velvet are the latest for house wear, and offer great temptations for kicking them off.

Palm leaves form a very elegant and favorite design in trimmings this season, both in braid and passementerie.

Several small combs are worn in the hair instead of one good-sized one, and they are tucked in apparently at random.

Skirtings of bayadere stripes are particularly stylish this season. They come in beautiful Persian colors, rich and deep.

Parisian buttons out-button any buttons seen here for many a day, and are of the most elegant and elaborate dascription.

All the new spring models have the effect of being "made-over" costumes, as they are composed of two distinct fabrics.

Silk and wool frise goods, when of rich quality, are very much used in the new models for walking dresses for spring wear.

Frise stripes, with plain fabric between, are seen in some light shades, and will lighten a plain cloth suit very successfully.

The satin-striped gossamer silk are to be worn by bridesmaids the coming season, and these silks are found in all delicate shades.

The cotton frise cloths, so very stylish last season, are to be seen again this year among the new goods. Stripes are very stylish.

The toque bids fair to be as popular when made of lace for the coming season as it has been this winter, when made in velvet and plush.

Bonnet pins are growing more and more elaborate every day, and are now set with real stones of value, such as diamonds, pearls and opals.

Geneva point is a lace that will be much used the coming season on washable dresses, as it is very durable and at the same time attractive.

**All for Ten Cents.**

A beautiful set of gold colored picture cards and a sample copy of the St. Louis Magazine sent for 10 cents. The magazine, just entering upon its sixteenth year, is $1.50 a year, and we send it and the WEEKLY BLADE one year for $1.75. For club of both send money to either BLADE or Magazine. For picture cards and sample copy of St. Louis Magazine, send to C. Gilmore, 213 N Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

### Beecher's Estate.

Mr. Beecher's property is said to amount to about $110,000, most of it being personal property. For the past four years he has received a salary of $15,000 a year from Plymouth church. For years before that $20,000 a year had been allotted him, and during the famous Tilton controversy $100,000 a year was granted him as a mark of confidence in his integrity and to enable him to meet the expenses of his suit. In the lecture field he received never less than $250 a night, nor more than $500. This would net him about $14,000 a year. Then he received a royalty of about $1,000 upon some books written in his earlier days, prominent among which was "Lectures to Young Men." His syndicate newspaper letter, which he continued up to the time of his illness, netted him $75 a week. This income, though almost princely, was spent by Mr. Beecher in ornamenting his household and in charity. His house was a perfect cabinet of curiosities.

**Are You Making Money?**

There is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day and upwards. Capital not required. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

### Thickness of Clouds and Rain Drops.

A communication to the London Meteorological society, by Capt. Meynbee, states as his conclusions that clouds of not less than 2,000 feet in thickness are seldom accompanied by rain, or, if they are, it is very gentle, consisting of minute drops; with a thickness of between 2,000 and 4,000 feet the size of the drops is moderate; with increasing thickness of the clouds comes an increasing size of the drops, and at the same time the degree of temperature becomes lowered. When the thickness amounts to more than 6,000 feet hail is produced.

**Cure for the Deaf.**

Peck's Patent Improved Cushioned Ear Drums perfectly restore the hearing and performs the work of the natural Drum. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. Illustrated book of testimonials free. Address F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, N. Y. Name paper.

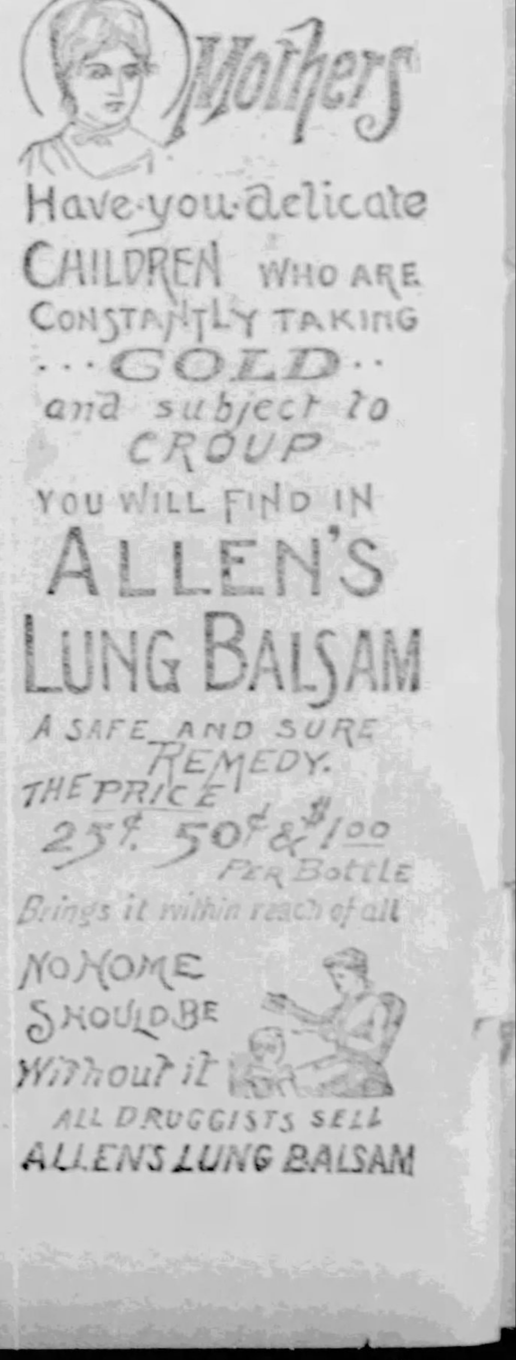
### Far Enough.

"I—I don't exactly understand this inter-state commerce bill," he said, as he looked up from his paper.

"I'm only posted on one point," was the dubious reply.

"What's that?"

"It cuts off my dead-head pass. I don't care to understand any more."—*Wall Street News.*



# Question Bureau.

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, but, when specially requested, they will not be published.
2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.
3. Communications for this department MUST be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then proceed to argue it. If we can answer it and it is considered of general interest, it will be answered. It is useless to request an answer in the "next issue." The Question Bureau is always full, and we are usually two or three weeks behind.
4. This department is not intended to settle party disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions are intended to be of general interest, and no one has the right to DEMAND a reply. Do not request an answer by mail.
5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above are STRICTLY complied with.

## Whistling in Heaven.

School Girl, Loveland, Col.:

Would you please be kind enough to publish the poem entitled, "Whistling in Heaven?"

The poem is long for this department, but as it is such a vivid picture of frontier life, room is made for it, notwithstanding it has already appeared in the BLADE:

You're surprised that I ever say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given
Why I say I shan't care for the music,
Unless there is whistling in heaven.
Then you'll think it no great wonder,
Nor so strange, nor so bold a conceit,
That unless there's a boy there whistling,
It's music will not be complete.

It was late in the autumn of '40;
We had come from our far Eastern home
Just in season to build us a cabin,
Ere the cold of the winter should come;
And we lived all the while in our wagon
That husband was clearing the place
Where the house was to stand; and the clearing
And building it took many days.

So that our heads were scarce sheltered
In under its roof, when our store
Of provisions was almost exhausted,
And husband must journey for more;
And the nearest place where he could get them.
Was yet such a distance away,
That it forced him from home to be absent
At least a whole night and a day.

You see, we'd but two or three neighbors,
And the nearest was more than a mile;
And we hadn't found time yet to know them,
For we had been busy the while.
And the man who had helped at the raising
Just staid till the job was well done;
And as soon as his money was paid him,
Had shouldered his axe and had gone.

Well, husband just kissed me and started—
I could scarcely suppress a deep groan
At the thought of remaining with baby
So long in the house all alone;
For, my dear, I was childish and timid,
And braver ones might well have feared,
For the wild wolf was often heard howling,
And savages sometimes appeared.

But I smothered my grief and my terror
Till husband was off on his ride,
And then in my arms I took Josey,
And all the day long sat and cried,
As I thought of the long, dreary hours
When the darkness of night should fall,
And I was so utterly helpless,
With no one in reach of my call.

And when the night came with its terrors
To hide ev'ry ray of the light;
I hung up a quilt by the window,
And, almost dead with affright,
I kneeled by the side of the cradle,
Scarce daring to draw a full breath
Lest the baby should wake, and its crying
Should bring us a horrible death.

There I knelt until late in the evening,
And scarcely an inch had I stirred,
When suddenly, far in the distance,
A sound as of whistling I heard.
I started up dreadfully frightened
For fear 'twas an Indian's call,
And then, very soon, I remembered
The red man ne'er whistles at all.

And when I was sure 'twas a white man,
I thought, were he coming for ill
He'd surely approach with more caution—
Would come without warning and still—
Then the sounds coming nearer and nearer,
Took the form of a tune light and gay,
Then I knew I needn't fear evil
From one who would whistle that way.

Very soon I heard footsteps approaching,
Then came a peculiar dull thump,
As if some one was heavily striking
An axe in the top of a stump;
And then, in another brief moment,
There came a light tap on the door,
When quickly I undid the fast'ning,
And in stepped a boy; and before

There was either a question or answer,
Or either had time to speak,
I just threw my glad arms around him.
And gave him a kiss on the cheek.
Then I started back, scared at my boldness,
But he only smiled at my fright,
As he said, "I'm your neighbor's boy, Alick,
Come to tarry with you through the night.

"We saw your husband go eastward,
And made up our minds he had gone,
And I said to the rest of our people,
'That woman is there all alone,
And I venture she's awfully lonesome,
And though she may have no great fear,
I think she would feel a bit safer
If only a boy were but near.'

"So taking my axe on my shoulder,
For fear that a savage might stray
Across my path and need scalping,
I started right down this way;
And coming in sight of the cabin,
And thinking to save you alarm,
I whistled a tune, just to show you
I didn't intend any harm.

"And so here I am, at your service;
But if you don't want me to stay,
Why, all you need do is to say so,
And should'ring my axe, I'll away."
I dropped in a chair and near fainted,
Just at the thought of his leaving me then,
And his eye gave a knowing bright twinkle,
As he said, "I guess I'll remain."

And then I just sat there and told him
How terribly frightened I'd been,
How his face was to me the most welcome
Of any I ever had seen.
And then I lay down with the baby,
And slept all the blessed night through,
For I felt I was safe from all danger
Near so brave a young fellow and true.

So now, my dear friend, do you wonder,
Since such a good reason I've given,
Why I think it the sweetest music,
And wish to hear whistling in heaven!
Yes, often I've said in earnest,
And now what I've said I repeat,
That unless there's a boy there a whistling
Its music will not be complete.

## Sealing Wax—Candlemas—Deep Oceans.

A. B. C., Nashua, N. H.:

1. Please give a recipe for making good sealing wax, such as is used by bankers. 2. Please give history of Candlemas day. 3. Where and in what ocean is the greatest depth of water?

1. Melt cautiously 4 ounces very pale shellac in a bright copper pan over a clear charcoal fire at the lowest degree of heat that will be necessary to melt it; when melted stir in 1¼ ounces Venice turpentine (previously warmed) followed by three ounces vermillion. The heat must be neither too much nor too little, but just sufficient to allow a most thorough mixing of the different ingredients. When this is accomplished, the fluid mass is discharged into metallic moulds and left to cool. For the purpose of melting the shellac more easily add to the same a little alcohol. The addition of a little camphor or sprit of wine makes sealing wax burn easier. 2. In its ecclesiastical meaning candlemas is the feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary, and is observed on February 2. This festival is very strictly kept by the Roman Catholic church, there being a procession of many lighted candles, and those required for the service of the ensuing year being also on that occasion consecrated. In Scotland this day is one of the four term-days appointed for periodical annual payments of money, interest, taxes, etc., and of entry to premises, the other three term-days there being Whitsunday, Lammas and Martinmas. The Romans were in the habit of burning candles on this day to the goddess Februa, the mother of Mars; and Pope Sergius, seeing it would be useless to prohibit a practice of so long standing, turned it to Christian account by enjoining a similar offering of candles to the Virgin. The candles were supposed to have the effect of frightening the devil and all evil spirits away from the persons who carried them or from the house in which they were placed. 3. The greatest depth of the North Atlantic is 25,000 feet; in the Pacific soundings have been made of more than three miles, and in the Indian ocean Brooke made a sounding of about eight miles.

## Representative from Chili.

C. W. C., Faribault, Minn.:

Is Chili represented in Washington among the foreign embassadors? If so, by whom?

The new envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from Chili to the United States, Senor Don Domingo Gana, is about 42 years of age, and a native of the republic he so ably represents at Washington. He was educated at the National institute at Santiago de Chili, which includes many of Chili's most eminent men among its graduates. Senor Gana is by profession a lawyer, and received his diploma from the university of Santiago. For a long time he was under-secretary of the department of foreign affairs, and as such has taken an important part in shaping the foreign policy of his country. As under-secretary, he participated in the conferences which took place at Africa on board the man-of-war *Lackawanna*, when the government of the United States offered its friendly offices as mediator to bring about a cessation of hostilities between Chili, Peru and Bolivia, and put an end to the war. Minister Gana has been selected on several occasions by the popular vote to occupy a seat as deputy (representative) in the national congress of Chili. In 1882 he resigned temporarily the under secretaryship of Foreign Affairs, to accept the mission to Mexico as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from Chili, and afterward to a similar position at the court of Dom Pedro II, Emperor of Brazil. From the court he was promoted to the position of Minister to the United States, of which his excellency is an enthusiastic admirer. The new minister is a little below the medium height, is compactly built, has brilliant gray eyes beaming with intelligence and good humor, dark auburn hair, and whiskers. He is, of course, an accomplished and traveled gentleman; a good linguist, speaking and writing Spanish, French, English, and Portuguese. He is a married man and the happy father of a family; two of his sons are pupils in the Georgetown University, D. C. Minister and Madame Gana are quite an acquisition to diplomatic and high social circles at the National Capital. Senor Gana is very popular at the Executive Mansion, and is in great favor with the Department of State.

## The Smithsonian Institute.

Reader, Collins, Ind.:

1. Please give a full description of the Smithsonian Institution. 2. What is meant by "Order in Council?" 3. I have see it stated that Abraham Lincoln was an infidel. Is it so?

1. July 1, 1836, the bequest of James Smithson, of England, to the United States government "for the diffusion of knowledge," was accepted by a vote of Congress. The amount first paid was $575,169. With this money and other sums afterwards added the Smithsonian institution was founded in August, 1846. The act providing for its organization creates an "establishment" for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men, to consist of the President and Vice President of the United States, the several members of the Cabinet, the chief justice of the Supreme court, the commissioner of the patent office, and the mayor of Washington, during their respective terms of office, with such other persons as they may elect honorary members of the institution. The second section declares the original fund to be lent in perpetuity to the treasury of the United States at 6 per cent., payable semi-annually; appropriates the interest from 1838 for the erection of buildings and current expenses; and provides that all expenditures and appropriations shall in future be made exclusively from the accruing interest. A board of managers is constituted, which board is required to elect one of its members as presiding officer. The entire cost of the building, etc., has been upward of $500,000. The library has been incorporated with that of Congress, making the latter the largest in the United States. Mr. W. W. Corcoran having founded a free public gallery of art, the institution has deposited in it its art collections. The expense of the care of the grounds has been assumed by the government, and an opportunity is thus afforded for the expenditure of the income of the Smithson legacy in strict conformity with the terms of the will, for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. The publications of the institution are of three classes, and are of great value. Its scientific correspondence is from all quarters of the globe, and is constantly increasing. Almost every day brings narratives of real or supposed discoveries which are referred to the institution, inquiries on scientific topics of all kinds, or unusual phenomena, etc. These letters are all answered. The total resources of the institution probably amount to $800,000 now. 2. Orders by the sovereign, with the advice of the privy council. There are various matters connected with trade and the revenue as to which orders in council have been authorized by statute, parliament, in fact, delegating its legislative authority to the queen in council. 3. No.

## John Adams.

J. W. A., Findlay, O.:

Was John Adams ever minister to England? Please give a short sketch of his life.

John Adams was born at Braintree, Mass., October 30, 1735. His father, also named John, was a farmer of small estate and a common school education. The subject of our notice was intended for the church, but himself evinced no inclination therefor, nor even for college advantages. In boyhood, being asked by his father to what occupation in life he preferred to be raised, he answered that of a farmer. Accordingly, the good man took him out next day upon the farm and gave him practical experience of the labors of the plough, the spade, and the scythe. When the day ended so did the lad's ambition in that pursuit. In 1751, at the age of 16, John Adams was admitted as a student at Harvard college, and in 1755 was graduated as bachelor of arts. Still the father fondly hoped that the son would decide on the profession of the sacred desk, and induced him at last to engage in the study of theology, which, however, he pursued but a little way, then turned to the law. In due time he assiduously employed himself in its practice. This proved áre long large and profitable. Many distictions followed, including service in Congress, which continued till 1777, when he was chosen by that body a joint commission at the court of France with Benjamin Franklin and Arthur Lee. In 1785 he was minister to England. In December, 1788, the first elections were held for carrying into execution the Constitution. George Washington was then unanimously chosen President, John Adams Vice President, and both were re-chosen to the same offices four years after. At the expiration of that period Adams became President, and served two terms most beneficially to the nation. John Adams died on the 4th of July, 1826, the same day of the death of Thomas Jefferson.

## Alum.

E. L. M., Indian Creek, Neb.:

Please tell how alum is obtained, and where the citizens of the United States get their supply.

The ordinary potash alum occurs ready formed in nature, especially among the volcanic rocks near Naples, on the Rhine, on the Island of New York, and in many other places. This decomposed rock is leached, and the resulting liquor is left to crystalize. But this method is so slow and unsatisfactory that it is but seldom used. The greater proportion of the alum of commerce is made from raw material which contains sulphate of alumina, and requires the addition of an alkali; *e. g.* a majority of the alum state, alum earths, clay and bituminous shale. A favorite alum in this country is that made at the chemical works of Harrison Brothers, Philadelphia, where ammonia alum is manufactured from a pure clay mostly obtained in New Jersey. The clay is dried and then ground and calcined in a reverbatory furnace. When thoroughly calcined and purified, it is while hot digested for some hours in sulphuric acid contained in large vats. The product is washed with water and concentrated, sulphate of ammonia having been previously introduced, and it is further purified by redesolving, then boiled by steam, and finally transferred to the crystallizing tubes. These are about eight feet height and are made of strong staves. At the end of eight or ten days the staves of the tub being removed a cylindrical mass of apparently solid alum is revealed. This being pierced near the bottom, the mother water at the center flows off along the sloping floor into leaden subterranean cisterns, whence it is subsequently pumped and variously utilized. Each chrystalizing vat yields about 21 barrels of alum ready for market.

## An Answer Corrected.

D. B. L. Cerés, Cal., writes: "I see a statement in a recent number of the BLADE that church property was not taxed in any state or territory in the United States. This is a mistake. California does. Everything is taxed here excepting state property and graveyards, and it has been said that they would tax the latter if it were not for the trouble of ejecting the delinquent tenants."

## Miscellaneous.

Isaac M. Hoagwood—Write to Messrs. T. J. Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, for information on books.

Subscriber, North Mills: The Bank of Montreal was founded in 1818, and has a capital of $12,000,000.

J. H. S., Lowell, Mass.: The vote in Texas at the last state election was Democratic 232,480; Republican, 63,885.

R. E. Robinson, Turney, Mo.: Write to Brown, Eager & Hull, Toledo, and if they have not "The Intellectual Life," they can get it for you.

A Subscriber, Butte City, M. T.: We are not aware that the fluid you mention is used extensively in the East, and know nothing of its properties.

L. W. J., Pagosa Springs, Cal.—We are unable to inform you where you may obtain a mineral rod. The watch was probably made at Waltham, Mass., or Elgin, Ill.

E. B. G., Toledo: The explosion of natural gas at the well would not effect you. We cannot advertise the concern you mention in your second question by giving the address of its agent.

F. W. R., Battle Creek, Neb.: By writing to your member of Congress he will forward you the entire act and amendments. This answer will apply to many other questions of a similar nature.

Louis Colgrove, Pt. Byron, Ill.:

Are Dr. Talmage and Robert Ingersoll Free Masons?

A direct inquiry to the gentlemen themselves would probably give the most authentic answer.

Old Subscriber, Sylvania:

Please tell me how to make a "home-made" telephone.

A toy telephone has been successfully made by taking two cylindrical tin boxes, removing the ends and, covering one end of each with thin parchment, connect the two by means of a string.

S. B., Nelsonville, O.:

1. Please publish the inscription on the Wolfe and Montcalm monument at Quebec, and what it means. 2. Is Mt. Elburg in Europe or Asia, or is it on the border between the two?

1. "Here Wolfe died victorious Sept. 13, 1759." 2. In Asia, on the Northeastern confines of Abkhasia.

Old Subscriber, (no postoffice.)

Are the "dry plate photography" outfits that are advertised for $20 good for practical use. Can a person entirely unacquainted with the business succeed?

There are such outfits that are good for practical use, but they should be bought only of reliable firms. By dint of hard study and great application very good work can in time be done by thorough amateurs.

H. G. Miller, Russellville:

1. Is Sally Ann Jones a fictitious name? 2. To what church does Mr. D. L. Moody, the celebrated evangelist belong? 3. How old is Mr. Talmage, the great pulpit orator.

1. Yes. 2. His strongest affiliation is supposed to be with the Congregational church. 3. Thomas DeWitt Talmage was born at Boundbrook, N. J., January 7, 1832, and is consequently 55 years of age.

R. H. S. (no postoffice):

Can you give me the address of the man mentioned in the BLADE, under "Some Queer Occupations," who sells photographs of all notable people?

No, for three reasons: First, we don't know it; second, it is against our rules to give addresses; third, if the gentleman wants to find customers among BLADE readers, he must advertise in its colums, and pay for it. We have no space for free advertising.

S. W. B., Dawson, Pa.:

1. Please describe the northern part of Idaho, known as the "Pan-Handle," its climate, productions and game? 2. What is the diameter of the "Atlantic Cable," including its casing?

1. The climate is not so dry as it is in the southern part, and it is not particularly well adapted to agriculture. It is well timbered and has considerable fertile soil. 2. The cable consists of seven copper wires (No. 18) twisted into a spiral, covered with four coats of gutta percha, between which are thin layers of Chatterton's compound. The external protection is


# A MEDICINE, NOT A DRINK

### *High Authority.*

Hop bitters is not, in any sense an alcoholic beverage or liquor, and could not be sold for use, except to persons desirous of obtaining medicinal bitters.
GREEN B. RAUM,
U. S. Com'r. Internal Rev.

*Washington, D. C.*, Sept. 24, 1884.

Dear Sir—Why don't you get a certificate from Col. W. H. W., of Baltimore, showing how he cured himself of drunkenness by the help of Hop Bitters. His is a wonderful case. He is well known in Rochester, N. Y., by all the drinking people there. He is known in this city, Cincinnati, New Orleans, New York, in fact all over the country, as he has spent thousands of dollars for rum. I honestly believe his card would be worth thousands of dollars to you in this city and Baltimore alone, and make thousands of sober men by inducing the use of your bitters.
J. A. W.

### *Prejudice Kills.*

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery under the care of several of the best physicians, who gave her disease various names but no relief, and now she is restored to us in good health by Hop Bitters, that we had poohed at two years before using it. We earnestly hope and pray that no one else will let their sick suffer as we did, on account of prejudice against so good a medicine as Hop Bitters."—*The Parents—Good Templars.*

*Milton, Del.*, Feb. 10, 1886.

Having used Hop Bitters, the noted remedy for debility, nervousness, indigestion, etc., I have no hesitation in saying that it is indeed an excellent medicine, and recommend it to any one as a truly tonic bitters.
Respectfully,
REV. MRS. J. H. ELLGOOD.

*Scipio, N. Y.*, Dec. 1, 1881.

I am the pastor of the Baptist church here and an educated physician. I am not in practice, but am my sole family physician, and advise in chronic cases. Over a year ago I recommended your Hop Bitters to my invalid wife, who has been under medical treatment of Albany's best physicians several years. She has been greatly benefitted and still uses the medicine. I believe she will become thoroughly cured of her various complicated diseases by their use. We both recommend them to our friends, many of whom have also been cured of their various ailments by them.
REV. E. R. WARREN.

### *Cured of Drinking.*

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor that had so prostrated his system that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady; and he has remained a steady and sober man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups, and I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading R. R. Official, Chicago, Ill.


made of ten iron wires each surrounded by manilla yarn.

Reader, Young Hickory, O.:

1. What is Queen Victoria's surname? 2. Was George B. McClelland ever commander-in-chief of the United States army?

1. Queen Victoria belongs to the family of Guelph. 2. Gen. Winfield Scott was retired from active service at his own request on November 1, 1861, and at his suggestion Pres. Lincoln on that same day appointed Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States, with headquarters at Washington, which position he held until July 2, 1862, when he was succeeded by Gen. Halleck, who held the position till March 12, 1864.

A. B. C., Sunbury, O.:

What is the law in Ohio in regard to a widow holding her husband's property where there are no heirs?

As we understand it, she has her election, in case a legacy is left to her by will of her husband, whether to take such legacy or claim her dower, which is an interest for her natural life in one-third of all the real estate of which her husband died possessed. Her dower lies only in the real estate left after payment of all debts. She is also entitled to one-half the personal property left by the husband. All articles of personal furniture owned by the widow at time of marriage, or of which she became possessed during marriage, by desire, bequest, inheritance, or purchase, belong to her, at the death of her husband, and cannot be sold to pay the debts of the estate.

F., Nashou Island, W. T.:

Please give direction for rectifying crude seal oil, or the blubber that is extracted by heat from the carcass.

The oil of the seal is clarified either by mixing it with a chemical solution or by passing steam through it, and filtering through coarse charcoal. The charcoal solutions employed are various. One method is to use a strong solution of oak bark, the tannic acid in which combines with the albuminous matters present in the oil, and precipitates them; another plan is to agitate bleaching—powder, formed into a milk with water, with the oil; and then after subsidence of the chloride of lime and water, to wash the oil with water, or with gets of steam passed through it. A very effective plan is to apply a steam heat not exceeding 200° F., and then pass a current of air of the same temperature through it continuously for some time; this effectually bleaches the oil.

P. Putnam, Greeley, Col.:

What ingredients are used, and how prepared, to nickle plate steel or other metals?

Into a plating vessel, which may be of porcelain but preferably of copper, is placed a concentrated solution of chloride of zinc, which is then diluted with from one to two volumes of water and heated to boiling. If any precipitate separates it is re-dissolved by adding a few drops of hydrochloric acid. As much powdered zinc as can be taken on the point of a knife is thrown in, by which the vessel becomes covered internally with a coating of zinc. The nickel salt, for which purpose the chloride or sulphide may be used, is then added till the liquid is distinctly green; and the articles to be plated, previously thoroughly cleaned, are introduced, together with some zinc fragments. The boiling is continued for fifteen minutes, when the coating of nickel is completed and the process is finished. The articles are well washed with water and cleaned with chalk. If a thicker coating is desired the operation may be repeated.

Tom Tavit, (no postoffice):

1. Will you please give directions for papering plastered walls, on hard finished walls, and also on sand finish. I have tried to paper, but cannot make the paper stick. 2. Please give a good recipe for making paste used in papering.

1. A coating of good glue size, made by dissolving one-half pound of glue in a gallon of water, or a coating of good paste, put on and allowed to dry before the paper is hung, will obviate the difficulty. If the walls be whitewashed they should be scratched with a stiff brush to remove every particle of loose lime from the surface; after which it should be thoroughly swept down with a broom and coated with the glue size, or thin paste. 2. Beat up four pounds of good white wheat flour in cold water—enough to form a stiff batter (sifting the flour first); beat it well, to take out all the lumps; add enough cold water to make it the consistence of pudding batter; add about two ounces of powdered alum. Pour boiling water over the batter, stirring rapidly at the same time. When it swells and looses the white color of the flour, it is cooked and ready. Do not use it while hot. It may be thinned when cool, with cold water.

J. H. Croft, Fairfield, Neb.:

1. Does the U. S. government have a free distribution of seeds yet, and if so, what steps must I take to obtain them? 2. What causes the Northern Lights?

1. Write to the Commissioner of Agriculture, Washington, or apply to your congressman. 2. The origin of the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights, is as yet a matter of conjecture. The most common hypothesis is, that it is an electrical phenomenon; and this borne out to some extent by the great resemblance which the light attending the passage of electricty through a nearly vacuous tube bears to the luminous appearance of the aurora. If one of the vacuous tubes lately invented by Mr. Gassiot be brought into the neighborhood of a powerful electrical machine, both while the machine is in motion and for some time after, flashes of light pass from the wire at one end of the tube to that at the other extremity, which bear a striking resemblance to the auroral rays. If the conditions necessary for the production of the aurora be similar to those holding in this experiment, it must be caused by the electricity accumulated round the magnetic poles discharging itself through the rare strata of the higher atmosphere; but how such conditions, if actual, occur is a question still in need of solution.

W. J. S., Utica, Minn.:

1. Whose picture is on the new postal card? 2. What is the weight of a medium-sized locomotive?

1. Jefferson. Correspondents can save asking numberless questions by careful reading of the news and editorial departments of the BLADE. A full description of the new card was given when it first came out. 2. Passenger engines, 63,100 pounds, of which 39,000 pounds are on the drivers and 24,100 on the truck; freight engines, 68,500 pounds, of which 48,000 are on the drivers and 20,500 on the trucks.

S. F., New Holland, Ill.:

What is the meaning of chinooks. The paper states that cattle are dying by the hundreds every day, and if chinooks do not come in a day or so whole herds will die. We would like to know the meaning of chinook.

"Chinook" is an Indian name given to a wind occasionally experienced on the coast of Oregon and Washington Territory in the valleys of the Rocky Mountains, in Montana, and the adjacent region. In passing over that lofty range, the air current loses most of the moisture acquired from the Pacific Ocean, and comes down again many degrees warmer than before. A similar phenomenon in Switzerland is called "foehn." As the chinook visits what in winter is the coldest part of this country, its arrival often works a very marked change in temperature. Stories which sound fabulous are told of the rapidity with which it melts snow on the great cattle ranges of the northwest.

## Amusing Misprints.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* made Dr. Kittredge, of that city, preach the other day from the text, "Let him that is atheist come."

Sam. Jones says, "David was a great sinner, but David was a magnificent repenter." And when the compositor made him say David was a magnificent "repeater," Samuel waxed wroth.

A western man sent in to an editor an item to the effect that his fortieth wedding anniversary would be observed on a certain day, but the printer inadvertently left out the word "anniversary."

A correction is accorded Sam Jones by the New York *World*, which explains that a sentence it quoted from one of his sermons that a "man's reputation is like his girl—he can put her on and off and not lose much," should have had "glove" for "girl."

The unusually accurate *Century Magazine* blundered oddly in quoting from Emerson's poem, "The Test," the lines:

Five were smelted in a pot
Than the South more fierce and hot,

which was printed

Five men smelted in a pot.

## "Arappy Tap."

Meeting an old friend, a drummer, coming from one of the stations, satchel in hand, yesterday, I asked him where he was from this time. He looked at me wearily and replied: "Arappy tap tap, rappy tap tap." I thought for a moment that he had gone crazy, but he slipped his arm through mine and said: "I can hardly remember where I have been. I can't think of anything but arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap. You see, unfortunately, about a year ago in one of my railroad journeys, I noticed that the noise made by the truck in passing over the rails was always like arappy tap tap. I had never noticed it before, and I have never stopped noticing it since. I have lain awake in my berth all night thinking about it. I do believe it will run me crazy." He turned off at the next corner, and as far as I could hear him he was saying, "Arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap, arappy tap tap."—*Chicago Journal.*

## Yes, Indeed; Very, Very urious.

Curious phenomena sometimes attend a snowfall. Near Matt Coleman's ranch, January 28, the flakes were tremendous in size. Some were larger than milk pans. Some flakes measured 15 inches square and 8 inches thick. For miles the ground was covered with such bunches, and they made a remarkable spectacle while falling. A mail carrier was caught in the same storm and verifies it. The Northern Pacific double-header snow plows are still bucking drifts east of here all the way from 6 to 40 feet deep.—*Montana Letter.*

## Are We Growing Less Religious?

In some hundred messages and letters of condolence addressed to Mrs. Logan, which have been published in the papers, only two had any allusion whatever to the Supreme Being or to the consolation of religion. The two exceptions are by Stephen A. Douglas and Col John Hay, both of whom said: "May God comfort and sustain you." Fifty years ago it would have been quite impossible for such omissions to have occurred, and a century ago a message of condolence that lacked the religious element would have seemed a mockery.

## Didn't Allow It to Bother Him.

Resident (facetiously)—What do you think of water as a beverage, colonel? Kentucky colonel—As a beverage? As a drink, do you mean? Resident—Yes. Colonel—Why, I try not to think of it at all in that connection.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

## Tears, Idle T ears.

The new mayor of a new Ohio city, told the serenaders who tooted under his windows that "he wept tears of joy over his election." His honor seems to be laboring under a mistake; he wasn't elected town crier.

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LEPROSY

and consequently incurable. It is impossible to describe her sufferings. Her body from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet was a mass of decay, masses of flesh rotting off and leaving great cavities. Her fingers festered and three or four nails dropped off at one time. Her limbs contracted by the fearful ulceration, and for several years she did not leave her bed. Her weight was reduced from 125 to 60 lbs. Perhaps some faint idea of her condition can be gleaned from the fact that three pounds of Cosmoline or ointment were used per week in dressing her sores. Finally the physicians acknowledged their defeat by this Black Wolf, and commended the sufferer to her all-wise Creator.

Her husband hearing wonderful reports of the use of SWIFT'S SPECIFIC (S. S. S.), prevailed on her to try it as a last resort. She began its use under protest, but soon found that her system was being relieved of the poison, as the sores assumed a red and healthy color, as though the blood was becoming pure and active. Mrs. Bailey continued the S. S. S. until last February; every sore was healed; she discarded chair and crutches, and was for the first time in twelve years a well woman. Her husband, Mr. C. A. Bailey, is in business at 17½ Blackstone Street, Boston, and will take pleasure in giving the details of this wonderful cure. Send to us for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases, mailed free.

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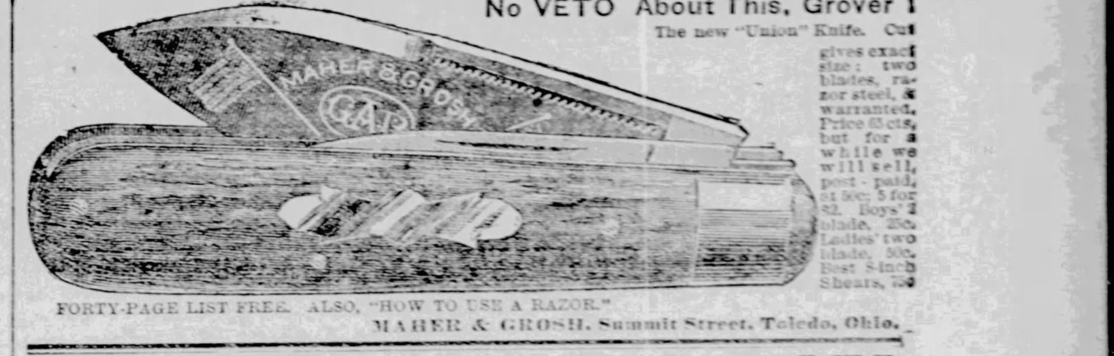

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### TO THE FRIENDS OF THE BLADE.

We call especial attention to the advertisement on the fifth page announcing the giving away, this winter, of something over $2,000 in premiums for raising clubs for the WEEKLY BLADE. No more liberal offer was ever made by any newspaper, and it should result in an enormous increase in the circulation of the BLADE—the Old Reliable Family Newspaper. Some one is going to get a $650 Piano, somebody is going to get a first-class Cabinet Organ, some one will get a first-class Singer Sewing Machine, and scores will receive other premiums, every one of which is of positive value. In addition to these extra premiums, every one who interests him, or her, self in the matter gets very liberal pay for what they do, whether they secure a premium or not.

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The awards of these extra Premiums will be made May first. The field is open to everybody, men, women and children, and the rewards are rich. A $650 Piano is not picked up every day, nor is any other of the beautiful articles we propose to give away. Begin your work now.

### REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

THE trade of the country for the past week presents no particularly strong features. Dry goods dealers show a disposition to limit purchases to immediate wants, though it is thought that much of the buying of supplies for April will be done within the next two weeks, before the inter-state commerce bill becomes a law. Cottons are strong while the iron market is slightly weaker. The failures for the week, according to R. G. DUN & Co's report, number 230 in the United States and 52 in Canada, a total of 282, as compared with 229 last week.

THE imports into the United States have been increasing. Last week they footed up a total of $10,000,000, which is $2,000,000 more than the imports for the corresponding week last year. From January 1 up to last Saturday, the total is over $78,000,000, as compared with $76,000,000 for the same period last year, and $64,000,000 for the corresponding time in 1885.

THE failure of the general deficiency bill to pass Congress—a failure due solely to the delays in the Democratic House—will cause serious detriment to the country. It not only prevents for nearly four months the extension of the free delivery system, but it contained provisions for supplying pressing demands for postal cards and postage stamps, the denial of which may seriously embarrass the Postoffice department and the public. The legal machinery of the government will also be disarranged during the remainder of the fiscal year, as no money will be available for jurors', witnesses', or marshals' fees, and many prisoners, notably those confined at Fort Smith, Ark., cannot be tried for months to come. A number of soldiers' claims, aggregating $700,000, which had been certified by the treasury, will also fail of settlement. All of which means not only loss and inconvenience to the general public but much hardship and injustice to private individuals.

THE Signal Service will be greatly embarrassed by the failure of the general deficiency appropriation bill. The deficiency estimates for the service aggregated $23,770. The failure of Congress to appropriate the desired sum will, according to the statement of the chief signal officer make it impossible to move a man, even to discharge or re-enlist him, or to replace those who are dead or dangerously ill. The most serious consequence of the failure of the bill, perhaps, will be the discontinuance of the storm warnings, cold waves etc., at a number of important points.

SCORE one for American ordnance. The tests for the new eight-inch steel rifle at Sandy Hook are said to have established the fact that the rifle is fully equal to the naval gun, and better than guns of corresponding calibre made by foreign manufacturers.

THREE different courts have decided that a marriage by telegraph is illegal. The old plan of having both parties present, and a minister to perform the ceremony, is the only way to make a sure thing of it.

THE legal voters of Louisville, Ky., will vote on the local option question at the August election. We fear that the distilling interest will prove too strong for the friends of Prohibition.

THERE are over thirty important consular officers in Canada, representing the United States, who are not American citizens.

THE supreme court of Tennessee has decided that the conditions and contract that are mentioned on the blank messages of a telegraph company are not binding on the sender of the messages, although he may have knowledge of them, they being invalid, as the telegraph company cannot contract against its own negligence.

MRS. BECK, wife of the Kentucky senator, who died in Washington last Sunday, was a grandniece of Gen. WASHINGTON.

THE big war ship ordered by Congress will be of 600 tons' displacement, and will cost about $2,500,000.

UP to date there have been nearly 8,000 applications for pensions under the Mexican pension bill.

TWO-THIRDS of the pensions paid out under the Mexican pension law will be paid to ex-rebels.

MICHIGAN salt now sells at the works at 51 cents a barrel, the lowest figure since 1866.

IT is now reported that MR. MANNING is so sick that it is doubtful if he will ever be able to attend to the duties of the bank which has chosen him president. His condition two weeks ago, when he went to New York to meet the directors, was a matter of profound astonishment and regret to those who expected to see a man in at least good mental condition.

GEN. BENET, chief of ordnance, says that the result of the failure to pass the fortification bill is to leave the fortifications and ordnance in worse shape than they were after the adjournment last session. At that time there were a few fragments available, but now the ordnance bureau and the engineer corps must come to a full stop, so far as concerns the construction of guns and fortifications.

THE system of numbering the hours of the day from 12 to 24 is gaining favor with the railroads. It is a much simpler plan than the present one, and abolishes the "a. m." and "p. m." nuisance.

THE Civil Service commission is informed that promotions are being made in the department of Agriculture, which is now under its jurisdiction, without regard to its rules. It will make an investigation of these charges as soon as the absent members of the commission return to Washington from Philadelphia, where they are investigating charges against Postmaster HARRITY.

ROMAN CATHOLIC circles are interested in a statement from Rome that Mgr. STRANERIO, in his secret report on American affairs, suggests the establishment of an apostolic delegate in this country, with full powers from the Holy See, because of the inconvenience and slowness of existing relations between Rome and America.

INDIAN COMMISSIONER ATKINS is quoted as saying that he had resolved on a determined enforcement of the Dawes severalty law, with no further fishing about for agreements or treaties. He regards the Indians as independent wards of the nation, who must be helped to do what they could not do alone.

ON Saturday the body of HENRY WARD BEECHER was transferred to the Greenwood Cemetery receiving vault, where it will remain until the family shall select a lot for the final interment.

THE increase in immigration into this country is said to be mostly from Russia and Italy. This not a good sign, for these people are poorly fitted to become American citizens.

IT is a matter of profound regret that wiser counsels did not prevail among the third-party Prohibitionists of Michigan, and the withdrawal of their ticket become an accomplished fact. The non-partisan nature of the work in favor of the prohibitory amendment would thus have been clearly shown, and it would have doubtless received more votes than will now be cast for it on April 4. The third party men are hurting the amendment instead of helping it. The people see that they are trying first to make political capital, and then to work for the amendment.

CLEVELAND is reported to be seriously considering the propriety of calling the Fiftieth Congress in extra session, to consider the subject of revenue reduction. He is said to have become convinced that it will give him a boom for renomination.

THE redemption of the trade dollars has begun at the sub-treasury in New York. Many of the coins offered bear the Chinese stamp, showing that they have been to the Flowery Kingdom, but brought back by speculators.

A DEMOCRATIC Congressman is quoted as saying that in the next Congress the Democratic party will be "a mere plaything in the hands of the Republicans."

ADDITIONAL returns from the recent municipal elections in Iowa show general Republican gains throughout the state and in some localities very marked Republican victories. This result is in part due to the new registration law, which undoubtedly cost the Democrats several thousand votes.

THE Dakota House of Representatives has passed a joint resolution indorsing the Sioux Falls constitutional convention for South Dakota, and declaring North Dakota also entitled to admission as a state.

THE Septennate bill passed the German Reichstag on Friday. The numerical force of the army, on a peace footing, is fixed at 468,400 men, and the appropriations for the support of the army are extended to cover the next seven years. The vote stood 227 yeas, 31 nays—a most signal triumph for BISMARCK.

No change of importance in English and Irish affairs has taken place during the last week. Everybody waits to see what proposal will be put forward by the Government, which, however, is said to be in no haste to take any decided step because of internal dissensions in the Cabinet. The Tory extremists are howling for the strongest kind of a coercion bill against Ireland. Something will have to be done speedily or the Salisbury *regime* will be over. Meanwhile Gen. BULLER's statements in regard to Irish matters has caused the greatest excitement. He went over there armed with the fullest powers to keep peace and quiet, and to administer the law. He failed to restore order and returned with an entirely different idea with regard to Irish questions from those with which he went. In fact he seemed to have been converted to their views, and though the outcry, after his statements were made, was so great as to compel him to explain and protest, still it has not changed public opinion with respect to his new position.

ELSEWHERE in Europe a more peaceful prospect is evident. It seems now to depend entirely upon Russia as to whether there will be war or not. Should she undertake to annex Bulgaria to her possessions, Austria must fight, and Germany knows that. The latter country does not want to fight; but she would not object to seeing Russia and Austria involved in a war over Bulgaria, because in that case Austria's wings might be clipped, and Germany really fears that country. The German States are not bound together as firmly as might be desired, and should the Emperor die, it is feared by many that it would be made the occasion of a secession of some one or more of them. This is why there is such an intense anxiety for the prolongation of his life until the welding process has become more complete.

IT is reported that Russia is chagrined over the suppression of the late Bulgarian revolt, and her ill temper has been made manifest in a request to the Powers of Europe to join with the Czar in a protest against the execution of the insurgents. It is hardly possible that they would entertain such a proposition since it would be interfering with the legitimate government of the country, to which was intrusted the constitutional power when ALEXANDER left the throne and Bulgaria.

THE Pope and his advisers are deep in the discussion of the Knights of Labor question in the United States, but it is thought that a decision will not be reached for a long time. The benediction sent to Dr. McGLYNN is now explained to be only the blessing of his Holiness to the faithful in the parish.

BISMARCK declared that the complaint made in the Reichstag that the amount fixed in the budget was not to be exclusively applied to explorations in Central Africa, was unwarranted. It was to be devoted to explorations, which had both scientific and practical objects, in the unknown country back of the Cameroons territory.

EARTHQUAKE shocks have occurred through the Southern part of France, and have caused tourists to again flee to Monte Carlo, where they are not felt.

THE cholera has spread through parts of the Chilian provinces of Aconcagua and Valparaiso, and is extending along the valley of Aconcagua towards the sea.

### RUM AS A POISON—ALCOHOL'S EFFECTS ON THE SYSTEM.

There is in this nation a fearful amount of ignorance as to the poisonous effects of Rum. No matter what reason may be assigned by the drinker—no matter what excuse he may bring forward as a plea for his indulgence—he drinks because he wishes to get the specific effect of alcohol, which is contained, in a greater or less per cent, in Rum in all its forms—beer, wine, gin, rum, whisky or brandy. Take the alcohol out of beer, or any malt liquor, and it is a bitter, nauseous slop. Take the alcohol out of wine of any kind, and it is a thin vinegar. Take the alcohols out of spirituous liquors, and they are dirty, watery infusions. No one could be hired to drink any one of them, were it not for the active agent, alcohol, which is present in all.

Now, it is a fact, which cannot be too widely known, too deeply impressed upon the public mind, that alcohol is a poison. It is not a food, for there is nothing in it that goes to build up the system. It does not furnish a molecule to rebuild a muscle, or a nerve, or a fibre of the human body. When it is taken into the system, there is a glow, an exhilaration of spirits. Why? Because, as soon as it is taken into the stomach, it is at once absorbed, and goes into the blood. It is an irritant poison to the heart and blood vessels. The heart goes to working more rapidly, the blood is driven more swiftly through the body; more goes to the brain—hence the exhilaration. A larger dose benumbs the nerves and brain; the two hemispheres of the latter fail to act in concert, the victim sees double, staggers in his gait, and is, in common parlance, "drunk."

Meanwhile, every excretory organ of the body sets to work as hard as possible to get the poisonous stuff out of the system. The minute blood-vessels of the skin are engorged, and the sweat-glands set to work to do their share; every breath the lungs exhale is loaded with alcoholic vapor; the liver and kidneys are bending every energy to excrete the poison. All are over-exerted, and when the work is done and the poison cleared out, every bodily organ is tired, and there is a feeling of languor; the man is tired out; and indisposed to any active mental or physical labor.

That is the history of one dose of alcohol, and the physical manifestations differ only in degree, due to the magnitude of the dose. The greater the amount of alcohol, the more violent the efforts of the bodily organs to get rid of it, the greater the resulting exhaustion. It is plain that a continuance of the drink habit through months and years will eventually bring on grave disorders of the bodily functions, and specific diseases of the great organs. The stomach, from frequent contact with the fiery poison, becomes inflamed and tender; indigestion and its train of evils always follow. There is a loss of appetite, nothing "tastes good," and the pleasures of healthy eating and drinking are unknown to drinking men.

The kidneys are often the seat of deep and incurable disease, brought on by alcohol. It is the testimony of medical authorities that seven out of eight cases of the dreaded and incurable "Bright's disease" are due to the effects of Rum. The exclusive use of beer and other malt liquors is a frequent cause of calculi in the bladder, or "gravel."

The liver, the largest and most important gland in the body, is another victim of the Rum habit. The use of alcohol produces in it a disease called cirrhosis, commonly called "hob-nail liver" or "whisky liver." It is incurable, and drags its victim slowly down to sure and agonizing death.

The heart is among one of the first of the vital organs to feel the effects of this infernal poison. From the constant excessive stimulation and over-action, its fibres become weakened, and finally its muscular walls undergo fatty degeneration. This is very dangerous; for any sudden shock, or over-exertion, or exposure to cold, or fatigue, or any very depressing influence, may cause sudden death. "Heart disease," the coroner calls it, to soften the grief of the friends; but it is alcohol that kills the man.

Along with this alteration of the heart, or perhaps preceding or following it, is a decided derangement of the coats of the arteries. The walls of these blood-vessels, in a state of health, are firm and elastic, and their power of recoil is a necessity to a perfect, healthy circulation of the blood. These strong, resilient coats become thin and dilated, or else brittle from the deposit of a lime-like substance instead of the proper fibre. A little undue pressure then may cause a rupture of the walls, and sudden death at once results.

Of course the brain and nervous system suffer. The brain itself is hardened by the use of alcohol, because it contains much albumen, and alcohol will harden it as it will the white of an egg. Mental vigor is destroyed. The entire nervous system is subject to a long train of grave disorders from the use of this poison. We need only refer to that terrible nervous derangement called *mania a potu*, and delirium tremens, that horror of all horrors, to call to mind the danger to any one of a nervous temperament from indulgence in Rum. Another nervous derangement—insomnia, or sleeplessness—is one of the distressing results of alcohol. During natural sleep there is a reduced supply of blood in the brain, and this reduced supply, from the altered action of the heart and blood vessels, is not granted to the alcoholic.

These evils come slowly. The habitual drinker finds alcohol—Rum in some form—a daily necessity. He awakes in the morning unrefreshed, and prefers a morning dram to his breakfast. As the day advances the nervous system feels feeble, the mind is dull, the muscles grow tired, and another drink is required. The action is followed by reaction and after the glow has subsided and the artificial strength is expended, the same necessity occurs again, and thus it goes, the alcohol taking the place of food, the natural nourishment of the body. Hundreds of thousands of people are living in this unnatural way.

The irritation of the stomach produces dyspeptic symptoms among the very first effects of habitual drinking. The stomach and entire alimentary canal are surcharged with gas and annoying flatulency results. The bowels become irregular. The kidneys do not secrete naturally, sometimes acting too much and at other times too little. Sleep also becomes irregular, at one time an overpowering stupor at night occurring, or else being deficient, resulting in a nervous, irritable condition by day and a wakeful worrying feeling by night.

The skin soon shows the evil effects of alcohol. The calibre of the small blood-vessels being so frequently contracted and relaxed, they lose their tone, and the red nose, flushed cheek, suffused eye, pimply eruptions, clammy skin, sometimes dry and again covered with a profuse perspiration, soon mark the drinking man among his fellows.

One of the inevitable attendants of an indulgence in alcohol is a thirst that is constant. Alcohol has a great natural affinity for water, and the tissues of the body that are soaked with alcohol keep requiring an inordinate supply. Such a body naturally deteriorates, grows gross, its secretory organs are overtaxed, its stomach distended, its heart enfeebled, its muscles relaxed, and the whole nervous system loses its tone and activity. Such a man feels every change in the weather, and suffers readily from gouty, rheumatic and neuralgic pains. His whole system is relaxed, and his life is liable to be suddenly snuffed out by some acute disease. Pneumonia, the most fatal of all diseases, and one that has the highest percentage of mortality, except consumption, rarely, if ever, spares the habitual drinker.

We might go on indefinitely, particularizing these things. It is evident, from what has been said, that alcohol, by the grave disorders to which it gives rise, opens the door to an infinite train of disease. Sir ANDREW CLARK, physician in ordinary to Her Majesty, Queen VICTORIA, and Mr. GLADSTONE's medical adviser, writes thus:

> I call perfect health the loveliest thing in this world. Now alcohol, even in small doses, will take the bloom off, will injure the perfection of loveliness of health, both mental and moral.
>
> I do not desire to make out a strong case, I desire to make out a true case. I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you I am considerably within the mark when I say to you that going the round of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten owe their ill health to alcohol. Now what does this mean? That out of every hundred patients which I have charge of at the London Hospital, 70 of them owe their ill health to alcohol—to its abuse! I do not say these 70 per cent. were drunkards, but to the excessive use.
>
> I am not saying, because I have no means of saying, in human life in society at large, what is the percentage of victims which alcohol seizes upon as its rightful prey. I do not know. I have no method of coming accurately to the conclusion, but I know this, that not only has a large percentage of such diseases as I have mentioned, but a great mass—certainly more than three-fourths of the disorders in what we call "fashionable life"—arise from the use of this very drug of which I am now speaking. Now, if you think of that, and think for one moment of the fact I have told you, that in this London hospital seven out of ten of those whom I have seen to-day, and seen for one reason, to present the statement to you to-night, lie there maimed for life by this agent; that a great mass, perhaps the greatest mass of the disorders, as distinct from the diseases with which mankind is afflicted, arise from the abuse of the drug—surely, surely you will agree with me, that a terrible responsibility lies upon those who, forgetful of these plain and certain teachings which the commonest experience can yield, will stimulate people to keep themselves up with glasses of wine and glasses of beer.
>
> And I ask, what are you to think of those who are born of drunkards, who came into this world, so to speak, with a curse not only upon them, but in them, the terrible desire for that which is to blast them, and to blast them speedily—a desire which no human power can save them from, and with God alone, in his wisdom and mercy, can protect them from? What an awful thought is this! Can there be any man here present who, if he is taking more than he ought to take, is indifferent to all this? How can he think without dread of this terrible fact—for fact it is, as surely as that two and two make four—that this desire is becoming part of his nature, and that he is handing it down, not for good, but for the most terrible evil that man can suffer, unto generations yet unborn? Can I say to you any words stronger than these of the terrible effects of the abuse of alcohol?

When these facts are known to all people, when our children are educated in school to understand the magnitude of the dangers from alcohol, a generation will rise up that will be an unit in the effort to *Pulverize the Rum Power!*

### OUR SPLENDID PREMIUMS.

If you have not done so already, examine our magnificent scheme of premiums and enter the lists for one of them. No matter whether you get a premium or not, you will be well paid for what you do, IN MONEY. You may reach the Piano, but whether or no, you can lose nothing, and are certain to make a welcome addition to your pocket money for the winter. Men or women, boys or girls, there is room for all. We want a good worker at every postoffice. Send for our special terms to club-raisers, and learn what you can do, and what you will get for it.

THE death of JAMES B. EADS recalls the fact that he was the originator of the gunboat idea on the Western rivers during the war. Born at Lawrenceburg, Ind., in 1820, he finally removed to St. Louis, and was engaged in work on the rivers. At the outbreak of the civil war in 1861 he submitted to the government a plan fo the defense of the Western waters. He designed and constructed, in 1862 and 1863, the first eight ironclad steamers in the United States navy. He afterwards designed and built six ironclad gunboats with rotating turrets. He was the projector and constructing engineer of the Illinois and St. Louis bridge, and deepened, by means of jetties, the south pass of the Mississippi from eight feet to thirty feet. His latest scheme was for the building of a ship railway across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, and the measure was discussed at length during the recent session of Congress. In 1884 he was awarded the Albert medal by the Society of Arts in England, in recognition of the valuable aid which his services have rendered to the commerce of the world.

THE people who have hitherto been members of the noble army of dead-heads, and have traveled whithersoever they would upon the railway lines of the land, are indignant that the inter-state commerce law presumes to cut off their privileges. We must remind them that there is Biblical authority for that section of the new law—in proof whereof, we resurrect a placard that, years ago, was printed and suspended conspicuously in the office of a certain general passenger agent in Ohio:

> Thou shalt not pass.—Numb., xx. 18.
> Suffer not a man to pass.—Judg. iii. 28.
> The wicked shall no more pass.—Nahum, i. 5.
> None shall ever pass.—Isaiah, xxxiv. 10.
> This generation shall not pass.—Mark, xiii. 30.
> Though they roar, yet shall they not pass.—Jer., ii. 42.
> So he paid the fare and went.—Jonah, i. 3.

### THE BLADE SEWING MACHINE.

If you contemplate purchasing a Sewing Machine this winter, order the Blade Machine, at once, that you may be sure of getting it in time. It gives absolute satisfaction, and we sell it for $18, with the WEEKLY BLADE, one year. It is the best and cheapest reliable Machine on the market. Order at once, and save money.

THE select committee created by the House of Representatives at its first session to inquire into the causes and extent of western railroad strikes submitted its report on the 3d inst. After reviewing the losses sustained by the railroad companies, the strikers and community at large, which aggregated many millions of dollars, the report emphasizes what every sane man long ago admitted as true, viz.: That any body of laborers have a perfect right to strike for better wages or an amelioration of their condition, but they have no right to coerce other men to follow their example or to obstruct the employer in employing other men in this country to do the work.

THERE is a most striking revulsion of feeling among the people of Wisconsin upon the subject of European immigration. A few days ago, both branches of the Wisconsin legislature, without a dissenting vote, adopted a bill to abolish the board of Immigration, which has hitherto maintained several agents in Europe with a view to attracting immigration to the state. There has been a remarkable change of feeling as to the desirability of immigration.

IT is a fact that the people of the United States should ponder carefully, that CLEVELAND failed to sign the O'NEILL bill for labor arbitration, and also the bill to prevent the importation of alien contract labor. Let the honest workingmen of the nation understand perfectly how much the President cares for matters in which they are vitally interested.

THE Judicial committee of the Illinois House of Representatives has favorably reported a joint resolution submitting the question of the adoption of a prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people. The amendment is very brief, and simply prohibits the manufacture and sale of liquors except for medicinal, mechanical and scientific purposes.

NOW IT is said that TROTTER, the new Recorder of Deeds of the District of Columbia, whose nomination was confirmed during the closing hours of the Senate, is a Republican in politics.

SOME of the Tennessee Democrats have been indulging in the amusement of hanging Gov. TAYLOR, for whom they voted last fall, in effigy, because he has seen fit to advocate the passage of the Blair educational bill.

### OUR PORTRAIT OF LOGAN.

Our portrait of the lamented LOGAN is finished, and being mailed. It is a splendid work of art, and will be highly prized by those who secure it.

And speaking of our series of portraits of the great generals of the late war, there is one point to which we wish to call attention. These portraits are engraved from photographs taken from life, and were furnished us by the Generals themselves, at our request, as being the view of the face and the expression they desired to be remembered by. Two, Gen. GRANT and Gen. SHERMAN, sat expressly for us, and SHERIDAN and LOGAN sent us those that they preferred.

In a very few years the BLADE portraits of the great Generals will have an increased value from this fact. They are not only works of art, but they are faithful, absolute likenesses.

We send them to any address at 25 cents each, singly, or 65 cents for the four. The four great religious heroes, the two WESLEYS, CALVIN and LUTHER, at the same price, the whole eight for $1.15. Order at once.

### "UNCLAIMED ESTATES."

The New York *Herald* has been discussing the methods of swindlers who have for years past been reaping a rich harvest among the credulous in all parts of the United States, by raising hopes of succeeding to certain mythical "unclaimed estates," which are supposed to be in waiting to have American heirs prove their titles thereto. A huge swindle of this sort has just been unearthed in New York city, called the "British-American Claims Agency," which was run by two men, one an old jail bird and penitentiary convict, and both of whom are now in prison, awaiting trial in that city. This is but one of the many schemes to fleece the public in the way of "unclaimed" estates. It is said that the State department at Washington has been sending out circulars by the dozen every day to credulous people who think that they are heirs to large sums of money, and want to know the address of the consul nearest the city or town where the estate is said to be located that is awaiting the rightful owners. So great is the demand upon the State department and our legations in England, Belgium and Germany that printed circulars are prepared by the thousands to be mailed in reply to the letters received from all parts of the United States.

It may be of interest to the readers of the BLADE to quote what Minister LOWELL wrote to the State department regarding these mythical "unclaimed estates" in England:

> I hope it may be of some use in saving the money of those foolish dupes in the United States who have not already thrown it away in the worse than useless pursuit of imaginary fortunes in Great Britain. They might as well seek to recover possession of a castle in Spain through the intervention of our minister to that country.

One of the most robust of these frauds is that relating to a so-called Towneley estate in England. On this subject, Sec. BAYARD says, many letters have been received both by the State department and by the legation at London. The prevalent idea of the writers appears to be that the estate in question consists of $800,000,000, more or less, which are lying in the bank of England, awaiting distribution among unknown heirs, among which are persons of the names of LAWRENCE and CHASE in the United States. Mr. BAYARD says he is informed by our minister in London:—

> First—That there is no money in the Bank of England belonging to any Towneley, Lawrence Towneley or Chase estate, or to any claimants under those names.
>
> Second—That there is no such estate in England as the Lawrence Towneley estate, nor any known family of that designation.
>
> Third—That the Towneley estate is a large, landed property in the counties of Lancaster and York, which is now and has been for a very long time in the possession of its rightful owners, who are completely protected therein by the law of England, and that there are no unknown or American owners of any part of it or any ground whatever for any such claims.

It is also stated, upon authority, by the State department, that the statement that has been so widely circulated by swindlers that a special act of Parliament was passed to allow American claimants to prosecute claims in that country is utterly false, and the State department strongly advises all persons to pay no attention to any reports or statements of "associations" in reference to the Townely estate, or any other, and to pay no money to any one for pretended aid, as there is no such estate, and the money goes to line the pockets of swindlers. It is announced that the State department and our minister in London will not encourage or aid any investigations, knowing that there is no basis of fact to the pretended claims, and will pay no attention to letters concerning them. Our minister to Germany writes as follows concerning claims in that country:

> So far as the legation has been able to ascertain, there are in Germany no large estates, that for thirty or more years have been awaiting distribution to unknown heirs, in the hands of the government or of anybody, and that all efforts to discover such estates that the legation has ever made or even heard of have proved fruitless.

The United States minister to Holland, in a letter to the secretary of State, makes the following statement regarding claims to Dutch estates:

> Not many months ago a respectable, zealous and intelligent old lady, from Brooklyn, N. Y., called upon me to inquire how she should approach the government to induce it to pay over without delay what was honestly due her as one of the heirs of a Dutch general who expired suddenly on horseback while engaged in a grand parade that occurred 200 years ago. She was accompanied by a French advocate whom she had engaged to prepare her brief in the case. He already had it printed in the shape of a large pamphlet. The lady claimed that the government had taken charge of the property and had since been in the receipt of the usufruct. She admitted that the claim had become such magnitude that if ordinary interest should be added to the principal no government in Europe had the ability to pay it. She was, however, willing to accept the principal and allow further time for the interest. She was fully determined, as she said, if Holland did not meet her expectations in doing what was right and just, to have the government dishonored in the eyes of all Europe. She called upon several of the embassies here to induce them to form a sort of alliance of the Powers to bring a pressure to bear. This she did because there were heirs in Germany, France, England and the United States. She was determined that her petition should be laid before the highest authority. For this purpose she waited at the door of the palace, and when His Majesty the King appeared she presented it in person. He referred it to his minister of Finance, who very soon addressed a note to the applicant, informing her that the whole matter had several times been thoroughly examined in the courts and decided adversely to the claimants. I advised her that it would be more judicious to save the money she was expending upon steamers, hotels and advocates.

### TO THOSE NOT SUBSCRIBERS WHO RECEIVE THIS NUMBER OF THE BLADE.

A great many people, who are not subscribers will receive this number of the BLADE. We ask of all such a careful examination, and a just comparison with any other paper printed. And then, if it pleases you, as it will, remit your subscription at once, and secure its weekly visits. $1.00 a year, 30 cents for three months. You will never regret it.

THE change in public sentiment in the matter of Prohibition is strikingly exhibited in Sioux City, Iowa, as will be seen by the following from the columns of the Iowa *State Register*:

> The word comes from Sioux City, for a long time the most defiant city in Iowa against the prohibition law, and a year ago the scene of the worst tragedy in the series of the liquor interests' defiant rebellion in Iowa, that it has closed its saloons. This is a very cheering indication. One of the strongest holds of the rum power thus early surrenders. Sioux City is a complete answer to the two great objections to prohibition, the claim that it can never be enforced, and that it always kills a town if it is enforced. Sioux City was perhaps the hardest place in the state to enforce the law, and yet it is now enforced there. Beyond this, it is as prosperous a city as there is in the state, its only rival being Des Moines, while the cities making the least progress are those on the Mississippi river, where the law is still absolutely violated and defied.

HERE is the first joke of the season on the spring poet:

Now the poet sends his early rhubarb poem, marked $5.00. The editor returns it, marked $0.80.

### FIFTY YEARS OLD.

March 18, the day following ST. PATRICK's festival, will be Pres. CLEVELAND's 50th birthday. Considering the failings of the man, his fat-witted obstinacy, his pig-headed desire to make Congress consult the whims and vagaries which he dignifies with the name of his opinions, his hatred of the pensioning of Union soldiers, we are decidedly of the belief that Mr. CLEVELAND is old enough to know better. It may be a cause of additional congratulation that his fiftieth year coincides with the fiftieth of Queen VICTORIA's reign, and that the old lady is not to have all the jubilees to herself. CLEVELAND will be the fourth President to have attained his 50th year while in office, the three former being POLK, whose semi-centennial was celebrated in 1845; PIERCE, who reached his 50th annual milestone on November 23, 1854; and Gen. GRANT, who was 50 in 1872, the last year of his first term.

It is worth remarking that while CLEVELAND will be 50 on March 18, his wife will not reach her 23d birthday until next July, and his respected mother-in-law, Mrs. FOLSOM, is only 44 years old. Hence it may be said, with perfect truth, that the President is old enough to be the father of his wife. Except Gen. GRANT, CLEVELAND is the youngest man ever inaugurated President of the United States. Had GARFIELD lived, he would have reached his 50th birthday during his first year in office, as it would have occurred November 19, 1881—only a few weeks after his lamentable death.

### SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS.

If you want to make your winter's pocket money write us for our special terms to agents. We shall pay more liberally for work for the BLADE this winter than any paper in the country. Drop a postal card asking for terms, and it will pay you.

### WHAT A RECORD!

MR. REED, of Maine, has been discussing the utter lack of business talent among the Democratic majority in the national House of Representatives, the absence of recognized leadership, and the resulting neglect of public business. There were three things which the Forty-ninth Congress was expected to do, and which the Democratic majority refused to do. These were, first, the reduction of the surplus; second, the proper defence of the nation from possible foreign foes; and, third, the admission of three territories from the great Northwest. Mr. REED uses the following pungent language in reading the record of the Democratic Congress:

> On the surplus twice Mr. Morrison with his column marched up a hill and then marched down; twice Mr. Randall with his contingent could have been seen with good glasses making time on what seemed to be a bill, until he faded from our vision behind a long letter, which, if he understood himself, marks him as the most acute man of this or any age. Meantime the surplus remains. Of course the administration will now have to buy bonds and worry the banks or hoard and worry the country. It is strange how much reform looks like incapacity.
>
> The great call for fortifications and great guns did not have its origin in partisan clamor. Samuel J. Tilden spent the thoughts of his last days on the defenceless condition of his country. The Democratic newspapers vied with the Republicans in reiterating his demand. Yet the House of Representatives, with a contemptuous disregard of the needs of the country, gave no fortification or ordnance bill for either session. And the country remains not only without guns, but without the capacity and appliances to make them. It must be fifteen months before another appropriation bill can pass. It will take two years to build an eight-inch and four to build a sixteen-inch gun. Hence we close the Forty-ninth Congress with no gun for a fortification possible for more than three years.

HON EUGENE HALE, on the eve of his departure for Europe, tells some home truths about the Democratic administration and majority in Congress. The fact is, the Democrats of the country have been so long in the opposition that they cannot abandon their attitude of negations and adopt a firm, consistent, statesman-like policy for the conduct of the nation's affairs. It does not require much of a man to howl "I object!" to any proposition, no matter how wise or necessary it may be; and the Democratic party seems to have been sending to Congress the fellows who could do the most wind-work in objecting to the Republican programme, for the past 25 years. Now, when the administration and the Congressional majority is theirs, they are all at sea. They don't know how to do anything but oppose, and hence they oppose CLEVELAND, although they elected him. Meanwhile, the significant spectacle is presented of the Republican minority in Congress bringing forward all measures which are necessary, and actually shaping legislation, so far as the inane Democrats will allow them, for the best interests of the nation. The American people are much more dull than we take them to be if they do not show by their votes their opinion of the utter incapacity of the Democratic party to do anything for the country.

### SPECIMEN COPIES.

Send us, please, the name and address of every friend you have in the world, to whom we may send specimen copies of the WEEKLEY BLADE. It makes no difference where they are located, north, south, east or west, for the BLADE circulates in every state and territory, and, by the way it is the only paper that does. Send in the names and do your friends a favor. You can get a great many addresses on a postal card.

IT seems that the lesson of the disastrous attempt to establish eight hours as a day's labor in Chicago last spring has been forgotten by the workingmen, for the report comes that they propose another eight hour movement on May 1 next. The local assemblies of the Knights of Labor, and the various workmen employed in the building trades, are said to be making vigorous preparations for it. The difficulty in the case is, that the men want ten hours' pay for eight hours' work. It seems plain that the movement can have no chance of success in Chicago if it is not adopted in all other cities throughout the country. It amounts, in effect, to an advance in the cost of any manufactured article of 20 per cent on the labor employed in its production. It is perfectly clear that no Chicago manufacturer can compete successfully with others in the same line elsewhere in the country, under such a condition of things. Without a general movement for eight hours in every city of the country, there can be no hope of success.

THE asinine stubborness of the President seems to be a family trait. The government appraiser at the Detroit custom-house is WILLIAM H. CLEVELAND, a cousin of the President, and formerly a grocery-keeper at Adrian, Mich. Since his term of office began there have been more complaints on the part of Detroit importers than for a long period of time preceding his appointment, and several vigorous appeals have been taken to Washington by the aggrieved persons. MR. CLEVELAND has an idea that all importers are sharpers and are trying to defraud the government, and acts accordingly. GROVER has the same idea regarding Union veterans, and vetoes bills for their benefit whenever he gets a chance.

WHO said CLEVELAND was incapable of learning anything? A year ago he refused to follow the precedent set by all former Presidents, and go to the capitol during the closing hours of the session, in order to sign necessary bills. He seems to have found out that this was a bit of bumptious stubbornness and self-conceit, for on Friday he went meekly to the capitol and attended to his duties as chief executive.

WHILE Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City and other packing centers of the West turned out an increased product during the winter hog packing season, Chicago ran behind, the shortage as against last season being, in round numbers, 700,000.

### PROHIBITION IN ATLANTA.

The Rum Power in Michigan is circulating documents among the people, filled with lying assertions, in order to defeat the Prohibitory amendment. From a circular sent us by a friend, we extract one of these falsehoods for illustration:

> One of the most notable things about the enforcement of prohibition in Atlanta is the number of stores to rent. The eye is everywhere greeted by red "To Rent" signs placed in the windows of some of the best stores on the most prominent thoroughfares.

The BLADE has on several occasions published letters from Atlanta showing the utter falsity of such statements as the above. We have at hand a letter to the Milwaukee *Wisconsin* from Atlanta, which gives the actual condition of things there, and we synopsize its statements:

The number of young men forming the liquor habit is diminishing.

There is a great change for the better in the clothing of the children of the working classes.

Grocery stores are taking the places of saloons. The vacant liquor stores have been rented for other business. "Dry goods find a sale in place of wet goods."

It is more difficult to find washerwomen; their husbands now support them instead of their being compelled to toil to support their husbands.

Colored labor has improved 50 per cent.

Twelve hundred more children have applied for admission to the public schools.

Five hundred dollars a day are now spent for liquor, where $5,500 were spent two years ago. The extra $5,000 is either saved for a rainy day, or is spent in legitimate channels of trade—for better clothing, better food, furniture, etc.

Real estate has risen in value, and the city is more prosperous, because it is doing a business of $5,000 a day more than it did under the reign of Rum.

The laboring men are not as "hard up" as before, spend twice as much and pay cash for groceries and clothing; for their families, Prohibition is a success.

We ask our Michigan readers to see that these falsehoods are exposed promptly. A friend in Lansing writes as follows concerning the BLADE's work in that state:

> You are doing a grand work for Temperance here in Michigan, and I hope that on the 4th of next April, we will, by the help of God and your valuable paper, be able to thoroughly *Pulverize the Rum Power.*

### TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

### "SWEET CHARITY."

Chicago has at times been very unfortunate. She has endured epidemics of cholera, has suffered from fires, and fogs, and lake blizzards. She has had Gen. BRAGG there, and the convention which nominated CLEVELAND "for the enemies he had made," and for those he has succeeded in manufacturing since. She has CARTER HARRISON, and the Anarchists, and now has an epidemic of Congregational preachers. That old heathen ATTILA was happy and swelled up with vanity as his followers dubbed him the "Scourge of God;" but this little weekly meeting of preachers not only scourge their enemies, but their best friends. They have not charity, even at the grave.

How many a time and oft have they racked their brains for elegant types of rhetoric, and strained their lungs proclaiming that beautiful text of ST. PAUL, about Christian charity. The brethren have wept, and the sisters have remarked, "How charming." They have bundles and boxes full of discourses showing the world that, although one may have the learning of SOCRATES, or the graces of CLEOPATRA, yet, without charity, they are nothing. Charity covereth a multitude of sins, and in that the late Mr. BEECHER was in the broadest latitude, a Christian. Some day these gentlemen will not feel so well, and hearty, and truculent and brave as now; and when they review the past account of sins omitted and committed, and this late wanton cruelty rises above all the rest, possibly the predicament of DIVES may become more real to them. Fortunately for the history of the church, such ill-advice does not happen often.

A similar case occurred a little over a thousand years ago, which caused great scandal then, and has not yet ceased to be quoted. It will be remembered, that the last words of MOHAMMED were, that his followers should teach the Koran to the whole world. In less than one hundred years from his death, the dream of this adventurer came near being realized. The successors of the prophet held more territory han did ALEXANDER, and had closed in upon the domain of Christianity so that but a small area remained uncovered along the north shore of the Mediterranean sea. CHARLES MARTEL, founder of the great house of CHARLEMAGNE, met the Saracens at Poitiers, and fought them for seven days, before the crescent yielded to the cross. One would suppose that, above all others, the church would have selected him for a saint; but no; after the alarm was over, the synod of Gaul met and discussed this man, then in his grave, and because he took some of their funds to equip soldiers, decided to send him to perdition, and did so.

It is a part of current literature of those days, that one of the saints had a vision, in which the hero of Poitiers was seen roasting in purgatorial flames; and a tradition became known that when his tomb was subsequently opened, the spectators were horrified at the smell of sulphur gas, and the retreating tail of the great dragon. The proposition has been suggested by some very able citizens, that, had not CHARLES, the "Hammer," been on earth in A. D. 732, the Koran in the nineteenth century would be the text-book at Oxford, and Harvard, and Yale, as it is at Mecca today. CHARLES was a great catapult against bigotry, and so has been MR. BEECHER. Both were great expounders, and both illumined and encouraged the best sentiments of their times. Either can endure the good or ill opinion of the Congregational clergy of Chicago with equal indifference.

THERE was no crape hung upon the door of the BEECHER residence while the tenantless clay lay within. No black symbol of mourning was allowed, and the cheerful light of heaven was not shut out of the home, though its master lay dead. Such a course is to be commended. We have too much of this lugubrious ostentation on such occasions. If we were to express our inmost conviction, we should say that black crape and heavy mourning were the symbols of hopeless loss—the indication of a dread upon the part of the survivors that the soul of the departed was eternally lost, instead of being translated to a far happier and more glorious state of existence. There is no need of intensifying the feelings of natural bereavement felt by relatives and friends over their loss, by parading the black "drapery of the damned." It gives the lie to the sure hope of a glorious immortality, which is the central fact of Christianity. Banish the blackness, and let Christian hope be symbolized instead of the darkness of the pit of despair.

THE Illinois Supreme court has decided to hear arguments on the motion for a new trial of the Chicago anarchists.

### CURRENT EVENTS.

Ouida says: "Marriage is only suitable for the lower classes."

Bill Nye, the humorist, is recovering from a serious illness.

Fultz, the discover of Fultz wheat, is farming near Allensville, Va.

Pres. Grevy of France is now nearly 80 years of age and growing feeble.

Ben Butler recently put $100,000 in improved real estate in Chicago.

Sunset Cox's Turkish tale is to be published either this month or next.

The three Cole brothers, of Haralson, Ga., have their hearts on the right side.

Gen. Joseph E. Johnson, United States Railroad commissioner, is 80 this month.

The New York Workingmen's Union styles Mayor Hewitt "a constitutional hypochondriacal crank."

Senator Evarts wears the finest boots and the poorest hat seen on a United States senator.

Jefferson Davis and his daughter will accompany the Vicksburg Southrons to the Washington drill.

Gen. Crook thinks that the Indian should have the full rights of the American citizen, including the ballot.

Sec. Manning is to be presented with a $1,000 memento of regard by the officials of the Treasury department.

Sec. Lamar is to deliver the address at the unveiling of the Calhoun monument in Charleston, S. C., April 26.

The newly appointed governor of Montana, Mr. Preston H. Leslie, is said never to have been in that territory.

Ex-Gov. Curtin is said to be an applicant for the Mexican mission. His friends claim that he is not at all susceptible to rarefied air.

Capt. William Jack Haynes, of St. Louis was with Jackson at New Orleans, and expects to celebrate his centennial birthday next fall.

The wife of Sen. Jones, of Nevada, is the principal mover in the establishment of a home at the capitol for abandoned babes and children.

Jeff Davis' expenses at Beauvoir are very heavy, so many people come to visit him. The old man finds it very difficult to make both ends meet.

Chief Justice Waite and Sen. Evarts will attend the commencement at Yale this year. It is the fifth decennial of their class of '37.

Miss Sitt Postle, the Detroit young lady who recently became heiress to a fortune of $250,000 in Australia, has had thirty offers of marriage since.

A silver cuff engraved with the British crown was found at old Kaskaskia, Illinois' first capital, the other day, and it is believed to have been lost there by some British officers in 1775.

Mrs. Frank Leslie is of Huguenot extraction, and was born in the French quarter of New Orleans. She speaks French, Spanish, Italian, German and English with equal fluency.

Judge Tourgee carries a cane made from an orange stick, with an alligator's head carved in the top. It was given to him by a Confederate soldier to whom he was kind during the war.

Jay Gould, Russell Sage and Cyrus W. Field do not use tobacco in any form. Any smoker who will leave off the habit may aspire to be as good as they are, though possibly not as wealthy.

A detective says that every person who owns a good watch would do a wise thing to make a record of the number of the movement as this is a very sure means of identification in case of loss.

The bronze equestrian statue of Albert Sydney Johnson, which is to stand on the summit of the mausoleum erected in New Orleans, is to be unveiled April 6, the 25th anniversary of his death.

The New York Sorosis has just passed through the fiery ordeal of an annual election. Mrs. M. Louise Thomas was elected, by a large majority, for a second term president of this literary society.

Less than a year ago Mr. Cutting was in a Mexican dungeon expecting every minute that 100,000 armed Americans would be coming to his rescue. Now he is an assistant editor of a Missouri newspaper.

Not the least of the many good works performed by the late Jesse W. Fell, of Bloomington, Ill., was the planting of several hundred thousand forest trees in various towns and villages throughout the West.

Minneapolis increased her population by 550 per cent. in the last decade and her wealth 500 per cent. Her brag increased beyond all measurement, but then Minneapolis is a good town and worth bragging about.

John Habberton, the story writer, is a man of about 40 years of age, with a high, finely rounded forehead, and an abundance of dark wavy hair. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and never has to hesitate for a word.

Had Henry Ward Beecher lived until June 13, he would have been 74 years old. The Rev. Edward Beecher is about 83 years of age, Thomas K. is 63, Charles 72, and the Rev. William Beecher, of Chicago, the oldest brother, was 85 last January.

The colored clergymen who went from Massachusetts to Washington to promote the confirmation of Mr. Trotter, and who was ejected from the elevator of a public building because of his color, is not so enthusiastic a Mugwump as he was.

Henry, second son of the German crown prince, who has lately been betrothed to the Princess Irene, third daughter of the late Princess Alice of England, is known as the "sailor prince." He will soon be promoted to the rank of captain, and will make his first voyage as an independent commander of a warship.

According to his own recital, Bishop Bowman, of the M. E. church, has only been to the theatre once. That was to see Edwin Forrest. And he never went to a dance party but once. That was in his boyhood. On both these occasions he was heartily ashamed of himself.

The Snooks family, from whom Sir Charles Dilke has inherited a fortune, originally bore the name of Sevenoaks. There are many people in England now who spell their name Sevenoaks and pronounce it Snooks; just as lots of Americans write their name Taliaferro and call it Tolliver.

Stephen Grover Cleveland calls his cabinet roll as follows when he wants to be particular: Thomas Francis Bayard, Lucius Quintus Curtius Lamar, William Crowninshield Endicott, William Freeman Vilas, William Collins Whitney, Augustus Hill Garland, and then adds Daniel Scott Lamont.

It is now just about a quarter of a century since Bismarck uttered the most famous of all his historic phrases. It was in a budget debate, in which he was beaten by an adverse vote. "It is not," he said, "by speechifying and the votes of majorities that the great questions of the age are to be settled; but by blood and iron."

Emmons Blaine, son of James G. Blaine, one of the assistant general freight agents of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, has been offered the position of general freight agent of the Chicago, Santa Fe & California railroad, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe's Chicago extension, and it is understood that he will accept the place.

Admiral Aube, of the French navy, learned recently that grand manœuvres would be undertaken by the German navy in the months of August and September next. The French admiral has sent out, on the watch, a flotilla of torpedo vessels, with three iron-clads of the first rank and a transport, to act as lookers-on.

Willie Lamb, a 13-year-old Kentucky boy, found that a big rock had fallen on the railroad track in a narrow cut near Scottsburg. He waited an hour and then flagged and stopped a coming passenger train. The passengers made up a purse for him. "I didn't expect nothing," said Willie, "I just didn't like to see the train busted up."

The present southern tour of the Rev. Dr. John Hall, and a similar tour to be made presently by the Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler, are remarked by the Atlanta *Constitution* to be in the interest of a union between the northern and southern branches of the Presbyterian church, to effect which an attempt will be made at the next general assembly.

Kate Field does not believe in Lady Haberton's "reform dress." She sent over to London for one of the "divided skirts," put it on, and went out for a walk. It began to rain. She tried to hold the garment up out of the mud, but couldn't. It was worse than the ordinary dress. When she got home it was terribly bedraggled, and she sold it next day to a second-hand dealer.

The little daughter of a gentleman who has been in the House of Representatives, and who has boarded at the same house with Gen. Logan, is most ardent in her admiration, and mourns sincerely for him, because, she says, "he was always so good to the children." The eulogy is a pleasant one to be spoken of any man after his death, and to keep his memory fragrant.

Sec. Endicott is now having wires laid in the War department building which will connect the entrance doors with the elevator. The instant the secretary arrives at the department the watchman on duty will touch the annunciator. The "elevator man" thus signalled will at once bring the elevator to the ground floor ready for Mr. Endicott to step right in, without pausing to ring the bell like lesser mortals.

Maj. W. W. Armstrong, of the *Plain Dealer*, will be Cleveland's sixth editorial postmaster. The first was Benjamin Andrews, of the *Commercial Intelligencer*, in 1842. The second was T. P. Spencer, of the *Advertiser*, in 1845. Number three was J. W. Gray, of the *Plain Dealer*, in 1853. Number four was Edwin Cowles, of the *Leader*, in 1861; and the fifth was his successor, George A. Benedict, in 1865.

William Smith, governor of Virginia more than forty years ago and again in 1863, is said to be dying. He is generally known as "Extra Billy Smith," a nickname he obtained from a demand he made on the government for extra compensation for carrying mails from Washington to Milledgeville, Ga. He is now 90 years of age and has passed a life of great political activity. He was noted for his bravery during the late civil war.

Carl Schurz who broke his left thigh bone by falling in the street in New York, suffers intense pain. He gets little sleep, as it is necessary for him to lie in one position and keep the left leg subjected to tension to prevent it from shortening. The injured bone was set and held in place by plaster, which will not be removed until the bone knits. Mr. Schurz's age—He is 58 years old—will retard his recovery, and it will be at least a month before he can leave his bed, and it will be several months before it will be safe for him to venture out.

## PROHIBITION PAYS.

### A Letter from Sioux City—Something for the People to Consider.

EDITOR BLADE:—The following is an extract from a private letter from a prominent business man of Sioux City, Iowa:

"Prohibition begins to prohibit. One year ago there were about 60 open saloons in Sioux City. To-day there are less than five, and it is only a matter of a few days when the open saloon will be a thing of the past. They fired a shot that killed themselves. They see it, and are on the run. The saloons are gone. Some thought it would kill the city, but no whisky town is booming like Sioux City to-day, as the city is starting out this year with a tremendous boom."

The business men of Sioux City, having been educated by the misstatements of such papers as the Cleveland *Leader*, Detroit *Tribune* and Detroit *Free Press*, thought, when the prohibitory law was passed, that it would greatly injure their business interests. Consequently they got together and resolved that the best interests of the city would be injured by its enforcement, so they had free whisky. It was the same in Leavenworth, Kansas. The result was, that the saloon elements flocked into these places, and made them cesspools of all the iniquities that herd in the saloons. The better class of people would pass by and settle in Prohibition towns. The citizens saw that whisky was killing their cities, and as a matter of self-preservation, have had to enforce the Prohibitory law, and the last saloon has been closed in Sioux City, and they are fast closing them in Leavenworth. Put into fair competition with Prohibition, whisky has to go to the wall. ***

## TYPICAL EXPRESSIONS.

### Words which Touch Almost Every Emotion and Principle of Human Life.

Mr. Beecher never delivered a discourse in which there were not many gems. A hasty glance through a few of his published utterances discloses these epigrammatic thoughts upon every page. A few of them are culled and presented below, but they of necessity lack completeness and serve better to show Mr. Beecher's originality of expression than the breadth of his mind. The misconceptions of religion and the quarreling of the sects were frequent topics with him:

Religion is a very slim, lean, gaunt, poor, ill-fed thing as it is ordinarily conceived of in this world.

Men sit around a tool-chest quarreling about saws and planes and chisels. They are not building anything; they are debating about tools. They are fit to be a theological seminary.

That kind of revival preaching which seeks to drive men into heaven by the fear of hell is not Christianity. It is the worst form of Paganism.

Sects are candlesticks, and a man or woman that is big enough to be good for anything is too large for any sect.

Why is it that men think it incumbent upon them to be cats and dogs in religion and gentlemen in everything outside of it?

Sunday with him was not a day of gloom, and he took frequent occasion to show the needlessness of being sombre on that day.

I esteem the awfulness that is attached to Sunday, and church, and pulpit, the greatest mistake of Christendom.

The prevalent idea of keeping the Sabbath is that it is a day on which certain things must not be done. To the majority of people, Sunday is a day full of *nots*.

I am in favor of any movement that helps anybody to appreciate Sunday as a day of rest, of healthful and pure pleasures, and that will gently lead men, women and children from the things of low estate up to the higher.

Some of his utterances on the question of death and the future life are peculiarly appropriate at this time:

To one who is living aright, no death can be sudden and no place unfavorable. One step and all roads meet.

Dying is the best part of life to one who knows how to live worthily.

If the life that has gone out has been like music, full of concords, full of sweetness, richness, delicacy, truth, then there are two ways to look at it: One is to say, "I have not lost it!" Another to say, "Blessed be God that I have had it so long!"

When we comprehend the fullness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death—the rosy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death.

Death is as sweet flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sting like a harp. I am sorry for those that were left behind, but not for those who have gone before.

As I grow older and come nearer to death, I look upon it more and more with complacent joy, and but of every longing I hear God say: "Oh, trusting, hungering one, come to me." What the other life will bring I know not, only that I shall awake in God's likeness and see him as he is.

Beat on, then, Oh heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their luster faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold thee, Oh, God, I shall be satisfied.

His ever exuberant and joyous nature was a constant protest against the ascetic in religion or in daily life.

Don't mope. Be young as long as you live. Laugh a good deal. Frolic every day. A low tone of mind is unhealthy.

A lawyer who works ten months in the year and then for two solid months amuses himself, will last twice as long as if he took no recreation.

Men have come to think that tears are more sacred than smiles. No! Laughing is as divine as crying.

Humor usually tends towards good nature, and everything that tends towards good nature tends towards good grace.

If laughing's a sin, I don't see what the Lord let's so many funny things happen for.

Having wit and bouyancy of spirits, let them flash out in services of religion. Don't consider it necessary to rake them up and hide them.

Humor is the atmosphere in which grace most flourishes.

I say when a person becomes a christian that he loses nothing that he should not be afraid to keep. If ever you are going to be a Christian don't set out to be a gloomy-eyed, twilight-faced, bat-like Christian.

### Why They Wear the Manta

The ladies of Lima are all eyes. They have the reputation of being, as a class, the most beautiful in the world, and meeting them on the way to mass in the morning, or shopping latter in the day, one can see how they obtained it; but knowing them in their homes, the opinion changes, and you conclude, after calm reflection, that they are not so pretty as the women of New York. It is the manta, which they wear in such a coquettish way, that gives them their reputation for beauty, for it conceals every feature except their bewitching eyes and lovely olive complexion. No matter how ugly her mouth or her nose is; no matter how high her cheek bones or large her ears; no matter whether she is as scrawny as a scarecrow or as bald as a bat, a manta will make any woman with pretty eyes look handsome, and like charity, it covers a multitude of sins. This garment, which is peculiar to Peru, and is worn by ladies of all ages and social positions, from the president's wife to the laundress who comes after your linen, is a sort of foster-sister to the mantilla of Spain. It is usually of crepe from China, and costs anywhere from $10 to $500, according to its quality.

### How to Stop Scandal.

Hannah More, when she was told a tale against any one in her village, usually answered, "Come, we will go and ask if that be true." The effect was something wonderful. The tale-bearer, taken aback, would begin to say, "Well, perhaps there may have been a mistake," and beg that no notice be taken of the matter. But no, the good lady would go there and then, taking the scandal-monger with her, to make inquiry and compare accounts. If all tale-bearers could be treated in this way, few tales would be told.

### Culture Scorned by Ignorance.

A little Virginia darkey named Cyrus had an older brother, Cassius, who had spent a winter in Washington in swell society, and when he returned home he set himself up as a teacher to his less cultured family. One day at the table Cyrus said to him:

"Gimme some 'lasses, Cash."

"You mustn't say 'lasses, Cy," corrected Cassius; "you must say mo-lasses."

"Ugh!" grunted Cyrus; "how's I gwine to say mo-lasses when I hain't had none yit?"

### Business Nightmare.

All night long I live the day over again. Women crowd before the counter ten deep; they storm it so violently that the front ranks are lifted right on top of the show-cases, and then they mouth and gibber and gesticulate at me until I wake with a start in fear of an avalanche of angry women. In my dreams the cash girls are all stupid, the bundles come untied, the change is always wrong, returned parcels are flung in my face, until I look to morning to rest me from my labors of the night.—*Saleswoman in Omaha Herald.*

## GEN. SHERIDAN OUTWITTED.

### Why His Portrait Did Not Go West to Grow Up With the Country.

A very amusing story about Gen. Sheridan has just been told me that is well worth reproducing. It seems that some artist about three or four years ago painted a portrait of Gen. Sheridan that proved a dismal failure, but nevertheless was hung in the general's private office and there continued to hang until it became so familiar as to cease to cause comment. Finally, after the portrait had been hanging there for two or three years, a request came from a G. A. R. post in Ohio for a picture of the hero of Winchester with which to adorn the walls of their rooms. The general was meditating as to how he could fill this request, when his eye lit upon the caricature of himself that hung upon the wall.

"The very thing!" sprang into his mind, and as it is well known with him to think is to act, he straightway tapped his bell and bade his orderly take kown the picture and box it ready for shipment. That night at dinner he informed Mrs. Sheridan of the request from the Ohio post and the manner in which he intended complying with it.

"Oh, Philip," said Mrs. Sheridan, "not that horrible thing that has been hanging on your office wall for the past year or so?"

"The very same," responded the general.

"But, Philip, if you send this picture out it will be placed prominently on the wall and labelled as a present from you, and that awful daub will go down to posterity as a likeness of yourself and some future day will turn up, to the unspeakable horror of your children and friends, as a perfect likeness of how you looked when in your prime."

Then followed a stormy scene, Mrs. Sheridan arguing that the picture should not be sent, and the general taking the side that he must, in some way, comply with the request, and, as he had nothing else to send, this picture should go. The argument waxed hotter and hotter, until finally Gen. Sheridan got up and marched to the door, and having reached that strategic point, turned and said:

"Mrs. Sheridan, that picture shall go. Now let neither of us ever mention its existence again."

Having said this he left the room before Mrs. Sheridan had time to say a word in reply.

But he little knew his wife's pluck; for early next morning, before any one was up, she went down to his office and surprised the orderly in the very act of boxing the picture.

"Is there any paint or varnish here that will stick and not wash off?" she sweetly asked.

"Yes, madame," answered the unsuspecting soldier.

"Bring it to me, please," said Mrs. Sheridan.

The orderly fetched some black paint from the outer office and gave it to Mrs. Sheridan. Then she, deliberately turning the unlucky painting over upon its back, brushed every semblance of a picture from off the canvas, only leaving a dim vista of black paint.

"Oh, do stay here until the general comes," was all the wretched orderly could gasp as he saw this surprising proceeding. But he had no need of this request, for hardly were the words out of his mouth before Sheridan's light step was heard in the outer office, and in an instant his stout figure darkened the door. His quick eye in a second took in the state of affairs, and turning red in the face, he said:

"Mrs. Sheridan, what does this pro—"

"Stop, Philip," said she; "last night you made the request that neither of us should ever mention this again," pointing to what remained of the picture. "Do not you be the first to break this request," and without another word she swept out of the office, leaving little Phil absolutely rooted to the floor.

It is, perhaps, needless to tell that that picture has been a dead letter in the Sheridan household from that day to this, and bids fair to remain so.—*Pittsburg Times.*

## WHAT IT COST TO SMOKE.

### Some Statistics That are Worthy of Consideration by the American People.

The *American Grocer*, of New York, in its issue for the current week, has the following article:

"Last year the losses by reported fires in the United States reached a total of $120,000,000, or an average monthly loss of $10,000,000. This is regarded as an enormous waste and is largely due to incendiarism and carelessness. How to reduce the amount so lost is a matter of constant study. Legislatures, local governments, insurance companies, make regulations and exercise the greatest care to prevent fires. And yet the loss they occasion is $60,000,000 per annum less than the amount paid by consumers for cigars, and $86,500,000 less than the total cost of tobacco consumed in smoke.

Last year tax was paid upon 3,510,898,488 cigars. The average smoker is content with a cigar worth $30 per thousand, or one that retails at 5 cents. On that basis there annually goes up in smoke $180,000,000, or $15,000,000 every month, or *half a million dollars every day.* In addition, boys waste on cigarettes $6,500,000, and those who prefer a pipe a further sum of $20,000,000.

How many smoke? If we deduct from the total population as non-smokers all children under 15, constituting 40 per cent. of the total population of 60,000,000, it leaves 36,000,000, of whom one-half are females, deducting these gives a male population, above the age of of 15, of 18,000,000. If six cut of every ten males above the age of 15 smoke, it means that 10,800,000 persons consume 3,510,898,488 cigars, or an average per smoker of 325 cigars per annum. This is less than one cigar per day. The average smoker, however, is not apt to be contented with a daily allowance of one cigar, demanding at least two. If the latter basis is the nearer correct, the army of cigar smokers would be 4,809,449, being 8 per cent. of the total population above the age of 15.

Whatever the number of smokers, it is a moderate estimate to place the cost of smoking to the people of the United States at $206,500,000. If the cost of chewing tobacco is added the total expenditure for tobacco reaches $266,500,000: that is a sum that represents a per capita tax of $3.44 per annum. If the number of smokers is 4,809,448, the average expense of smoking is $42.09 each per annum; if the number is 7,000,000, the cost is $28.64 per individual; if 10,800,000, it falls to $19.12, a sum sufficient to offord one 5-cent cigar daily and leave a balance of 87 cents for extras.

What relation the expenditure for the smoking habit bears to the consumption of a few other articles, more or less of a luxury, is seen by the following exhibit, the figures showing the estimated cost to the consumer, averaging coffee at 20 cents per pound, tea at 50 cents, cocoa and chocolate at 40 cents, sugar at 6 cents.

| | |
|---|---|
| Liquor, | $700,000,000 |
| Tobacco, | $256,500,000 |
| Sugar, | $187,000,000 |
| Coffee, tea, cocoa..... | $130,000,000 |
| Schools. | $110,000,000 |

Sugar is the only article that is universally used, and is properly regarded a staple and necessary article of diet. About 52 pounds per capita are used at a cost of $3.12. Alcoholic and malt liquors, tobacco, coffee, tea, chocolate are non-essentials, or articles consumed for the mere gratification of the appetite. For that pleasure a portion of the community pays $1,086,000,000 annually. Not to exceed one-fourth of the total population habitually uses alcoholic or malt beverages, nor more than one-sixth tobacco. Steadily do the habits of self-gratification increase, their growth stimulated by a higher civilization. The more the masses have the more are the luxuries of life demanded.

### Honest But Boastful.

A Sunday school teacher began his questioning at the end of the old year with the query, "Are you better than you were last year?"

A good many of the little fellows had replied, "Yes, sir," but a croupy boy on the back seats had the courage of his convictions.

"I haint no better nor I ever wus," he said; "but," he added, by way of softening the harsh statement, "I got'e sorest froat of anybody in this class—I—I—I—most got dipferia."

His inflamed larynx might not have been a means of grace, but his honesty certainly was.—*Youth's Companion.*

### He Will Wait.

"Maype I haf to fail before spring," said a Pennsylvania merchant to a traveling salesman who was trying to sell him a bill of goods.

"But you are worth $40,000 and have only $10,000 worth of stock. You'd have to pay $4 for $1 if you failed."

"Great hefens, vhas it like dot? Vell, den I keep right on, und you may send me some more sugar und tea und coffee. I wait until I vhas worth $10,000 und haf $40,000 worth of shtock."—*Wall Street News.*

—Slocum's Stenographic School, Buffalo, N. Y., is the largest and best in the United States. Situations obtained without charge. Circulars free.

## THE OREGON TRAPPER STATESMAN

### An Interesting Bit of History—The Most Uncouth Plenipotentiary Ever Seen in Washington.

From "History of Oregon," Vol. I, by H. H. Bancroft.

"Meek was evidently very poor; he had scarcely clothing enough to cover his body; and while talking with us the frosty winds which sucked up the valley made him shiver like an aspen leaf. He reverted to his destitute condition, and complained of the injustice of his former employers." Such was the description given of Joseph L. Meek as he appeared in the prime of life. He was a native of Virginia, and grew up without education on a plantation in that state. But he resented his father's second marriage, and ran away to lead a life in the wilderness as hunter and trapper. He was in the employ of the American Fur company, and on its dissolution was as destitute as when he first took to the mountains. Brave and magnanimous, he yet, through his native modesty, missed much of the consideration really due to his exploits through his habit of making light of everything, including his own feelings and acts. The admiration excited by his splendid physique was strengthened by his magnetic presence, graced with wit, courtesy and generosity.

When the American settlers in Oregon were debating on the organization of a provisional government, and the vote on the question was taken by ranging the members of the convention into two lines on opposite sides of the hall, Meek was the first to lead in the affirmative. His splendid figure was clad in the ragged habiliments common to the improvident mountain men. With a sparkling eye, a voice of command, and the air of a major-general, the hero of many wild adventures in the Rocky mountains strode to his position, singing out: "Who's for a divide? All in favor of the report and of an organization follow me!" He could always influence his comrades, and several took their places in his column.

Meek thus became prominent in the organization of the Oregon government, and when the provisional legislature decided to send its first messenger to Washington the choice fell upon him. Oregon was then knocking loudly for recognition by Congress, and the messenger was to lay before the executive such documents as he should be charged with. An oath to perform his duties to the best of his abilities was exacted from him, and his compensation was left to the national government. The memorial that he carried from the Oregon legislature was a pathetic iteration of the many prayers for protection which had hitherto passed unanswered except by empty promises.

Although winter was just ending, Meek decided to take a northern route overland to Missouri. He was escorted by a detachment of 100 volunteers to the foot of the Blue mountains, for the Cayuse war was then progressing in Oregon, and there he was left, with his party of seven, to his own strength and sagacity to make his way to the frontier settlements. Through the snows of the Blue mountains he succeeded in breaking a trail by having his men walk and lead the horses and pack mules. But in the Rockies, traveling was more difficult, and there assistance was rendered by friendly natives and by Peg-leg Smith, the famous trapper. On reaching the country of hostile Indians, he escaped attack by traveling at night and lying hidden by day. Missouri was at length reached, but his pockets were empty, and he was forced to rely upon his wit and diplomacy to induce steamboat captains and stage proprietors to trust him for his fare to the capital.

Within three months after leaving Walla Walla he arrived in Washington. His costume was sufficiently ragged and fantastic to command the attention of men, small or great, anywhere in the world. He felt that the importance of his mission demanded some dignity of appearance, and some conformity to the laws of social intercourse, but he realized that his wild life had not fitted him to understand either, and that he must remain plain Joe Meek. As he stepped from the train in Washington he glanced along the platform at the crowd of hotel porters. He learned that Coleman's was the most fashionable house, and decided to go there.

Entering Coleman's, his coon-skin cap and blanket dress attracted attention, and an amusing scene at once drew the attention of several Senators to him. He was the roughest and most rollicking plenipotentiary that the Republican capital had ever seen. The rags and dirt which covered him were worth more to him at that juncture than a suit of the finest broadcloth; and he resolved to see the President at once before civilization could rob him of a particle of this prestige. His cousin, Knox Walker, was the President's private secretary, and Meek visited the White House, where he made himself known to his relative in his peculiar style of badinage.

Walker insisted that Mrs. Polk should see him as well as the President. This was almost more than Meek could stand; he says: "When I heard the silks rustling in the passage, I felt more frightened than if a hundred Blackfeet had whooped in my ear. A mist came over my eyes, and when Mrs. Polk spoke to me I couldn't think of anything to say in return." Two days had not passed before the apartments of the Presidential mansion were as familiar to him as the canyons of Snake river. After a time, however, he began to feel that something was due to the eternal fitness of things, and permitted a tailor to trust him for suit of store clothes.

The "Oregon question" was then under bitter discussion in Congress, and when the bill was finally passed for organizing a territorial government there the President appointed Meek to the office of marshal, and Joseph Lane, of Indiana, governor. Meek received his own commission and that of Lane in the fall of 1848, and with them in his possession followed the President to Bedford Springs, where the family of the executive had gone to escape the heat of the capital. But Polk was in such haste to put his officials on the way to Oregon that he had already taken a seat for Meek in the coach which would leave Bedford on the day of his arrival. Therefore, on the same afternoon, Meek started for Lane's home in Indiana, and a week later both were on their way overland to Oregon.

Owing to the lateness of the season they tooq the Santa Fe trail and at length arrived in Southern California, whence they sailed to San Francisco. On landing there they encountered a wild phenomenon. Meek found hundreds of men from the Williamette, whom he had last seen in the Cayuse country, without money enough to buy a suit of clothes, waited for a passage to Oregon, with thousands of dollars of gold dust buckled to their waist. A fever of excitement pervaded the shifting population of San Francisco, which it was impossible to resist. Neither Meek nor Lane could forsake their trust, but they fitted out the few men remaining with them, on a partnership agreement, and saw them depart for the gold-fields, before continuing their journey to Oregon.

### Proverbs Relating to Clouds.

There can be no doubt that those who observe the clouds can make pretty shrewd guesses as to the weather for the next 24 hours. Proverbs relating to clouds are very numerous, and we give a few of those which are applicable at this time of the year:

Anvil-shaped clouds are very likely to be followed by a gale of wind.

If the sky becomes darker, without much rain and divides into two layers of clouds, expect sudden gusts of wind.

Brassy-colored clouds in the west at sunset indicate wind.

If you see clouds going cross wind, there is a storm in the air.

When on clear days isolated clouds drive over the zenith from the rain-wind side, storm and rain follow within 24 hours.

If the clouds be of different heights, the sky being grayish or dirty blue, with hardly any wind stirring, the wind, however, changing from west to south, expect storm.

Black clouds in the north in winter indicate approaching snow.

If on a fair day in winter a white bank of clouds arise in the south, expect snow.

Small black clouds drifting from the southwest is a sign of rain.

If in winter the clouds appear fleecy, with a very blue sky, expect cold rain or snow.

> If clouds be dark,
> 'Twill rain, do you hark?
> If clouds be bright,
> 'Twill clear to-night.

If a layer of thin clouds drive up from the northwest, and under other clouds moving more to the south, expect fine weather.

Clouds in the east, obscuring the sun, indicate fair weather.

> If the sky beyond the clouds is blue,
> Be glad, there is a picnic for you.

If clouds at the same height drive up with the wind and gradually become thinner and descend, expect fine weather.

Enough blue sky in the northwest to make a Scotchman a jacket, is a sign of approaching clear weather.

When the clouds hang on the mountain side after a rain, and the sun shines on top of the mountains, the storm is over.

### Making Himself Agreeable.

Robinson—"Well, Miss Jones, if you ask me, I assure you I thought you sang that song simply faultlessly."

Miss J.—"Oh, Mr. Robinson! you flatt——"

Robinson—"But then I know nothing about music. I can listen to *anything* with pleasure."

## A Death Sentence.

Some time ago Mr. D. H. Hoag, of Lebanon Springs, N. Y., was attacked with hemorrhage of the kidneys and bladder. He grew rapidly worse, when two of the most eminent physicians of Albany were called in consultation. Mr. Hoag had often said to his medical attendants, "There is stone in the bladder." "No," they exclaimed, "there is no stone," but both physicians agreed in saying, "There is no hope for you." This was a death sentence. Mr. Hoag says, "At this time my attention was called to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I took the medicine four days and saw a change for the better, and in six weeks I walked a distance of one hundred rods. I visited Dr. Kennedy, at his office in Rondout, N. Y. After a careful examination he confirmed my opinion. There had been a stone and the medicine had disintegrated and delivered me from it. I am now well. One thing I am sure of, and I say it both as a warning and as a word of cheer at the same time, If I had not taken Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy just when I did I should long ago have been six feet under the sod." Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is for sale by all druggists. Price One Dollar.
Send 2-cent stamp to Dr. Kennedy, Rondout, N.Y., for illustrated book how to cure Kidney, Liver and Blood disorders. Mention this paper.

## GLITTERING PERSONALITIES.

James Gordon Bennett is at Calcutta with his yacht, Namouna.

Thomas A. Edison has been completely rastored to health at Fort Meyer, Fla.

Col. Ingersoll says he will deliver no more anti-religious lectures. His law practice takes all his time.

London underground railways, during the year 1886, carried 80,474,550 passengers. Fares averaged 3.48 cents.

The wife of Sec. Whitney made her first recent appearance in public at Bernhardt's opening performance in Washington.

The Marquis of Almanzova, whose income is $2,000,000 a year, was a Spanish miner 30 years ago working for 30 cents a day.

The estate of the late Cyrus H. McCormick, sr., of Chicago, foots up a total of more than $4,500,000, the profit of the patent reaping machine.

Justice Gray is the only bachelor upon the United States Supreme bench. He is the largest man in the court, the baldest, and is a famous epicure.

Agassiz saw in a great publishing house the proof-sheets on a school book of natural history. "Three butterflies," he said, "only three in the book, and not one of the three was ever in America."

Californians are said to be treasuring up wrath against the President because he flatly refused to change the name of the cruiser Charleston to San Francisco. The vessel is being built at the latter city.

Several Detroit men now in Washington say that Sen. Jones, of Florida, is no longer an object of interest in their native city. He spends his time walking up and down the corridors of his hotel or pacing to and fro in the square in front of his inamorata's residence.

Allen Thorndike Rice, the millionaire editor of the *North American Review*, has a fancy for relics. He has just bought the suit of clothes in which Washington was attired at his first inauguration. They are of some peculiarly fine black silk fabric woven in France and brought over especially for the first President.

## Publishers' Column.

### TO TEMPERANCE WORKERS.

Important and Effective Helps—Two Indispensable Documents.

At the request of thousands of Temperance organizations, we have printed and have ready for delivery, the following important documents:

1. **Does Prohibition Prohibit? Being the truthful result of a tour through Maine, by D. R. Locke, Editor of the Blade. An impartial, truthful presentation of the subject, and every line a fact.**
2. **The Effect of Beer upon the Human System, being the testimony of Ten of the Most Eminent Physicians of Toledo, Ohio, as to the effect of Lager Beer, showing how the use of the stuff affects the various organs of the Human body.**

These documents are printed in eight large pages each, and should be circulated everywhere in the United States. No more telling matter was ever printed, and no more useful help was ever devised in the great work of "Pulverizing the Rum Power."

Prohibition Committees, Temperance organizations, open and secret, should spread them by the million.

We furnish them at cost of printing, posting, and packing, as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| 10,000 lots | $30 00 |
| 1,000 lots | 5 00 |
| 500 lots | 4 00 |
| 100 lots | 1 00 |

Sample dozen, by mail, post-paid, 25 cents. Single copies each, 5 cents.

Order at once and spread the light. If you want your neighbor to know exactly what Prohibition has done for Maine send for the leaflet on that subject, and if you want him to know what Beer is doing for the world send for the other. Both should be circulated by the million.

Address, (enclosing cash,) BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

### The Most Liberal Offer Ever Made.

A Good Watch for an Hour's Work.

Any person—man, woman, boy or girl—who will raise a club of TEN for the WEEKLY BLADE, at its lowest and only price, One Dollar each, will receive a warranted Waterbury Watch, free, by mail.

To secure this valuable premium, the ten names must be sent in at one time, with the price, $10. No other terms will be regarded.

Any one can raise a club of Ten for the WEEKLY BLADE anywhere, in a very little time. It is easy to get subscribers for the BLADE, for everybody ought to have it, and 200,000 families will have it this winter.

Take hold at once and get your watch. We will mail them, in every case, the day we receive the club.

We warrant every watch we send. There is no way in which a reliable time-piece can be so easily obtained.

A warranted watch for Ten yearly subscribers to the WEEKLY BLADE.

### IN THE MATTER OF SEWING MACHINES.

Thousands of the readers of the BLADE will buy a sewing machine this winter. What one will *you* buy? There are many good ones and many bad ones, some excellent for certain kinds of work, and good for nothing else, and so on. But all of them are sold at a high price, higher than they should be, and in most cases too high for the purse of the average woman.

The cause of these high prices is easily understood. It results from the method of selling. The manufacturer makes a state agent for his machine, who opens an expensive office in a large city, and he must have an enormous salary or large commissions to live at all. The state agent makes district agents, the district agents make county agents, and so between the manufacturer and the farmer's wife there are three commissions or profits, all of which the farmer's wife pays. This is why the cheapest machine, sold on that plan, cannot be sold for less than $35.

The BLADE does business in quite another way. The BLADE manufactures the best machine on the market. It is a machine built upon an entirely new principle, and well built. There is no trouble about the quality of the machine. Thousands of them are in use, and they give absolute satisfaction. (Read the two statements in advertisement on 5th page.) Now, this splendid machine, better for work and better in finish, than any now sold, the BLADE now sells for $18, and throws in the WEEKLY BLADE for one year. How can it be done? As easily as falling off a log. The BLADE Company employs no agents, but the machine passes directly from its own factory to the house of the purchaser. There are no agents between us and you, who have to be paid; there are no leeches to take the blood out of you. We want a small profit and get it, and you have all the rest.

Now what we want to say is this. If you want a machine that you may depend upon, and want it at a price that you can afford, send $18 to the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio, and you will receive one as soon as steam can carry it, and you will receive in addition, the BLADE one year. Moreover, if you want one this winter, make your order now. We shall be overrun next month with orders, and you may be delayed.

Remit now, and get your machine in time.

Address all letters to "BLADE," Toledo, Ohio.

### Temperance Cartoons—To Temperance Workers and Organizations.

We have published for as near gratuitous circulation as possible, five striking cartoons, illustrating the working of Rum as opposed to Temperance, of which millions have been sold all over the United States. They are intended to instruct the people through the eye. They are as follows:

**No. 1.—Do you see any good coming out of it?**

**No. 2.—Which way would you have your Boy Go?**

**No. 3.—Which way would you have your Girl Go?**

**No. 4.—In which village would you bring up your Children?**

**No. 5.—This Farmer never drank Whisky. This Farmer drinks all he can get.**

These pictures are the most effective instructors that have ever been published. They contrast the life of the drunkard and sober man, in property, wife and children, so sharply that he who runs may read, and understand as well. Millions of them have been pasted up in shops, on fences and dead walls, where they may be seen of men, and millions more should be.

We have made a price on these cartoons, which barely covers the cost of paper and postage:

| | |
|---|---|
| Three copies of either | 6 cents. |
| Six copies | 10 cents. |
| Twenty-five copies | 30 cents. |
| One Hundred copies | One dollar. |

This gives no profit, the price covering only cost of printing, paper and postage. We contribute wrapping-paper and labor.

Send in your orders immediately, and paste them up where they will do the most good.

### BUNYAN'S PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

This magnificent steel engraving has sold more than any picture we have published. It is a magnificent work of art, and worthy any home. It is a steel engraving, engraved by John Andrew for the New England Congregational Society, at a cost of $20,000. It is a complete illustration of Bunyan's immortal work, representing 100 of the scenes therein. The picture was originally sold at $1,000, and cannot be bought in art stores to-day for less. We send it to any address securely packed and post-paid for $1.25, or the picture and the BLADE one year for $2.00. It is a splendid work of art and should be in every home.

### THE BLADE'S PORTRAIT GALLERY.

We have published seven different portraits, which we offer to our readers at a price that will enable all to decorate their homes cheaply and well, viz:—

MILITARY HEROES—Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Logan.

RELIGIOUS HEROES—John Wesley, Charles Wesley, Martin Luther and John Calvin.

These portraits are all printed upon heavy plate paper, size 19 by 24 inches, just the size for framing for the parlor or sitting room, and good enough for any house in the land. They are all exquisite works of art, and are certain to give satisfaction. We pack them securely in pasteboard tubes and send them postpaid at the following prices:

| | |
|---|---|
| Any one portrait | $ 25 |
| The four divines | 65 |
| The four generals | 65 |
| The entire set of eight | 1 15 |

Agents can do a good thing for themselves selling these pictures. Special rates made known upon application. Address

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WANTED—Good live agents for The Buffalo, N.Y., Mutual Accident and Sick Benefit Association. Large inducements. Geo. A. Sanborn, Gen'l Manager, Buffalo, N. Y.

Salesmen Wanted!—Grand inducements. Write Campbell & Graham, Nurserymen, Rochester, N.Y.

WE WILL PAY agents a salary of $85 per month and expenses, to sell our goods to dealers, at home or to travel, or $40 a month to distribute circulars in your vicinity. All expenses advanced. Salary promptly paid. Agents' sample case of goods FREE. No stamp required. No humbug. We mean what we say. Address, MONARCH NOVELTY CO., Limited, CINCINNATI, OHIO

Five New Novels for 15 Cents.

5 NEW NOVELS.

All complete in the APRIL NUMBER of the Family Library Monthly.

Only 15 Cents. Of all newsdealers, or THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS CO., New York.

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A very popular and beautiful waltz song mailed for 60c.

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GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labelled thus:

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YOUTHFUL INDISCRETION (self-abuse or excess) results in complaints such as LOSS OF MEMORY, SPOTS BEFORE THE EYES, DEFECTIVE SMELL, HEARING, AND TASTE, NERVOUSNESS, WEAK BACK, CONSTIPATION, NIGHT EMISSIONS, LOSS OF SEXUAL POWER, ETC., ETC.

ALL MEN, YOUNG AND OLD, suffering from these afflictions, lead a life of misery.

A LINGERING DEATH the reward of their ignorance and folly causes many to contemplate and even commit SUICIDE, and large numbers end their days amidst the horrors of INSANE ASYLUMS. FAILURE IN BUSINESS AND THE RUINATION OF HOMES are frequently the results of ERRORS OF YOUTH.

WILL YOU BE ONE MORE numbered with these thousands of unfortunates? Or will you accept

A CURE

and be your own physician? Medicine alone never did and never will cure the diseases resulting from self-abuse. If you will have a Remedy that is Perfection, as well as Cheap, and so Simple you can doctor yourself, send your address with stamp for reply, and I will mail you a description of an INSTRUMENT WORN AT NIGHT, and this NEVER FAILING REMEDY. DR. JAS. WILSON, Box 156, CLEVELAND, O. MENTION THIS PAPER.

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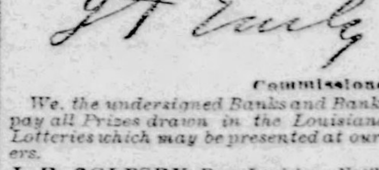

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|---|---|
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### CONDITIONS:

Those intending to contest for these premiums should so state in each letter containing name and remittances, and the number of subscribers they have sent, that they may know, as well as ourselves, how many they are getting.

These premiums are awarded for yearly subscribers, but in the competition four three months subscribers will be allowed to count for one yearly, and two six months for one yearly. In these cases our three and six months rates must be observed.

If you send single names your commissions to be retained will be at the rate made known in our postal card to agents. When you remit in clubs of ten your commission will be larger, as stated in our terms.

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These premiums will not be allowed the regular Subscription agencies. They are only for those who make an effort to earn them by extending the circulation of the paper.

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### *IN CONCLUSION.*

Go to work now at once, and earn one of these premiums. Of course only a few can secure the big premiums, but if you don't get any, you will get good pay for what work you do. At least one person at every postoffice can make a very acceptable addition to their pocket-money this winter by canvassing for the BLADE, the old, reliable family paper of the United States. And it is not going to take very much work to secure the big premiums, or one of the smaller ones anyhow.

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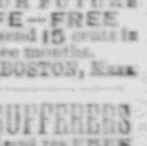

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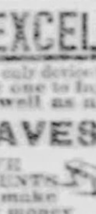

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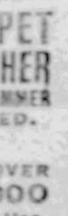

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# The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON - - - - EDITOR.

## HOME TALKS.

### MISTRESS EMERGENCY.

III.

The weeks slipped away rapidly after Ted's accident, each day bringing its pleasures, none of them of the exciting kind, but just what I needed to tone up the weary brain and invigorate the body. Those summer days! Their beauty and glory I can never forget. My room faced the southeast, and morning after morning I awakened just as the sun was coming over the distant mountain top, and touching with glory every thing upon which it looked. From the moment when it began purpling the skies until it rode triumphantly above the horizon, I was lost in delight at the changing beauties gradually growing out of the darkness into the brightness of the new born day. Then after drinking in the dewy fragrance of the flowers which floated into my open window, I would close the blinds, lower the shade, and creeping into bed again sleep the sweetest, most refreshing slumber that it had ever been my lot to enjoy. It literally knit up the raveled sleeve of care. As a general thing, I have no great love for early rising, but that summer's sunrise wakings gave glimpses of Nature's glories that moved my soul to its very depths with heartfelt admiration.

I had learned to care for the boys and enjoy their merriment, their never ceasing energy which was constantly prompting to new experiments and as constantly bringing them to grief, their keen curiosity as to the meaning of what they saw in the life opening out before them, with almost as much zest as did their mother.

There was one peculiarity about her management of these boys which I do not believe is common, that I often wondered at, and sometimes thought was an error of judgment, but which finally appeared as only another evidence of her keen insight into human nature and her rare tact in controlling and directing others for their own ultimate good. It was that she never forbade them arbitrarily doing anything simply because they might receive some bodily hurt. If there was danger she pointed it out to them, suggesting caution. Of course Ted and Will were yet too young to be given the freedom accorded to the older ones, and yet they were left in many things to take care of themselves, or at least to feel that they were doing so, though her watchful eyes might really be resting upon all their movements.

"I do not want to make cowards of my boys," she said, one day when I had remonstrated with her for allowing Ned and Jack to go upon some expedition that seemed to me perilous; "I think many mothers make a mistake in keeping their children under such a strict surveillance that the little folks learn to be afraid of everything. Perhaps I carry it too far, but I'd rather they would get hurt sometimes than to be always preaching danger and inculcating fear."

The boys were brave and manly beyond most of their age, and they were reasonably careful too—for such youngsters. The day came however, when there was serious trouble.

Just beyond the old garden which, by the way, was a perfect delight with its wealth of what we in cities called old-fashioned flowers, was a tree with wide-spreading branches, that Ned and Jack called their giant's castle. Up into this tree they had managed to get a plank, which was put across from limb to limb, and formed a nice place of retreat for the youngsters when the sun was so hot that they could not play with comfort outside of the house anywhere else. And what solid comfort they did take, perched among the leaves, almost hidden from sight, dreaming the wonderful dreams and telling the wonderful stories of the future, that such boys delight to indulge in. Even sturdy little Will managed to climb up with his brothers' help and enjoy the fun.

It had seemed to me one day, when I had gone to look at their eyrie, that one end of the plank was not quite secure, and Ned, in response to his mother's request, had promised to cut away a little branch and secure the end against a larger one.

One day we heard a sudden outcry, and in a moment Ted came tearing through the garden to the house, followed by little Will, who could not get over the ground so fast, but was not far behind. Ted dashed up to his mother with his eyes dilated with excitement, and strove to speak, but failed to utter a single coherent sound.

"What is it, Ted?" she asked, putting her arm around the child, and speaking in her gentle, soothing way.

"The plank—Ned,—Jack--oh, mamma," he said. "Come, come quick."

"Tum, mamma," puffed Will, coming up at this moment. "Tum right away. Ned's tilled and gone to heaven, and Jack's most tilled too."

It did not take long for us to fly down the long garden walk, through into the enclosure to the tree. Under it lay Ned, quite motionless, and Jack trying to lift him with one hand, while he wrung the other as if in pain. His mother's voice, as she knelt by his side, seemed to arouse Ned for a moment, and he opened his eyes, though he closed them again immediately, as if the effort to keep them open was too great. He seemed to have fallen from the tree and struck his head against the trunk, for we could see that there was a wound from which the blood was flowing freely.

"Please call Bill," the mother said, naming the man of all work, who was never far away from the house, and as I turned to obey her request I saw her gently raise Ned's head into her lap as she sat down upon the ground beside him.

A few moments later Bill had carried him into the house and laid him upon the bed in his mother's room.

"Ride for the doctor as quickly as possible," was her next order, and then calling for some warm water she bathed the boy's face and the parts around the injury. Ned had revived, but his mind seemed confused, though he knew his mother and answered when she spoke. When the wound was cleansed, she found that it was still bleeding somewhat, though not profusely. Her next proceeding was to wet a cloth folded into several thicknesses, in cold water, and lay it over the bleeding surface. Over that she put a layer of cotton and then pinned a towel, folded once or twice, around his head to hold the wet cloth in place.

"The cold water will check the flow of blood and keep down inflammation," she said to me as I stood watching her and handing articles that she needed in her arrangement.

She had already taken Ned's outer clothing off, and now covering him up nicely, she darkened the room, with the remark as she did so:

"Now I hope he will go to sleep."

"But I thought it was dangerous to allow anyone to do that who had been injured by a blow upon the head," I said.

"Yes, that used to be the theory," she responded, "and I can remember being tickled and pinched until I was almost wild in order to keep me awake, once when I was hurt. That idea has gone the way of many other old ones, which greater knowledge has proved unsound. Rest and quiet in order to let Nature work is as absolutely necessary in this case as when the injury is in any part of the body. He is going to sleep, you see, and I shall take care that he is not disturbed for an hour at least. I hope and trust that there is no serious internal hurt, but if there is, it will develop by and by. I shall be glad when the doctor comes," she added, looking anxiously at the boy who was now sleeping quietly. "We will go into the next room, for I want to find Jack. I remember now that he had hurt his hand, but Ned was so much worse, that the child slipped out of my mind."

It was a curious group we came upon in the next room. Jack was in a large arm chair holding his hand, done up in his handkerchief, and rocking his body to and fro, while great sobs, which he vainly tried to repress, burst out now and then. In our absorption we had not heard them, but they spoke to us now very plainly of intense pain. On one side of him stood Ted crying softly, and on the other little Will, with his chubby hand upon his brother, while he said, "Me's sorry for Jack. Don't cry. Mamma'l 'tum in a minit and make it well."

It was a real cry of joy that greeted her entrance, quickly hushed by her uplifted finger, but showing none the less their intense relief, and confidence in her power to heal.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

*To be Continued.*

### Fancy Work and House Decoration.

*Picture Scarf.*—A pretty material for this purpose is a shrimp pink or a very delicate green Chinese silk. For a depth of, say a quarter a yard, sew on at short intervals small tassels of different colors. A daisy or flower may cover the places where they are fastened, or small spangles sewed on in a pattern. These can be connected by wavy lines, etched with some bright-colored silk. The effect is very pleasant. Of course the color may be varied to suit the fancy or the furnishings of the room.

*A Durable Tidy.*—Material required: Spool cotton thread No. 12 and a frame 14 inches square, which can be readily made of half-inch strips. Upon the outer edge of each side of the frame are cut 20 notches, half an inch apart, beginning two inches from the corner. At each of these notches the frame is to be wound with thread, using from ten to fifteen turns, as the tidy is wanted heavier or lighter. When the frame has been wound in one direction wind the cotton in the same manner the other way. If the notches have been properly placed the threads will cross at right angles, dividing the body of the tidy into squares. Then take a needle with doubled thread, and tie the crossed threads (as shown by sample), commencing at one corner and tie the threads fast, pass it diagonally across the square, pass the needle around the threads where they cross and tie a single knot. The whole is to be tied over in one direction and then in the opposite. When all the tying is done cut the threads where they pass around the frame and the fringe is formed. These tidies will wear for a long time, they can be washed when soiled, and made to look as good as new. After being washed and starched it should be stretched in shape and pinned out to dry. It is not to be ironed.—ANNIE MAY, Milford, N. H.

As the spring approaches, housekeepers will find "Fancy Work and House Decoration" a great help in making pretty home articles of adornment. Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., and get one.

*A Daisy.*—There are as many ways to embroider a daisy as there are petals on its stalk. And then, also, the pattern must determine the manner of work, as some are designed with long petals and some with short. We will suppose our design to be composed of what is usually termed the Marguerite. In my last article I omitted to say that the hoops should be tightly wound with narrow strips of muslin. It holds the work more firm. Use as small a needle as the silk will carry easily, and do not take your thread too long, as the silk is apt to become rough. Always work from left to right, unless you are left handed—then work in the opposite direction. You may not see the necessity of this at first, but practice will show you that in this way your work will be smooth and even, which is the main object in embroidery.

Put your needle through from the under side, at the lower end of a petal and exactly in the center. By this I mean the line that encloses the center. Then down again at the top, directly opposite, or on a horozontal line with the place where you first brought up the needle. If the petal should be so long that the stitches would be likely to "loop up" when the hoops were removed, the first stitch should be taken half way from the bottom. Bring your needle back and put it where you started, only a trifle to the left, then at the top again and so continue until one-half of the petal is completed. Now work the other side the same commencing at the right hand side and work to the center, thus finishing one petal. This is the most common way of embroidering daisies and the easiest. The over and over stitch is called satin stitch and is used extensively in this work. The centers of the flowers are filled in with French knots, or some prefer the tufted work. To make a French knot, hold the thread in the left had between thumb and first finger. With the needle in the right, wind the thread securely around the needle, draw the thread up firmly, and pull the needle through. It requires time and practice to become an adept. The tufted centers are pretty particularly if the daisies are large. Some fill the centers with French knots and then put on the tufted work, but I have tested a simpler way which answers full as well for ordinary purposes. Fill a coarse needle full of yellow filloselle, and draw this up and down through the center until full. Leave the silk a quarter of an inch on top and smooth on the under side. With a pair of sharp scissors clip the ends thus left, closely and evenly, and I think you will them quite as pretty as the more elaborate ones. I have tried to make these directions plain, but if any one wishes to ask any questions, or correspond on the subject, should be happy to do so. Next time we will take the stems, leaves and buds of the remainder of our daisy bunch.—MAMIE DRAYTON.

### Knitting and Crocheting.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit p, purl or seam p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and b, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind · o, over; sl, slip; m, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; cl ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c t st., crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

*Smyrna Lace*—Cast on 15 stitches.—1st row: sl 1—k 2—o—n—o—n—k 4—o—n—o twice—k 2; 2d row: sl 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 6—o—n—k 1; 3d row: sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 4; 4th row: sl 1—k 5—o—n—k 6—o—n—k 1; 5th row: sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—k 2—o—n—o twice—n—o twice—k 2; 6th row: sl 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—p 1—k 2—o—n—k 6—o—n—k 1; 7th row: sl 1—k 2—o—n—k 3—o—n—k 1—o—n—k 7; 8th row: B—off 5—k 3—o—n—k 6—o—n—k 1. This completes one pattern. The first loop of the over twice must be knit, the second loop purled.—MRS. A. V. BENEDICT, Alison, Mo.

*Crotchet Edging.*—Make a chain of 15 stitches: 1st, Miss 4 ch, make 6 tr, separated by 2 ch in 5th ch, st, miss 2, 6 tr separated by 2 ch, in 8th ch, 2 ch, miss 2, 1 tr in 11th ch, 5 ch, 1 tr in last stitch, turn. 2d: 1 d c, 9 tr under 5 ch, this forms a scallop; 2 ch, miss 1 tr, tr on next tr; 2 ch, 6 tr separated by 2 ch, under the 2 ch, 6 tr as before under 2 ch that divides the next 6 tr, turn. 3d: 4 ch, 6 tr separated by 2 ch under 2 ch, 6 tr divided by 2 ch under next 2 ch, 2 ch, tr on tr; 2 ch, 1 tr between first and second tr of scallop 5 ch, 1 tr between same 2 tr of scallop that the last tr is in. Repeat from 3d row.

*Insertion to Match the Above Edge.*—Make a chain of 27 stitches. 1st row—miss 4 ch—3 tr—2 ch—3 tr—all in 5th ch—* 3 ch—miss 3 stitches—1 tr in each of next 4—3 ch—miss 3—6 tr—separated by 2 ch in next loop; repeat from star once. 2d row—5 ch—6 tr—separated by 2 ch under the 2 ch that divides the 6 tr of the previous row—* 4 tr under 3 ch—3 ch—4 tr under next 3 ch—6 tr separated by 2 ch under 2 ch; repeat from star once. 3d row—5 ch—6 tr separated by 2 ch under 2 ch—* 3 ch—4 tr under 3 ch—3 ch—4 tr under next 3 ch—6 tr separated by 2 ch under 2 ch; repeat from star once. Repeat from 2d row.—MRS. J. C. MEINS, The Dalles, Wasco county, Ore.

### Correspondence.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN—No. 16.—INDIVIDUAL RIGHTS.—As soon as your child is old enough, teach it how to care for its little efforts—its books, clothing, anything which may have been given it and has thus become its own. And do not wait too long, for when a child has fallen into a habit of tearing up and destroying whatever it lays its hands on, there is good reason to fear that, if not promptly eradicated it will go with it through the years and become productive of much evil, not only in one direction, but in many forms. Teach it early to take care of the clothing, books and presents which are its own, because they are his or her individual property, and to leave untouched all else, all that belongs to another, except you give it permission to handle or use the coveted article. It sometimes happens that the little one may learn to pilfer when it knows no better, and such a proclivity in a child is annoying, however small the child, to those around him; and if not checked it will grow with the growth and strength, as will anything of pernicious tendency, till it will reach a point at which it will become formidable; and you may have unexpected difficulty in leading him away from the pitfall that lies in his life-path. Much patience is required in the care of a child that has formed the habit of pilfering. There is always a right and a wrong way to do any thing which is necessary to be done, and in dealing with such a child it is of the utmost importance to proceed aright in order to save him from the threatened ruin. I knew a young man once who was convicted of theft. He was of good parentage and had a fair reputation. Poverty and want of the necessaries of life might bring a temptation to dishonesty, but these he had never known. Then why should he lay his hands upon goods belonging to others? He was a handsome young man, with innocent-looking blue eyes, and quite popular, and it was with difficulty that the neighbors, those persons who had thought well of him from his childhood, could believe in his guilt. And I think that perhaps nothing short of his own confession would have impressed the truth upon their minds. But when he told them that he was guilty, and that he formed a habit of appropriating that which was not his own when a child, and that he had kept it up through the years they were forced to believe. He said that the first time that he took anything not his own, his parents learned of the fact and they chastened him severely. But the whipping availed nothing, for they did not convince him of the folly and sin of such a course. His mind remained the same. He was whipped, but not taught. But he learned his lesson in the school of experience and finally became an honest man.

It is possible for a child to see and hear much and still not know the difference between good and evil. In regard to that they must be taught. I think it a good plan to give each child a chest of drawers, or some receptacle, if it is nothing but a box, in which it can put its belongings, and teach them the best manner of folding and placing away their goods, and require them to keep them in good order. Children like pretty things. If you have nothing but a box, cover it with fine paper, or something that is bright and will please them. And by a little care you can make the charge that you give them pleasant instead of annoying or burdensome. You must enforce implicit and unquestioning obedience. You should not reason with them or quarrel with them, for by so doing you will only show your own weakness and folly. And yet they should know that you have a reason for every request that you make of them; every command that you lay upon them. You should ask of them nothing but that which they are able to perform, and having laid upon them a command never allow it to be evaded; for excuses and evasions are of an injurious, if not dangerous tendency. Parents lose often by putting off the training too long. They will even laugh at the naughty trick, the pouting lip, or the clenched fist, or the saucy word of the small child, overlooking the fact that incipient rebellion should never be tolerated. And that which may be amusing in the child of three or four years is intolerable in one of ten or twelve years of age, and therefore should not be permitted, if evil.—MOSS ROSE, Ky.

GOOD HUSBANDS.—So much has been said at cross purposes it is time to render unto Ceasar that which is just.

A good husband is nature's noblemen, be he peasant or king. For him, there is one woman above all others—that is his wife. He has a respectful tenderness for all good women, because his wife, mother and daughters are women. He never snubs a woman, no matter what her position, or portrays womankind as a subject of jest. A good husband is a gem in the crown of motherhood; his sisters love him, he makes sunshine for his wife, and his children watch for his coming. In his presence a cottage grows to be a palace, and poverty is touched with silver clouds.

A good husband does not treat his wife as a baby or angel—but as a sensible flesh and blood creation. He may forget to kiss her, and does not often address his wife as "my darling;" but there is an innate courtesy, a loving tenderness in every act and word, which is the very essence of a true and abiding love.

Good husbands do not think it derogatory to their manhood to share their business troubles, trials and gains with a wife. Is she not the loved and trusted one—a part and parcel of his very existence?

A good husband is careful of his wife and all that pertains to her life, health and happiness. He builds the morning fire and bears the heavy burdens; he may not favor woman suffrage, but will sit up half the night with the crying baby; would rather not see his wife on the lecture stand, but will go through storm and tempest, and work like a galley slave, that his wife and children may have bread.

A good husband is a wall and defense; a refuge from the uncharitable and often cruel world, and is neither a drudge, a slave or an ignoramus, and of such should be the kingdom of Heaven, for as regards men they are the Christians of home.—BARBARA ALLEN, Netart, Or.

DYING WOOLENS.—(Blue, quick process.) For 2 pounds of goods, alum, 5 ounces; cream tartar, 3 ounces. Boil goods in this one hour, then put goods into warm water, which has more or less extract of indigo in it, according to the depth of color desired, and boil again until it suits, adding more of the blue if needed.

Chrome Black.—(best in use.)—For five pounds of goods, blue vitriol, 6 ounces; boil a few minutes, then dip goods three-quarters of an hour, airing often; take out goods, make a dye with 3 pounds logwood, boil one-half hour; dip three-fourths hour, and air goods, and dip three-fourths hour more. Wash in strong suds. This will not fade by exposure to sun.

Crimson—Work for one hour in a bath with one pound cochineal paste; six ounces dry cochineal; one pound tartar; one pint proto-chloride of tin. Wash out and dry.

Dove and slate colors of all shades—Boil in iron vessels a teacupful of black tea with teaspoonful of copperas, and sufficient water. Dilute till you get the shade wanted.

Green—For each pound of goods, fustic, one pound; with alum, three and one-half ounces; steep until strength is out, and soak goods therein until a good yellow is obtained; then remove the chips and add extract of indigo or chemic, one tablespoonful at a time, until color suits.

Madder Red—To each pound of goods, alum, 5 ozs.; red, or cream tartar, 1 oz. Put in goods and bring kettle to a boil for one-half hour, then air them and boil one-half hour longer; empty kettle and fill with clean water put in bran, 1 peck; make it milk-warm, and let it stand until bran rises, then skim off the bran and put ½ lb. madder; put in goods and heat slowly until it boils and is done. Wash in strong suds.

Orange—For 5 lbs. goods, muriate of tin, 6 tablespoonsfuls; argal, 4 ozs.; boil and dip one hour, and add again to the dye 1 teacupful madder; dip again one-half hour; cochineal, about 2 ozs., in place of madder, make a much brighter color.

Pink—For 3 lbs. goods, alum, 3 ozs.; boil and dip the goods one hour; then add to the dye, cream tartar, 4 ozs.; cochineal, well pulverized, 1 oz; boil well and dip the goods while boiling until the color suits.

Purple—For each pound of goods, 2 ozs. cudbear; rinse goods well in soap-suds, then dissolve cudbear in hot suds—not quite boiling—and soak the goods until of required color. The color is brightened by rinsing in alum water.

Salmon—For each pound of goods, ½ lb. anotto, ½ lb. soap; rinse goods in warm water, put them into mixture, and boil one-half hour. Shade will be according to amount of anotto.

Scarlet—Very fine—For 1 pound goods, cream tartar, ½ ounce; cochineal, well pulverized, ½ oz.; muriate of tin, 2½ ozs.; boil up the dye and enter the goods; work them briskly for ten or 15 minutes, then boil one hour and a half, stirring goods slowly while boiling. Wash in clear water and dry in the shade.

Snuff Brown, Dark—For 5 lbs. goods: Camwood, 1 lb., boil it 15 minutes, then dip goods three-fourths of an hour; take out goods, and add to the dye 2½ lbs. fustic; boil ten minutes and dip goods three-fourths of an hour; then add blue vitriol, 1 oz.; copperas, 4 ozs.; dip again one-half hour. If not dark enough, add more copperas.

Another method, any shade—Boil goods in a mordant of alum, 2 parts; copperas, 3 parts; then rinse them through a bath of madder. The tint depends on the relative proportions of the copperas and alum; the more copperas the darker the dye. Joint weight of both should not be more than one-eighth of weight of goods. Mixtures of reds and yellows with blues and blacks, or simple dyes, will make any shade.

Wine Color—For 5 lbs. goods, camwood, 2 lbs.; boil 15 minutes and dip goods ½ hour; boil again and dip ½ hour; then darken with blue vitriol, 1½ ozs.; if not dark enough add copperas, ½ ounce.

Yellow, Rich—Work 5 lbs. goods ½ hour in a boiling bath with 3 ozs. bichromate of potassa and 2 ozs. of alum; lift and expose till well cooled and drained; then work ½ hour in another bath with 5 lbs. fustic. Wash out and dry.—CANNA BELL, Box 615, Lansing, Mich.

### Inquiries

Will someone tell something about the culture of the strawberry? Also give a cure for the ear ache?—A SUBSCRIBER, South Butte, Cal.

Can some one of the HOUSEHOLD give me a good recipe for tanning? Also an easy pattern for trimming on flannel skirts. I have tried several but can't get them. Also tell how to mend kettles. I have one that is cracked.

I very much want a good reliable recipe for cucumber pickles, such as we buy at the grocery. Will someone give one?—CHARITY GRIMES.

Will someone inform me how desiccated potatoes are put up to cook?—GARDEN.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to stamp colored velvet and plush with the white powder that comes with stamping outfits? I have tried it over and again, and the minute I apply the hot iron, according to the instructions accompaning the patterns, the powder vanishes into thin air and leaves no trace behind it.—YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, Knox, Iowa.

Will some one give a pretty crochet pattern for a large square shawl; one that the thread does not need to be broken off? I do not want a shell pattern.—J. G.

In the BLADE of Feb. 24, Miss Carrie E. Rutledge speaks of the Equipoise waists. Now, I do not like the corsets either, and have seen those waists advertised, as well as one by Madame Flynt, but the latter are $2 for the very plainest kind. Can the pattern of the Equipoise waist be bought so that a lady can make her own at home? If not, do you know where I can get a pattern of such a kind of waist?—JOSEHHINE, Patterson, N. Y.

Is there any female school, college or seminaries in the United States where a poor orphan very desirious of getting an education could help during vacation or sew or do any kind of work to pay her tuition? Or could she go until competent to teach and teach to repay her tuition?—MINNIE L.

Write to some dress reform establishment. There is one or two in New York, and also in Boston.

Can any one tell me what to do with a white silk or crepe shawl? It is not dirty, but has got wet, while folded up in a trunk and has dried in spots. I want some thing to take out the spots and not injure the fabric. Also, it has turned rather yellow. Would washing it in soft water and Ivory soap injure it any? Will "F. E. P.," whose yeast powder recipe was published in the BLADE some time ago, please tell me in what proportion it should be used?—M. M. HOPKINSON.

What is good for acute catarrh?—M. L.

I wish to inquire if any of the readers of the BLADE know of a case of epilepsy being cured. If so will they please communicate the particulars to Mrs. J. B. Wilson, Toledo, O.

### Answers to Inquiries.

Will you please, through your HOUSEHOLD, give a description of how a five o'clock tea should be conducted, and what refreshments are considered proper?—MRS. J. S., Brocton, N. Y.

Much depends upon the number of guests. Suppose you have 25 or 30. Seat them at small tables, which is more convenient than one long one. A handsome boquet in the center of each table makes the room look pretty. If you prefer, you can place either one single flower of some kind with a long stem, at each place, or a button-hole boquet with a card attached, upon which is the name of the guest. A pretty conceit is to have a quotation, also, upon the card, which the guest is expected to read in turn, either before or after the entertainment, as the hostess desires. The refreshments may consist of sliced pressed chicken, a salad, pickles, biscuit and thin slices of bread and butter, followed by jelly, ice-cream and cake, tea and coffee. Croquettes are also very nice; if made of meat have them in place of the pressed chicken; if of potato, with it. Cold tongue is always in order at such a gathering. Of course you may make your refreshments as elaborate as you choose, but such as given is in good taste for an entertainment of the kind mentioned. Odd side dishes such as you find described in all good cook books may be introduced, anything that is rare and delicate.

In "Social Etiquette" the way of giving different kinds of entertainment is given. Should you send $1 to the Locke Publishing Co. for one, you will not regret it.—ED.

Can any of the members of the HOUSEHOLD give me a remedy for oily hair, as I am compelled to wash my hair every few weeks and then can hardly bear to comb?—PATLAS PANDORA.

You should wash it thoroughly once a week, using a little powdered borax in tipid water, which must be soft.—ED.

To the lady who wishes to know when to plant ground cherry seed, I would say the best time is late in the fall, on rich, loose garden soil, but they will do quite well planted in a box in the house in March or April. The seed is very slow to germinate. They should be transplanted two by three feet apart when danger of frost is past.—MRS. H. ABBOTT, Woodruff, Kan.

I think I can tell Mrs. Flo. Shaffer what to do with guinea wings. Save the head of a guinea and hang it up to dry. When dry, take a thin board about 20 inches long and 11 inches wide. Cover this with plush or velvet, any color, then place the wings and head on in a diagonal position, that is, lay wings flat down on the board with head pointing towards upper corner and tip of wings pointing to opposite lower corner. Then paint a cluster of small fruit or flowers, or sew on a spray of artificial flowers on top corner direct from the head. A large bow of ribbon in shade to suit sewed on lower corner, finishes it; hang up on the wall and you have a pretty panel. Any kind of birds can be used in this way. They must of course be dried first. A bright yellow canary bird on blue and purple plush is beautiful.—LILLIE M. MCCRONE, Ottawa, Kans.

### Recipes.

We must ask our correspondents to send only those recipes which they *know* to be good. Be especially careful about medical prescriptions. What seems a trifling error in those may make a great difference in the results, and perhaps very serious ones.—ED.

*For Sausage.*—To 50 lbs. meat, 12 ozs. salt, 4 of ground black pepper, 2 of fine sage, and 2 of salt-petre. The sausage is better to be ½ beef.

*Sponge Cake.*—1 cupful sugar; 3 eggs, well beaten; 3 tablespoonfuls cold water; 1 cupful flour; 1 teaspoonful baking powder, mixed with flour, and a pinch of salt.—MRS. I. S., Brocton, N. Y.

*Parsnip Fritters.*—Scrape and boil tender, rub througo a colander to get rid of the tough and stringy portions, beat in an egg; 1 tablespoonful of milk; 1 teaspoonful (heaping) of prepared flour, with a little pepper and salt; make into small, flat cakes, flour, and fry in good dripping or lard.—EX.

*Buckwheat Cakes.*—For the benefit of Mamie Carol, who asked for directions for making buckwheat cakes from the pure buckwheat, I give her my method: One qt. buckwheat flour; 1 pt. wheat flour; ½ pt. corn-meal; ½ cupful yeast; 1 tablespoonful molasses; 1 tablespoonful salt. Then mix the above with sufficient warm water to make a batter. Let stand a few hours to raise.—MARY L. SILER.

*Chili Sauce.*—18 ripe tomatoes, 1 green pepper, 1 onion; chop fine. Add 1 cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls best vinegar, 1 tablespoonful salt, 2 tablespoonfuls all kinds spices, pulverized. Boil and bottle. Splendid.

*Ragmuffins.*—Make dough as for biscuit, roll half an inch thick, spread with butter, sugar, cinnamon; roll up and cut off from the end the size of biscuits; bake quickly.—A READER AND LOVER OF THE BLADE.

*Buttermilk Pie.*—1 scant cupful of buttermilk; 1 cupful sugar; 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful flour; 1 teaspoonful extract lemon; even teaspoonful butter; beat egg and sugar together; then, after rubbing the flour into the butter, mix all together, adding the lemon last. Bake with one crust. This is very good, and best when cold. Try, and report.—BITTERSWEET.

*Very Fine Lemon Custard.*—To 2 lemons, grated, add 3 eggs, 2 cupfuls flour, 1 of water, and beat thoroughly; put into a sauce kettle 5 large coffee cupfuls of water and 2 of granulated sugar; let come to a boil and add the above thickening. If not thick enough, or too thick, add more or less flour. This amount will fill three large pies, and leave ¾ of a bowl full for a layer cake. Strain this through a cloth, so it will be perfectly clear; let cool, and put between any layer cake and over the top.

*Crust for Pies.*—If buttermilk is obtainable, use one-third butter and two-thirds milk for wetting. If water is used, use same proportions as when using lard. Bake in quick oven.—MRS. C. A. NEARING, Franklin, N. Y.

*Hints for the Household.*—Horseradish root in the pickle jar will keep vinegar from moulding. Charcoal in your plant crocks for drainage and finely pulverized with the dirt gives them a wonderful growth—the plants not crocks. To remove mildew dip the stained cloth in buttermilk and lay in the sun. Soda is good for cleaning tinware.—LAURANA.

# Our Young Folks.

## BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

**MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."**

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| TICONIC, IA. | LAKESIDE, MICH. | CLAY CITY, ILL. |
| Lester Harding | Bertha Hollier | Devere Schooley |
| Watson Harding | Lulu Stone | Hiram Doggitt |
| Albert Areman | Willie Dewitt | Lester Emmons |
| Estra Harding | Mahlon Godbold | Amos Riney |
| Viola Areman | Perry Gregory | Chas Boissenden |
| Geo E Areman | Louis Gregory | RalphBoissenden |
| Fred Harding | Earl French | Oscar Brown |
| Orin O Areman | Milton Smead | Frank Sloan |
| Earl Areman | Ray Godbold | Richard Finnell |
| Emma Areman | Eddie Gregory | Frank Anderson |
| Geo Lattin | Dick Dingman | ALMOND, N. Y. |
| Lily Warren | Raphy Vest | Sophia Finck |
| Jessie Leach | Artie Everett | Maud Sticles |
| Jessie P McKay | Bert Seat | BlancheSaunders |
| Albert Lattin | Blanche McAfee | Isabel Howard |
| Myrtle McKay | Elida Judd | Fannie Cone |
| M'rthaCre'nst'r't | Maud Stingle | Lela Easterbrook |
| Minnie Warren | Pearl Taylor | Anna Hart |
| Essie DeForest | Eva Judd | Lena Karr |
| Fay DeForest | ChristelleM'Afee | Bertha Karr |
| Ettie Leach | Maud Triby | Mamie V Smith |
| Abbie Pritchard | Jennie Crumbly | Lena B Smith |
| Frank Huffman | Fettie Stone | NICKELSVILLE, VA. |
| Mertie Cleveland | M Adams | LuluECulbertson |
| DECATUR, ILL. | Maud Bissell | DrusillaC'lb'tson |
| Jessie Lane | REU CITY, PA. | Allie Richmond |
| Nellie Dailey | Charlie Minick | Charlotte Castle |
| Annie Burien | Rowena Jones | Fleetwo'dDingus |
| Laura White | Minnie Jones | A H Dingus |
| Maggie Murrell | Maggie Jones | Geo McConnell |
| Anna Buchanan | Lizzie Jones | JARRETT, MINN. |
| Ida Webster | Minerva Dunn | Evalina La Mont |
| Eugene Webster | C H Morian | GREENVALE, KAN. |
| Charlie Webster | Della Smith | J Edgar Coover |
| MaggieMcDonald | Katie Wilson | A Burton Coover |
| Nellie McDonald | Nellie McCabe | CharleyWCoover |
| Bertha Spencer | Clara Hogan | Mabel K Coover |
| Lucy Adkesson | Bessie Rodines | Effie E Coover |
| Lena Ott | Jas Hogan | LANESBORO, PA. |
| Bessie Martin | Arthur Wilson | Bert Griswold |
| Helen Ross | ELDORADO, ILL. | Clara Gleason |
| Effie Harris | Lottie Murray | Robt Patrick |
| Tom Pitner | Emma Murray | Matie Gleason |
| Geo Heiner | Mary Murray | Geo Gleason |
| Louis Heiner | Saml G Elder | BRADFORD, IA. |
| Chas Heiner | Eddie L Murray | Freddie Grawe |
| Maggie Heiner | John E Elder | Eva Grawe |
| Willie Heiner | Jos L Murray | Dwight Grawe |
| Bernard Heiner | Eva Elder | AINSWORTH, IA. |
| Clara Abel | Alice Elder | Freddie Morrow |
| Zona Smith | Arthur McCoy | Jimmy Beard |
| Minnie Neeary | Jas McCoy | Alva Sands |
| BLANCHARD, IA. | Rans Martin | Clyde Boles |
| Johnnie Cox | Viola Martin | Paul Porter |
| Annie Cox | Aldora Martin | NO PLACE GIVEN. |
| Ella Cox | Retta Alderman | W E Fickle |
| Eva Chesnut | Logan Parsons | Richard J Hunt |
| Hattie Chesnut | STRYKER, O. | Eliza C Cornell |
| Esther Dewhurst | C C Cressy | Horrom T Hunt |
| MaryA Dewhurst | Ezra Cosgrove | John L Cornell |
| Saml Dewhurst | Jacob A Sines | Chas L Hunt |
| L S Hurst | Corda Gray | LibbieBelle Hunt |
| F D Hurst | May Heater | LOWMOOR, IA. |
| Mary Hurst | F W Heater | Alden Van Epps |
| Sophia S Hurst | D A Wise | Gertie Van Epps |
| Bennie B Hurst | Philip Rice | Mamie Van Epps |
| Calista A Hurst | Fred Von Behren | Alden Wessels |
| Wm McElroy | Maggie Knight | Arthur Wessels |
| Mary McElroy | Mary Gamber | Nellie Wessels |
| Bertha H Merritt | Libbie Gray | WEST UNITY, O. |
| Jas C Merritt | VINTON, NEB. | Fred A Bowers |
| Thos Merritt | Clarence C Swan | Willie A Bowers |
| Polly Merritt | Raym'd Burrows | DECATUR, ILL. |
| Ettie M Fiester | E Cromwell | Haley Dawkins |
| Nettie M Fiester | Lester Stacy | Elsie Traughber |
| Maggie McGinnis | BERTHA, MINN. | Nellie Pratt |
| Mary McGinnis | Della B Brown | Leon Davies |
| Tillie McGinnis | Myron M Brown | WATROUSVILLE, |
| SammieM'Ginnis | Herbert M Brown | MICH. |
| EUREKA, KAN. | SHELBY, O. | Jessie M Fish |
| Paul W Platts | Jas Craig | David D Fish, jr |

Names this week, 221. Total, 18,911.

The above embraces all names received up to March 10.

## A MOTHER TO HER BABY.

To the Sweetest,
The Dearest,
The Truest,
The Best:
To a voice that is sweet as a bird's in the nest;
To a cheek like the flush on the leaf of a rose;
To a dear little tip-tilted love of a nose;
To lips that have gathered the glory of bloom
From crimson carnations deep spiced with perfume;
To eyes that are dark as the beauty of night,
Yet filled with star-splinters of arrowy light;
To a smile that's as glad as the laughter of dawn
When the veil of the darkness is slowly withdrown;
To a heart—but what symbol that is not divine
Can I choose for the heart of my dear Valentine?
And what words can I frame that will do my behest—
That will bear all my love, with a lover's fond zest,
To the Dearest,
The Sweetest,
The Truest,
The Best?

—*The Wideawake.*

## THE COOKING CLUB.

REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

"Girls, I have a plan," exclaimed Dolly Rober.

The girls of the junior class in the Hillsborough school, to which Dolly belonged, had gathered, as they always did on their half-holidays, out at the Rober farm.

Since Dolly's father returned from California, he had bought back the old homestead, and enlarged the grounds, until it was one of the most beautiful places in the country. Charley Rober was at home on his vacation from the Polytechnic College, and the house was a rendezvous for all the young folks of the village.

"I have a plan, girls!" cried Dolly. "A cooking club! The C. C.'s. We will meet at each other's houses once a fortnight, and give a lunch. We will cook it ourselves. Each one chose a dish."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Jenny Hoyt. "I'll make the rolls."

"I'll bring my own butter," said Daisy Vance. "You can boil a beefsteak beautifully, Dolly, and if you would dress it with mushrooms!"

Half-a-dozen other girls volunteered cake and creams. Then they had to decide on a costume.

"The very plainest calico dress, ruffle at the neck, white apron and cap," suggested Daisy.

"The very thing!" cried other girls. But Fan Rober tossed her head. "I shall wear my pink lawn. No use to make a guy of one's self, even if you do turn cook."

There was an awkward silence. The truth was, none of the girls expected Fanny to join the club. She was only twelve, while they were fifteen, and, for other reasons, she was not a desirable member. But what could be done? She was Dolly's sister, and Dolly had proposed the club.

"I," said Fan, loftily, "shall make a large peach-pie, with puff paste."

Some of the girls tittered. Dolly flushed. "Don't you think you had better try a dish not so difficult, Fanny, dear?" she said gently.

"I thank you, Miss Rober, I know what I can do!" said Fan, her pert nose in the air.

The girls started for the village, after having arranged that the first lunch should be given at Dolly's on the Wednesday following, which would give them time to make their aprons and caps.

"It will be splendid to work in that big sunny kitchen!" cried Jenny Hoyt; "and Mrs. Rober said we could raid on the dairy for cream, and the pantries for jellies as much as we chose."

"The whole thing's simply perfect," said Nelly Parton, hopping on one foot in her excitement, "if it wasn't for that horrid little Fan! It fairly struck me dumb when she took it for granted she was to be a member. The cool impudence of it!"

"Oh, Fan has plenty of nerve!" said Jenny. "I don't know how Dolly stands it. That child is forever tagging after her, meddling, domineering, snubbing poor, gentle Doll. I wish she was my sister for half an hour!"

"Wouldn't she catch a tartar?" said Daisy. The other girls laughed, and having reached the village, separated.

Mrs. Rober's airy, well-furnished kitchen presented a pretty sight on Wednesday morning when filled with the girls, their sleeves rolled up from their white arms, their curls tucked under the close caps, their cheeks red and eyes dancing. Sarah, the cook, had left them in full possession, and was busy in setting the table in the dining-room, for the club had invited their parents to taste their cookery. Only Dolly looked sad and anxious, though she tried to be cheerful.

"It's that vixen, Fan, that's been nagging her," whispered Nelly.

Nell had guessed correctly. Fanny got up that morning resolved "to let the girls see she was not to be put down." She had ordered Sarah, scolded Dolly, and altered every arrangement made by either.

"You be'n't a-going to try to make a puff peach-pie?" demanded Sarah, contemptuously.

"I certainly shall. It 'requires great care and attention to details,' the book says, and that's precisely what I can give."

She swam out of the kitchen, and came down arrayed in a flounced pink lawn, with floating ribbons.

"Oh, Fanny!" mildly remonstrated her sister. "And you surely will not wear your necklace!"

"I assuredly will, Miss Dorothea."

Now the necklace was one which Mr. Rober had brought to his little girl in memory of his long absence; it was composed of square medallions of the different gold-bearing quartz of California, set in massive bands and links of the native gold, and was very beautiful and of great value.

"I think mamma wishes you only to wear that when you are grown," said Dolly, gently. "I have never worn mine."

"I shall wear it this morning, and I would thank you, Miss Rober, not to dictate to me any longer," retorted Fanny, red with passion. Dolly sighed, which was her usual answer to her sister's conceit and ill-humor.

"Why does she always spoil things so?" she thought. "She could be so sweet if she would choose."

But the trouble was not yet over.

"Mother," said Fan, rushing out with a red, angry face to the porch, where Mrs. Rober sat with her sewing, "is that creature Prue to stay in the kitchen to-day?"

Now Prue was a bone of contention, which Fanny never tired of worrying. She was a gentle, low-voiced mulatto child, whom Dolly had found crying and in rags on the road-side one day, and brought home.

"Mother," she said, "this is black Suky's girl. Suky died in the almshouse last night, and they had turned her out. I told her you would give her some clothes, and let her stay with us."

Mrs. Rober hesitated. She had as many servants as she needed, and Prue was a wretched-looking object. But she had been speaking to the children of their duty to God's poor that very day. Now she was herself put to test.

"She's sure to be a thief," said Fanny. "All darkies are."

"She has no home, Fanny," said her sister. "She must come here. Don't you remember? 'Inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these.'"

"She can stay, Dolly," said Mrs. Rober.

Prue, when bathed and dressed, was a pleasant enough object, and proved exceedingly useful. But Fanny treated her like a slave.

Poor Prue was in a state of subdued rapture at the club-meeting, and the prospect of waiting on the young ladies. She had scrubbed her face until it shone, put on her clean gown, and tied her woolly locks up with a bit of red ribbon. Now she stood ready for orders by the range.

"It makes me sick to look at her," said Fanny. "If she stays in the kitchen I leave it."

Prue, with her lips quivering, turned to go.

"Stay where you are, child," said Mrs. Rober, quietly. "You forget yourself strangely, Frances. You make me ashamed of you," she added, in a lower voice.

"How fine you are, Fan," said Jenny Hoyt, who prided herself on "freeing her mind" on all occasions. "And what a necklace for a cook! But it's magnificent. Let's have a look at it."

Fanny, nothing loth, unclasped the necklace, and it was passed around for admiration. Then work began in earnest. Rolls, cake, roast chicken, salads, meringues, custards—all went on at once.

Mr. Rober, Squire Hoyt and Charley peeped in the windows and tormented the youthful cooks; their mothers arrived and were seated on the broad porches shaded by roses and ivy.

At last twelve o'clock struck.

"Are we all ready?" said Daisy.

"Yes," responded Fanny. "But—but where's my necklace?" putting her hand to her throat with a start of terror. There was instant alarm and confusion. Search was made, in every likely and unlikely place, in vain. Nobody remembered who last had taken the necklace.

"I am quite sure I gave it back to you, Fanny," said Jenny.

"You did; I am positive you did," said Fanny, with a pale face. "And I laid it down just here on the dresser where Prue was washing the spoons. Prue? That's where it's gone!" she fairly shrieked. "The little thief! I always told you she was a thief! Where is she?"

Prue had gone to the well for water. Mr. Rober, Charley, and the other guests, hearing the outcry, crowded into the kitchen. Fresh search was made, but in vain. It was impossible that so large and conspicuous an object could remain hidden, accidently dropped. The mothers of the other girls began to look annoyed. Fan, in the center of the group, talked loud and fast.

"The thing is as plain as daylight. I was not out-side the kitchen. Nobody was in it but the club and Prue. Of course, none of the girls stole it, so she is the thief! There she comes with the water. Singing to herself, I declare! Father, send for a policeman and send her to jail right away. I'll go search her, the horrid little thief!"

She rushed to the door, but Dolly stepped in front of her and held out her arms.

"Stop, Fanny!" she said. Her voice trembled when she found everybody looking at her, but she went on, resolutely, "Father, Prue is a good girl. She has nothing but her character. Don't take it from her. Don't tell her that you think her a thief. Wait a little longer. She will not run away in the meantime."

"Dolly is right," said Mr. Rober. "We have found the girl honest and truthful. Let us wait awhile."

Fanny began to sob passionately, but a stern word from her mother quieted her. The lunch was placed on the table, and the guests, with the flushed, white-capped cooks, seated themselves around it, while Prue, with smiling and delighted face, prepared to wait on them. But the mulatto girl's face was the only one that wore a smile. Every other one wore an anxious look of restraint in spite of Mr. Rober's efforts to bring back cheerfulness. One dish after another was tried, with attempts at compliment and jokes which met with poor success.

Finally an immense leaden-colored mass was taken from the oven and placed before Charley.

"What is this?" he said, drumming on it with his knife. "Stoney and hard. A fragment of the Tower of Babel? Pastry made by the Mound-Builders!"

"It's my peach-pie," said Fanny's shrill voice, "and I'll thank you to open it."

Charley rose and sawed away at the tough lid until he cut a wedge out of it, while the guests civily concealed an amused smile.

"Inside, we find," he said, "hot water, peaches, and—"

There was a pause in his remarks, in which an expression of curiosity in his face seemed to change into surprise.

"The necklace, ladies and gentlemen!" holding it up on his fork.

An outcry followed; Fanny stood, with burning cheeks and wet eyes, holding her hands to her neck.

"It must have dropped off," she stammered.

"This pie," continued Charley, gravely, "is a dish which requires great care and attention to details, and is, therefore, one in which my sister Frances excels."

"That will do, Charley," said Mrs. Rober, aside. "The lesson has been severe enough."

The lunch became merry and gay after that. But Fanny took no share in the gayety. When the guests were all gone she threw herself into her mother's arms, sobbing bitterly.

"I'll leave the cooking club! They like Dolly better than me. What is the reason, mother?"

"Dear child, you must look for the reason in yourself," said Mrs. Rober, with a sigh, for she knew how hard and bitter are the stripes with which conceit and selfishness are beaten out of us in life.—*Youth's Companion.*

## HALF AN APPLE—A TRUE STORY.

BY EMMA C. DOWD.

One cold winter morning, about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in the schoolroom They talked and laughed among themselves, paying little heed to a new scholar who stood apart from the rest. Now and then they cast side glances in her direction or turned to stare rudely; but nobody spoke to her.

The little girl had never been to school before and she began to feel shy and homesick. She wished she could run home to mother and have a good cry in her loving arms. One little teardrop trembled in her eye and seemed ready to fall; but it never did, for just then something happened.

Suddenly the outer door flew open and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl rushed in. She brought plenty of the clear, frosty air with her, and she imprinted a cheer to the schoolroom that it had not had before. She walked up to the stove quite as if she were at home, and, after saying good morning to everybody, her eyes fell upon the new scholar.

"Good morning," she said, sweetly, across the stovepipe.

The little girl on the other side brightened up at once, though she answered somewhat timidly.

"Cold, is it not?" the newcomer went on, pulling off her mittens and holding her red hands over the stove. Then she sent one of the plump hands down to the depths of her pocket, and when it came out it held a fine, red apple. With her strong fingers she split it in two, and, with a smile, she passed half of it to the new scholar.

"Do you like apples?" she said.

The little girl did like apples very much, and she thought none had ever tasted half so nice as this, it was so juicy and crisp and tart.

"My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes; "what is yours?"

"My name is Hetty," replied the other little girl.

"Well," said Libby, "do you want to sit with me? There is a vacant seat beside mine, and I know the teacher will let you."

Hetty thought she would like that plan very much; so the two girls went off to find Libby's seat, where they chatted happily till the bell rang.

"Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher; and, then, before anybody had time to answer, she espied her seated next to merry-faced Libby. The teached smiled, saying:

"I see you are in good hands," and Hetty was allowed to keep the seat for many a day.

When Libby had grown to be a woman she told me this story herself, and she used to say that it was her gift of half an apple that won for her so dear a friend as Hetty Rowe.

But I think it was somebody besides the apple that comforted the sad little heart on that cold morning; do not you?—*Our Little Ones.*

—The popular blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is having a tremendous sale this season. Nearly everybody takes it. Try it yourself.

# The Sunday School.

### First Quarterly Review.

LESSON 12, SUNDAY, MARCH 27, 1887.

Golden Text for the Quarter—Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.—Psa. 90: 2.

*Titles and Golden Texts.*

1. THE BEGINNING.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.—Gen. 1: 1.

2. SIN AND DEATH.

By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin.—Rom. 5: 12.

3. CAIN AND ABEL.

Am I my brother's keeper?—Gen. 4: 9.

4. NOAH AND THE ARK.

Noah did according unto all that the Lord commanded him.—Gen. 7: 5.

5. THE CALL OF ABRAM.

I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12: 2.

6. LOT'S CHOICE.

Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.—Matt. 6: 23.

7. GOD'S COVENANT WITH ABRAM.

Fear not, Abram; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15: 1.

8. ABRAMAM PLEADING WITH SODOM.

In wrath remember mercy.—Hab. 3: 2.

9. DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

Escape for thy life.—Gen. 19: 17.

10. ABRAHAM OFFERING ISAAC.

God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt offering.—Ge. 22: 8.

11. JACOB AT BETHEL.

Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28; 16.

12. JACOB'S NEW NAME.

And he said, I will not let thee go, except thou bless me.

### Hints for the Primary Teacher.

Some primary teachers may prefer to use only a review of previous teaching, recalling the headings as given on the black-board or map, or questioning on each lesson as the golden text is recited. Others will wish to use instead, or to combine with the review, a temperance or a missionary lesson. All are needful and valuable, and both temperance and missions can properly be taught, and they sometimes relate to the regular lessons in their order. The review notes are hints from which the teachers may select and use what may suit their own purpose or meet some especial need. But in the primary department, remember never to attempt to teach so much as to confuse and leave no distinct impression on mind and heart.

What is the name of the book we have been studying? A number of children received, as a reward for learning last year's golden texts, a little copy of Genesis, in good plain print. It has made them feel as if every lesson was their very own, and themselves real students with a text-book, even though somebody else had to help them spell the words or read it for them. You cannot begin too soon to teach the value of the Bible; and before a child can take the whole, give it in small pieces. There are many scholars yet young, some within the church fold, who count among their chief treasures their "Bible Library,"—the little books of Mark, John, Psalms, Proverbs, or the New Testament, which they have received in the course of their Sunday school membership. We have found Genesis a story of beginnings, or

First Things—Encourage the children to name of these. With assistance, or suggestive questions, they will probably give the most of the following: Heavens and earth; the first home; first man and woman; the first sabbath; first temptation and sin; the first brothers and their offerings. Who was the first shepherd? Whose was the first altar mentioned? When did he build it? For what? Who was the first peacemaker? For very little ones, few reviews could furnish a more charming exercise than could be made by questions on objects associated with scenes of lessons: Sun, moon, stars; trees in a garden; sheep and lambs; all the animals; the long, long rain; the dove; rainbow; shepherds; sand on the sea shore; shield; under the oak; fire, tents, altars, a stone, etc. Other questions will recall what you would review, and prepare the way for still clearer divisions. Ask for the

Names of Persons, and get some judgment upon the characters, to see what impressions have been made. How many obeyed God? What was the golden text about Noah? Did Abram obey? When? How was his name changed? Did Lot obey? Who hastened him? Did Jacob obey? When? To how many did God speak? What were some of his promises?

Sin—What have learned about sin in that golden text in that second lesson? Under this division, question about yielding to temptation; ask what it is to be tempted; question upon examples of disobedience, hatred, murder, a wicked world, a sinful city. In this dark list of sin and sorrow, we must put the name of the first man whom we know became drunken. No doubt there were drunkards in the world before the flood; for we read that the earth was filled with violence and wickedness, that the thoughts and desires of men were evil. Jesus tells how they did eat and drink. And if men were then as some are now, their evil appetites helped to fill the earth with wounds and violence. But the sorry story tells of trouble in the saved family; that Noah "planted a vineyard; and he drank of the wine and was drunken." What a pity that Noah knew how to make wine of his rich, juicy grapes, or that he kept on his drinking until he was drunken! Many people say they will never be drunk on wine, and that they are old enough to know when to stop drinking. Are they better or wiser or older than Noah, of whom God once said, "Thee have I seen righteous before me,"—the one whom the Lord shut in from evil when the flood came; the one with whom he made his rainbow covenant? And yet the man who walked with God, when he was old, staggered and lay down in his tent so drunk that his sons were ashamed of him. Some people think that anybody who objects to making or drinking home-made wine is a fool; but God thought best to give a story, to last as long as grapes grow on earth, about a good man who once drank such wine, and it certainly made him for the time act like a fool. Why did Eve and Adam eat the forbidden fruit? Sinful looking, desiring, tasting, drove them from Eden. What came by sin? That is the end of disobedience and sin; for another verse tells us, "Sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

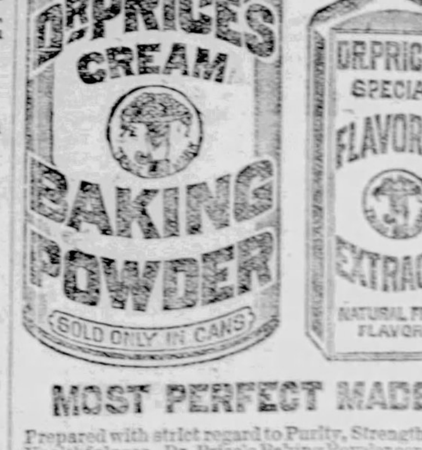
Satan loves to deceive, and call evil good, just as he did when he talked to Eve. Perhaps you have heard of a drinking saloon called "Paradise." The tempter is there with light and music, shining glasses, laughter and song, coaxing the young and foolish to drink with older men, who had learned long ago. In such a saloon a young man one night drank so much that he began to quarrel, and the saloon keeper ordered him off. The man went, but came back with a pistol; but the sober saloon-keeper had a pistol too, and shot the young man. He sold him the drinks which made him quarrel, then killed him for being quarrelsome. Words could not tell the sorrow from that one night's drinking in one place among thousands everywhere. A grave, a prison-cell, tears, shame, all for "wounds without cause." Did they put up the shutters and close the saloon? Oh, no! business must not suffer; the place was more famous, and made more money than before. What besides money is so made every day and night? Broken hearts, distress, hunger, death, and yet the making and selling of drink goes on.

Cities like Sodom are not swallowed in sudden destruction, but throngs are crowding the way to eternal death. How did Abraham plead for Sodom? Ought Christians so plead and labor for salvation to cover the whole earth and conquer the reign of sin? Can children help? Does God hear and answer prayer? What examples of answered prayer in the quarter's lesson? What covenants did God make? What proofs have we that God watches and cares for each of his children? How did he come to one who slept on a stony pillow? Will he be a friend to every little child as he was the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob?—*Faith Latimer in S. S. Times.*

### Sportsmen for War.

A very picturesque innovation will shortly be introduced in the Russian army. By order of the Minister of War an exercise which hitherto has been the privilege of kings and nobles will form part of the military training, since every regiment in the army will have its detachment of sportsmen, who will wage war against the wolf, the bear, and all kinds of game. Besides gaining considerable knowledge of the topography of the different districts by hunting, the sportsmen, the government believes, will be better prepared to undertake perilous and difficult missions in time of war if the soldiers have been accustomed the dangers which they will have to encounter in their sport in the immense forests of the interior of Russia.

—The price of Shallenberger's Antidote for Malaria, one dollar a bottle, is sometimes in the way of larger sales, but if it will remove every trace of malaria after a few doses, and leave you well, is it not far cheaper than a continuous use of quinine and tonics at any price, which only strengthens the system against the poison, allowing it to remain and renew its attacks indefinitely.


MOST PERFECT MADE

Prepared with strict regard to Purity, Strength, and Healthfulness. Dr. Price's Baking Powder contains no Ammonia, Lime, Alum or Phosphates. Dr. Price's Extracts, Vanilla, Lemon, etc., flavor deliciously.

PRICE BAKING POWDER CO. CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS.


### Honesty Among Georgia Crackers.

I am going to tell a story which illustrates the refreshing honesty of the simple-minded piney woods crackers.

A certain girl, who was unconscious of the dividing line between the lawful and unlawful, became an accessory to a murder.

There was a great deal of sympathy for her, and one night the jailor left the door open so she could get away. She escaped, and her relatives, as simple as herself, built for her in the depths of a forest, a house of brush. There she spent her days and nights. At last her hiding place was reported to the sheriff and it became his duty to rearrest her. He went to the home of the relatives who had concealed her and called out the old man. The sheriff explained his business and asked if the girl was really in the neighborhood. The honest old cracker replied:

"Cap'n, she air! She's rate over in them air woods."

It would have suited the sheriff better if the old man had lied a little bit.

"Are you sure she is over there?" he asked.

"She wuz thar a bit ago."

"Now, I tell you what to do," said the sheriff, still hopeful that the girl might get away. "You go over there and see if she is there and come back and tell me."

"I'll do it," said the old man.

He was gone a short time and on his return said:

"Cap'n, she's thar!"

So the sheriff had no alternative but to go to the hiding place of the girl and make the arrest. To-day that simple cracker girl is in the Georgia chain gang, and they say she is gentle, modest and very industrious—a model convict.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

### An "Advertising Dodge."

One of the largest advertisers in London says: "We once hit upon a novel expedient for ascertaining over what area our advertisements are read. We published a couple of half-column 'ads.' in which we purposely mis-stated half a dozen historical facts. In less than a week we received between 300 and 400 letters from all parts of the country from people wishing to know why on earth we kept such a consummate fool who knew so little about English history. The letters kept pouring in for three or four weeks. It was one of the best paying 'ads.' we ever printed. But we did not repeat our experiment, because the one referred to served its purpose. Our letters came from schoolboys, girls, professors, clergymen, school teachers, and in two instances from eminent men, who have a world-wide reputation."

### A Woman's Age.

A women, it is said, is no older than she looks. Many women, however, look double their actual age by reason of those functional disorders which wear upon the nerves and vitality, and which, if neglected, are liable to change the most robust woman to a weak, broken-down invalid. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will positively cure every irregularity and weakness peculiar to the sex, and requires but a single trial to prove its surprising merit. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

### The Heir Apparent's Son.

Prince George, of Wales, is reported to have said to his brother on one occasion during a reaction from state life: "Come, Eddie, get down your fiddle and play 'God Bless Your Old Grandmother.'" The story is recalled by this one: Recently an American lady, sight-seeing at Windsor, saw the queen seated in her carriage, which was drawn up before the entrance to the private apartment. Her majesty was about to start for her daily drive when out of the castle rushed the Duke of Edinburg and stepping up to the carriage, began to speak to the queen. Victoria, with a look of displeasure, interrupted him and made a slight gesture toward the duke's hat, which was still on his head. H. R. H. looked confused, quickly uncovered, and made a low bow. He finished his conversation with his royal mamma with his hat in his hand.

### The Western Settler's Chosen Specific

With every advance of emigration into the far West, a new demand is created for Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Newly peopled regions are frequently less salubrious than older settled localities, on account of the miasmi which rises from recently cleared land, particularly along the banks of rivers that are subject to freshets. The agricultural or mining emigrant soon learns, when he does not already know, that the Bitters afford the only sure protection against malaria, and those disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, to which climate changes, exposure, and unaccustomed or unhealthy water or diet subject him. Consequently, he places an estimate upon this great household specific and preventive commensurate with its intrinsic merits, and is careful to keep on hand a restorative and promoter of health so implicitly to be relied upon in time of need.

### Five Funny Fibs.

He was looking for a rich wife, and thought he was on the trail. "I love you," he said to her, in rich, warm tones, "more than I can tell you in words: "You'd better try figures," she replied, coldly.

Maternal Instinct.—Mamma (to Lucy, who has stumbled and smashed her doll's head—Don't cry, my dear; it can't be helped. Lucy—Oh, mamma dear! You don't know how I feel; you've never lost a child.

"Sue Fitzpercy has a large amount of airpersiflage," remarked the high school girl, "Have you noticed it, Amy?" "I noticed she had a tremendous big bustle, Mildred, but I did not know the dictionary word for it."

Jones—Hello! must be some tremendous excitement down toward Trafalgar square, Brown. Why? Jones—Because I just now distinctly saw a messenger boy who was going in that direction, break into a brisk walk.


PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

HAINESVILLE, N. J.,
October 15, 1886.

E. T. HAZELTINE,
Warren, Pa.:

*Dear Sir:*

I was taken with a very severe cold last spring, and tried every cure we had in the store, and could get no help.

I had our village doctor prescribe for me, but kept getting worse. I saw another physician from Port Jervis, N. Y., and he told me he used Piso's Cure for Consumption in his practice.

I bought a bottle, and before I had taken all of it there was a change for the better. Then I got my employer to order a quantity of the medicine and keep it in stock. I took one more bottle, and my cough was cured.

Respectfully,

FRANK MCKELVY.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

# The Farm.

### Information Wanted.

T. W., Summer Hill, Ill.—Your mare is suffering from vaginitis. You will have to place her on low diet, in a box stall. First, give her a mild cathartic, as, linseed oil, 16 ozs.; oil of aniseed, two drs.; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ozs. After this has operated, the part should be injected. To do this, the mare must be secured in some way. This may be done by having a foreleg held up whilst the operator stands behind a stall or other fixed object that can shield his legs from a blow from the mare's hind feet. For the first few days, warm barley water alone should be injected, adding half an ounce of solution of opium to each pint of injection, if there is much inflammation. After the fifth day, a little weak sulphate of zinc injection may be used (two grains to the pint of water) every three hours for three or four days. Above all things, take care to allow free escape for all discharges. Dr. Tellor says linseed tea, or slippery elm mucilage, made warm and containing a drachm of sugar of lead to the pint are the best injections that can be used in most cases. If the discharge is foul, sulphate of zinc may be used instead of the lead.—Ed.]

William L. Engle, Wells county, Indiana.—Chestnut trees will grow in the latitude you name. They will grow in clay soil, but should be first started in loam. As good a thing to start chestnut trees in, as can be found, is dirt taken from where chips have rotted. Chestnut trees may be had of any Eastern dealer in nursery stock. They will grow from the seed but we think it better to get the young trees.—Ed.]

Hot Bed.—Will you please inform me how to make a hot bed?—A Reader, Hillsborough, Ohio. [Hot beds should face south or southeast, and should be protected on the northeast and northwest by a tight board fence. To make a hot bed, dig a trench, say four to five feet wide, two feet deep, and ten feet long. Board it up with any old plank to 18 inches above the line of the ground, making the portion above ground pretty tight. You may nail slats across the frames in any shape to receive the sash. The heating material is fresh horse-dung composted with its equal bulk of leaves. Draw them to the vicinity of the hot-bed, and mix them in a conical heap, until they heat, which will be shown by the escape of vapors, when the heap should be turned over and left for the second heat. When this takes place, fill the trench, treading down the compost till it is even with the surface. Now put on your soil six inches deep. A portion of the surface soil that was thrown out, mixed with one-third the quantity of old hog manure, will be best. Market gardeners use straw mats in many places for covering their hot beds, but an old blanket, carpet or quilt, will answer. The sashes over the hot-bed should be movable, so that should the heat be up to 100 degrees, the sashes may be opened to let some of the steam to escape.—Ed.]

Garget.—What is good for garget, and what causes it?—Lorenzo Craven, Nebraska. [Garget results from a plethoric condition at the time of calving. It is also brought about by inattention in not being milked at proper times, as well as other causes. To begin treatment, the cow should be given half a pound of salts dissolved in a quart of tepid water, in which there has been stirred an ounce and a half of ginger. When the physic has operated, apply this to the udder with gentle friction: Powdered camphor, half an ounce; lard, two ounces; extract of belladona, two ounces. The milk must be frequently drawn. Feed dry food. If the weight of the udder is painful, it may be eased by a broad bandage, through which holes have been cut for the teats, and securely fastened over the back. Should the case require it, a mush and hop poultice can be placed within the bandage, over the udder.—Ed.]

Mr. James Curtin, Northville, Dakota, asks: I would like to enquire of your many readers if any of them can tell me how to remove the "sour" taste and smell from maple sugar and maple syrup that has been spoiled by keeping through hot weather. [Some one where maple sugar is made ought to be able to answer Mr. Curtin's question.—Ed.

Warren Porter, Clearfield county, Pa.: Yes, there is a vegetable called the cardoon. It is but little grown, more as a novelty than anything else. It belongs to the artichoke family.—Ed.

Mr. John D. Hooker, North Carolina:—You should have described the length of the worm or maggot found in the tongue, and elsewhere of the fresh pork you speak of. However, the indications are that the hog was affected with measles. This maggoty appearance of pork is owing to the presence of numerous small cysts, about the size of a grain of barley, scattered through the muscular and other tissues. When the cysts are examined a small worm is seen, called the bladder worm, folded up in a coil, composed of segments, each segment being in fact an independent worm. They are really in miniature the same as the tape worm in man. A tapeworm is nothing more nor less than a row of creatures commonly believed to be one worm. The cysts do not materially injure the hog through life, though their presence may be detected occasionally by examining the lining membrane of the eye, or that under the tongue. At times the cysts are seen on the skin as watery pustules of a reddish color. They may be driven out of a hog by feeding small doses of sulphur and saltpeter daily for several weeks. There is no danger from eating measly pork, if it is thoroughly cooked. If not well cooked, one or more of them develop in the human bowels into tape worms.—Ed.]

Mr. Wm. Bertram, Illinois.—The bean you ask about, "Thousand to one," is known mostly as the Refugees. The seeds are a speckled purple. They are extensively grown for pickling, and are a very productive medium or late variety. They may be had of any one extensively engaged in the sale of seeds.—Ed.]

Mr. C. W. Lankton, Kansas—What do cattle need when they gnaw at pieces of wood, boards, sandstone, etc., and why do they do it.—[The cattle do this because they have a diseased condition of the blood. This condition may arise from various causes, such as being fed winter and summer on timothy hay, green food growing on damp soil, exposure, foul air in stables, and other causes. Give each one three-quarters of a pound of salts and half an ounce of ginger stirred in a little tepid water. Then give sulphate of iron, two drachms, powdered gentian, one ounce. This amount daily in dry food for four days. Then omit for a week, and give four days more.—Ed.]

C. W. Long, Guthrie county, Kansas:—Your horse is suffering from a species of indigestion. Examine his teeth and see if he is able to properly masticate his food. At his age his teeth may be pretty well worn, which would necessitate giving him food that is not hard to masticate. Give him a cathartic of raw linseed oil, 16 ozs.; aniseed oil, 2 drms.; spirits of sweet nitre, 2 ozs. Then give this for one dose twice daily for four days: Bicarbonate of soda, ½ an oz.; powdered gentian, ½ an oz.; powdered nux vomica, 20 grs. Afterwards an ounce of saltpeter in drinking water, once a day for about three days.—Ed.]

Mr. John J. Bell, Ohio.—For the lump on your ox's jaw, rub it with iodine, 1 drachm; iodide of potash, 2 drachms; lard, 2 ounces; mix at a gentle heat. Should this not affect the swelling promptly, a blister should be applied to the part, and when it points it should be lanced. After the lump has been broken or been lanced, if it is not disposed to heal, touch the ulcers with a stick of nitrate of silver.—Ed.]

W. J. Thorn, Tennessee: For the sprain on your colt foment the part well with hot water fomentations. Then apply acetic acid, 2 ounces; ether, 1 ounce; distilled water, 17 ounces. Mix, spread 1 or 2 folds of linen over the inflamed part and keep it constantly wet with the lotion. If this should fail you will have to blister the parts.—Ed.

A Subscriber, Oakland, O., wishes some reader of the Blade Farm to tell him how to prevent weevil from getting into beans. He also asks if cabbage will head if the seeds are dropped where wanted, not transplanted.

A. L. Nichols, Kansas.—We think your horse is suffering from nasal gleet. Give twice a day half an ounce of the syrup of iodide of iron for a week. Then give him 16 ounces of raw linseed oil. In the meantime fill a bucket two or three times a day with hot water. Take a bag open at both ends; pass one end over the bucket and the other over the horse's nose, and let him inhale the steam. The nostrils should be syringed with chloride of zinc, 25 grs., water, two quarts, once a day.—Ed.]

J. O. Dewerse, Texas.—Ringbone is an exostosis chiefly, or rather most often affecting the bone above the foot called the os corona. There is what is called "low" ringbone and "high" ringbone. The first appears immediately above the top of the hoof, extending around the front half of the pastern; but the ring is more in the middle of the pastern in case of the latter. Deep firing and one or two blisterings is efficient in the early stages of the affection. Early firing stops the growth, but after the first three months the growth is complete and incurable.

Leander Pell, Licking county, O.—The chives or cives you speak about may be had of any leading gardener. They are of the onion tribe and are very popular in some localities.—Ed.]

### A Few Notes Concerning the Dairy.

Editor Blade Farm:—Learn to use the currycomb and brush in the dairy barn.

The real value of milk is proportionate to the amount of valuable solids contained.

Milk is as truly diluted by feeding the cow on succulent foods as by using the pump (best cow) after milking.

The foods that produce the largest flow of milk do not always produce the largest yield of butter.

A cow should no more be compelled to stand out in a storm all day than to be kept out of the barn all night in a storm.

Where cows are bought to form or increase a dairy herd, the main question is: what can she do at the pail or in the churn?

The cure for hard milkers is a warm place in which to milk, and a dish of warm water held so as to immerse the cow's teats for a moment before milking.

Milk should be exposed to the cold water and the air of the milk vat as soon as possible after being milked, thus increasing the quantity and improving the quality of the butter.

Where stanchions are used, bedding should not be entirely discarded. Enough should be used to keep the cow dry. The practice of allowing cows to lie with their udders in filth is not tolerated in the best dairies.

Wheat bran as a winter food for cows has a value in addition to that of mere nutrition. It loosens the bowels and enlivens the system. It aids the cow in changing the larger per cent. of the hay and corn fed into milk solids.

Straw and unpalatable hay should never be salted with brine to induce cows to eat more. Some irregular feeders may eat a great load of it and die from impaction of the third stomach, in spite of all the pure ice-cold water in the land.

We cannot expect that the cow will give rich milk, unless she is well and properly fed. We are are now in the season of the year when the food of our dairy stock must receive special attention. It never pays to feed at random. Simply because we have an abundance of this or that kind of food, it by no means follows that it is best to feed it. Sometimes it may be profitable to sell what we have and buy other varieties of foods. It is not necessary and it is not desirable to stuff a cow with grain, and yet she will need something besides corn-meal, which may be used as a part of the ration, but should never be used as the entire ration. Middlings, bran, oil-meal and similar foods are what are especially needed to increase the flow of milk and to make the cow profitable. A quarter of the ration may be corn meal. Dry hay, however good, will not answer, though clover hay will come so near to it that many insist that nothing else is needed. It is a great pity that we do not grow and feed more roots to our cows. We shall come to it, however, sooner or later, in this country. In addition to the feed there should be given plenty of water, and the trouble of warming it a little will be a very profitable investment to the winter dairymen. The subject of warming water has been brought prominently before the public by the agricultural and live stock press, and no dairyman should let the winter go by without giving it a trial.—J. D. Leisure, Lansing, Mich.

### Potato Culture.

H. Ives, of Batavia, N. Y., writes to the *Rural New Yorker*: I was interested in the recent article by Pres. Chamberlain on Manure versus Drouth. I spent the past season in Douglas county, Kansas, where the conditions were similar as regards heat, drouth and hot winds, to those experienced in Iowa. I was inclined to give to tillage, which is perhaps my hobby, the credit of bringing our crop of 80 acres through such a trying season. Pres. Chamberlain's article makes me remember that our best yield, 180 bushels per acre, was taken from an eighteen-acre lot that had been manured and fall-plowed about like the lot on the Iowa College farm. This ran about 50 bushels better than other fall-plowed land receiving about the same tillage, but no manure. Still I look upon tillage as the sovereign remedy in case of a drouth. Manure should be applied the year before for the potato crop, as President Chamberlain suggests; but when a severe drouth overtakes a half-grown potato crop, the manure remedy is not practical. It is just the time, though, for the tillage remedy, which, if given at the right time, is almost sure to produce good results. If given with a fine-toothed, light-working tool, the surface will be kept stirred and all weeds will be destroyed. The stirred portion will act as a mulch to help retain the moisture for the growing crop. If the farmers of Story county, Iowa, gave their potato crops as careless tillage as I saw given by many farmers where I was, I am sure that much of the difference in yield described by Pres. Chamberlain was due to the careful tillage which he would be sure to give to any crop.

I agree with him as to the merits of the Early Ohio potato. It is a favorite in Douglas county, Kansas, because it is particularly well adapted to a rich soil, and because of its quick maturity. We began digging for market in just two months after planting. This fact should teach all planters who raise potatoes in a hot climate to seed with varieties which mature quickest. Then, by planting very early, the coolest and moistest part of the growing season of the latitude is secured for the crop. We planted April 12, a little later than usual, and before July had shipped three carloads to Denver. The potatoes were all Ohios, and yielded at the rate of 160 bushels per acre. Later the rate went up to 180 bushels per acre. This yield was better than that at the College farm, for the reason, as I believe, that the tubers were planted earlier. Had the potatoes in Iowa been planted earlier, they would have probably outyielded ours, for President Chamberlain states that those which ripened first "making their growth while the moisture lasted," were the best yielders. He gives the best advice that can be given to the potato-grower when he says that good manure well saved and used, is "big money" to potato-growers in every year and particularly in a dry year. Let me add that, by tilling often and well and manuring liberally, I think the time of maturity can be hastened, often by a week or two, adding largely to the profit.

### Northwestern Flour.

Minneapolis, March 10.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: The flour output was light with tendency upward. The product last week was 87,300 barrels, averaging 12,471 barrels daily, against 84,040 barrels the preceding week, and 78,680 barrels at the corresponding time in 1886. The advance in wheat has given flour more strength and more sales are being made than a week ago. Somewhat better prices have been obtained.

## CROP REPORTS.

### The Annual Statement of the Cincinnati Price Current Contains Some Interesting Figures.

Cincinnati, March 10.—The Cincinnati *Price Current* to-day publishes its annual statement of stocks of wheat and corn in the country on March 1 with comparisons from special investigations. The showing for 13 western states is 76,000,000 bushels of wheat against 77,000,000 in 1886, and 115,000,000 in 1885. Close approximations for other portions of the country make an aggregate of 108,000,000 against 113,000,000 last year, and 162,000,000 two years ago.

Adding the visible supply and the estimated quantity represented in flour, the aggregates for the country are 195,000,000 bushels against 200,000,000 in 1886, and 245,000,000 in 1885. The exportable surplus for the next four months, is apparently, not exceeding 50,000,000 bushels, possibly less.

Estimates based on special returns for twelve Western states, indicate 399,000,000 bushels of corn, against 655,000,000 a year ago, and 555,000,000 in 1885, as stocks on hand and not consumed on farms. Estimating other portions of the country, aggregate stocks indicated are 548,000,000 bushels, or 32 per per cent of the 1886 crop against 812,000,000 last year, and 698,000,000 in 1885.

## MRS. CLEVELAND WILL REJOICE,

### Of Course, at the Good Taste Displayed by a Chicago Club.

Chicago, March 9.—At a meeting of the Moral Educational society, the following letter was sent to Mrs. Cleveland:

Mrs. Frances Folsom Cleveland:

Esteemed Lady—This society holds the cardinal idea that high self-respect is the first element of human dignity, and that modest appearance and consistent apparel are alone becoming to women. We are grateful, and wish to express to you our thanks, that you have in your conspicuous position displayed womanly delicacy in the non-adoption of decollete dress, and have thus afforded a healthful contrast to a fashion that not only exposed indelicately woman's person, but also, and justly, exposed womanhood to caustic observation by the press, and tends to a disparaging estimate of womankind, and to the great pain and humiliation of many women. With sincere regards, yours,

Mrs. Lucinda B. Chandler, President.
Mary Dye, Secretary.

### Celebration in Alsace-Lorraine.

Berlin, March 11.—Prince Von Hohenlohe, governor of Alsace Lorraine, has ordered a grand celebration of the Emperors' birthday in the Reichsland, the festivities to include military reviews and other pageants. The late Baron Von Manteuffel when governor of the provinces, used to permit public celebrations, fearing hostile demonstrations. The Crown Prince of Denmark and the Crown Prince of Sweden and Norway are coming to Berlin to attend the birthday celebration.

## TALMAGE'S CHURCH NUMBERS 4,051

### The Brooklyn Divine Celebrates the Admission of 347 New Converts to His Church With An Eloquent Sermon.

Brooklyn, March 6.—This was sacramental day in the Brooklyn Tabernacle, Tabernacle, and the sermon was preached at the reception of three hundred and forty-seven new members, making six hundred and ninety received during the present revival, so that the communicant membership now is 4,051. There was a great arch of flowers over the pulpit, containing the words: "I believe in the communion of saints." Dr. Talmage took two texts: 1 Chronicles chapter xxiii, verse 5: "And four thousand praised the Lord;" and Exodus, chapter xii, verse 14: "This day shall be unto you for a memorial." He said:—

When week before last the communicant membership of this church passed into the four thousand, now reaching four thousand and fifty-one, the first part of my text came to my mind, and I bethought myself what a grand thing it would be if the four thousand of our communicant membership would, like the four thousand of the ancient temple, made it their lifetime business to praise the Lord. Let them all take harp and timbrel and anthem and doxology!

The allusion of my second text is to the passover, which commemorated the deliverance of the children of Israel on the night when the destroying angel sped through the land of Egypt, destroying the enemy but saving the Israelites, because on the door-posts of their dwellings was sprinkled the blood of a lamb. To-day we come to celebrate a grander passover, all peril going away from our soul at the sight of the sprinkled blood of the Lamb of God on the door-posts of our hearts. Christ, our passover, sacrificed for us. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial."

The Sacramental Sabbath, where it comes in an American church, or an English chapel, or a Scotch kirk, is more impressive than any other Sabbath. Its light is holier, calmer, sweeter; its voices more tender; its touch is softer; its memories are more chastened. The fruits of the Christian life suddenly ripen, like orchards on the hill fronting the south. The wine of the Holy Sacrament seems pressed from the grapes of celestial vineyards, and the bread broken seems to drop from the hand of him who parted the loaves for the five thousand. We walk to the church of God with more thoughtful face and with quieter step. The jubilant songs of other Sundays are struck through with pensiveness, and are all a tremble with tears; and when, at the close of the service, at the door we shake hands, it is with a more cordial grasp, because we feel thrilling through our body and soul the great doctrines of Christian brotherhood; and our minds go back to our forefathers celebrating the sacrament in times of persecutions in Scotland among the Highlands; commemorating the dying love of Christ, while they were pursued of their enemies, pouring the wine into rough wooden cups, dipping the waters of baptism from the mountain rock, until one day they heard the voices of their enemies, coming up the hill, and the pastor cried out: "Oh Lord, the Shepherd, have mercy on the sheep!" and instantly there was a roaring heard as if of great floods, and, sure enough, a cloud had burst and there were great torrents running down the mountain side that whelmed their foes with sudden wrath. What a deliverance it was for them on that Sacramental day! Oh, that on this Sacramental day the cloud of God's mercy might burst and our sins be whelmed and our souls be saved! This is the amethyst of days. This is the pearl of days. This is the diamond of days. This is the day of days. Among the ten thousand million ages of eternity the first Sabbath of March, 1887, will be to you significant and memorable, for "this day shall be unto you" for ever and for ever "a memorial."

There is much in the scene of to-day to impress us because it is time of reinforcement. I used to remark that if I ever lived to see our membership reach four thousand I thought I would be willing to say with one of old: "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." But I have changed my mind, and I never so much wanted to stay as now, so as to see them all enlisted for God and to watch their victories. What might they not accomplish in the way of making the world better if they were all baptized with a double portion of the Holy Ghost! Four thousand! That is four full regiments, as military men count a thousand to a regiment. I think not one hypocrite amongst them. Taken into the church sometimes in large numbers, but each one as carefully examined as to change of heart, and evidence of regeneration, as though he or she were the only one presenting himself or herself. Many of our former members have passed away into the skies, and have joined the church triumphant, but we have four thousand and more left for the church militant. To arms! Quit you like men! We want no reserve corps among them. Go into action, all of you. Some will be officers and command. Some will make a cavalry charge. Some will be sharpshooters. Some will stand guard. Some will be on picket duty. Many of you will belong to the rank and file.

Let there be no stragglers, none off on furlough, not one deserted. With Christ for commander-in-chief, and the one-starred, blood-striped banner of manger and cross to lead the way; I give the order that the general in the war gave, when rising in his stirrups, his hair flying in the wind, he cried out till the host heard him: "Forward! the whole line!"

There is also something in such a scene to deeply impress one, because it rehearses a death scene. Now, you know, there is something very touching in such an incident. Though you are in a hotel and it is a stranger that is dying, how softly you move about the place, and if you come up to his couch it is with uncovered head. Even the voice of the jester is stopped, and, when the eyes of that stranger are closed, it is with emotion. But I am to tell you this morning of a death such as has never before or since occurred. When we die, we die for ourselves, and the crisis is alleviated by all beneficient ministries. Bathings for the hands; bathings for the head; bathings for the feet; the light turned down low, or set in just the right place; all the offices of affection about us when we come to die. But not so with Jesus. He died not for himself, but he died in torment, and he died for others. He might have moved around in gardens made by his own hand, an earthly potentate amid vineyards and olive groves sloping to the sea. Instead of being tossed in the fishing boat on Tiberias, he might have chosen a sunshiny day and a pleasant wave for the lake crossing. Instead of being followed by an unwashed rabble, he might have charmed Sanhedrims and universities with his eloquence. Instead of a cross and a bunch of twisted brambles on his brow He might have died in the castle of a Roman merchant, the air bland with lilies and frankincense. But, no; he died in torture, the good for the bad, the kind for the cruel, the wise for the ignorant, the divine for the human. Oh how tenderly we feel towards any one who has done a great kindness, and perhaps at the imperiling of his own life! How we ought to feel towards Christ, the captain of salvation, on the white horse, riding down our foes; but in the moment He made the victorious charge the lances of death struck him!

There was a very touching scene among an Indian tribe in the last century. It seemed that one of the chieftains had slain a man belonging to an opposite tribe, and that tribe came up and said: "We will exterminate you unless you surrender the man who committed that crime." The chieftain who did the crime stepped out from the ranks and said: "I am not afraid to die, but I have a wife and four children, and I have a father aged and a mother aged, whom I support by hunting, and I am sorry to leave them helpless." Just as he said that, his old father from behind stepped out and said: "He shall not die. I take his place. I am old and well stricken in years. I can do no good. I might as well die. My days are almost over. He cannot be spared. Take me." And they accepted the sacrifice. Wonderful sacrifice! you say, but not so wonderful as that found in the gospel for we deserved to die, aye, we were sentenced, when Christ, not worn out with years, but in the flush of his youth, said: "Save that man from going down to the pit, I am the ransom. Put his burdens on my shoulders. Let his stripes fall on my back. Take my heart for his heart. Let me die that he may live." Shall it be told to-day in heaven that notwithstanding all those wounds, and all that blood, and all those tears, and all that agony, you would not accept him?

> "Was it for crimes that I had done,
> He groaned upon the tree?
> Amazing pity, grace unknown,
> And love beyond degree."

There is no woe amid the surroundings of that scene that impresses me more than that of His own mother. You need not point her out to me. I can see by the sorrow, the anguish, the woe, by the upthrown hands. That all means mother. "Oh," you say, "why don't she go down to the foot of the hill and sit with her back to the scene? It was too horrible for her to look upon." Do you not know that when a child is in anguish or in trouble it always makes a heroine of a mother? Take her away, you say, from the cross. You cannot drag her away. She will keep on looking; as long as her son breathes she will stand there looking. Oh what a scene it was for a tender-hearted mother to look upon! How gladly she would have sprung to his relief. It was her son. Her son! How gladly she would have clambered up on the cross and hung there herself if her son could have been relieved. How strengthening she would have been to Christ if she might have come close by him! Oh, there was a good deal in what the little sick child said upon whom a surgical operation of a painful nature must be performed! The doctor said: "That child won't live through this operation unless you encourage him. You go in and get his consent." The father told him all the doctor said, and added: "Now, John, will you go through with it? Will you consent to it?" He looked very pale, and he thought a minute, and said: "Yes, father, if you will hold my hand I will!" So the father held his hand, and led him straight through the peril. Oh, woman, in your hour of anguish whom do you want with you? Mother. Young man, in your hour of trouble who do you want to console you? Mother. If the mother of Jesus could only have taken those bleeding feet into her lap! If she might have taken the dying head on her bosom! If she might have said to him: "It will soon be over, Jesus; it will soon be over, and we will meet again, and it will be all well." But no she dared not come up so close. They would have struck her back with their hammers. They would have kicked her down the hill.

There can be no alleviation at all. Jesus must suffer and Mary must look. I suppose she thought of the birth-hour in Bethlehem. I suppose she thought of the time when with her boy in her bosom she hastened on in the darkness in the flight towards Egypt. I suppose she thought of his boyhood, when he was the joy of her heart. I suppose she thought of the thousand kindnesses He had done her, not forseeing her or forgetting her even in His last moment, but turning to John and saying: "There is mother; take her with you. She is old now. She cannot help herself. Do for her just as I would have done for her if I had lived. Be very tender and gentle with her. Behold thy mother!" She thought it all over, and there is no memory like a mother's memory, and there is no woe like a mother's woe.

I remark again: this a tender scene, because it is a Christian reunion. Why was it that in the sessional meeting, when I asked a women if it were her son who sat next to her, making profession of his faith, she made no answer, but after a moment, trying to control her emotion, she burst into tears? I said within myself, she need not tell me the story; it is the old story of a prodigal got back. "The dead is alive again, and the lost is found." Oh, how many families there are that rejoice together to-day!

These Christians during the rest of the year, perhaps, will not know much about each other. You go in one circle of society, these go in some other circle of society, and this one travels in that path, and this one the other path; but to-day we all come on one platform, and we make one confession, and we cling to one cross, and we gaze upon one death anguish. It seems to me this morning not like a church, but like a great family circle, and we join hands around the cross of Christ, and say: "One Lord, one faith, one baptism, one cross, one Christ, one doxology, one heaven!" While I stand here it seems to me as if this communion table, which is only seven or eight feet long and three or four feet wide, widens until all the Christians of our own denomination can sit at it; and still the table widens until all the Christians in this land of all names and denominations come and sit at it; and still the table widens until it bridges the sea, and Christians on the other side of the Atlantic come and sit at it; and still that table widens until the redeemed of heaven mingle in the communion. Church militant; church triumphant.

> "One army of the living God
> To his command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood,
> And part are crossing now."

Again, my friends, this is an absorbing scene, because it arouses so many precious memories. We look back and remember the days of our childhood when, long before we knew the meaning of the bread and the wine, we sat in the side pews on the sacramental days, or in galleries, and looked as our fathers, mothers and older brothers and sisters sat at the communion. Or, if we sat we sat with them, we pulled at mother's dress and said: "What does that mean? What is that in the cup? What is that on the plate?" O, yes; we remember how much more tender father was on that day than on any other day. We remember how mother stood, and without saying one word looked at us, and her eyes got full of tears. Oh, the dear old soul! They have gone! But until the day of her death we will associate this holy ordinance with their memory. And when our work on earth is done we will just go up and sit down beside them in the heavenly church, as we used to sit beside them in the earthly church, and then we will drink new wine in our Father's kingdom.

> "Behold the saints, beloved of God,
> Washed are their robes in Jesus' blood;
> Brighter than angels, lo, they shine;
> Their glories splendid and sublime."

I remark again: This scene is tender to-day, because it is a confessional. You and I remember the time when if a man had charged us with anything like imperfection on wrong-doing, we would have thrown ourselves back on our honor, and said: "You don't know who you are talking to. I shall resent such an insult to my honor and integrity." We do not feel that way to-day. As we gaze upon the sacrifice of Christ, and think of what we have been and what we have done, our hearts melt within us. We see one dying accursed for our sin, and we hear him in his dying words begging for our service, and yet how little service we have rendered. Of this short life we have begrudged God even a fragment. Alas! Alas! Some of us have lived out the most of our days, and yet we have rendered to God no earnest service. Sad, that we could have so maltreated him on whom all our hopes depend. Oh, my brethren and sisters in Christ, to-day join hands with me in a confession before Christ! If there be any place more humble than another, let us take it. If there be any prayer more importunate than another, let us breathe it. If there be any confession more bitter than another, let us now weep it out.

> "Well might the sun in darkness hide
> And shut his glories in,
> When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
> For man, the creature's sin."

Once more, this is a tender and absorbing scene, because it is anticipative. My brethren, we are not always going to stay here. This is not our home. This is only the vestibule of the church in which, at last, we expect to enter. After awhile our names will be taken off the church books, or there will be a mark in the margin to indicate that we have gone up to a better church and to a higher communion. Our Father is not going to let his children remain in the dust. The grave is no place for us to stay in. "The trumpet shall sound and the dead shall rise." The Lord shall descend from heaven with a shout, and the voice of the archangel, and we shall rise. The white robe in which they put us to slumber here must get whiter. Oh, the reunion of patriarchs, and apostles, and prophets, and of all our glorified kindred, and of that "great multitude that no man can number!" Our sorrows over. Our journey ended. It will be as when kings banquet. And just as the snow of winter melts, and the fields will brighten in the glorious springtime, so it will be with all these cold sorrows of earth; they shall be melted away at last before the warm sunshine of heaven.

While I present these thoughts this morning does it not seem that heaven comes very near to us, as though our friends, whom we thought a great way off, are not in the distance but close by? You have sometimes come down to a river at nightfall, and you have been surprised how easily you could hear voices across the river. You shouted over to the other side of the river and they shouted back. It is said that when George Whitefield preached in Third street, Philadelphia, one evening time, his voice was heard clear across the New Jersey shore. When I was a little while chaplain in the army, I remember how at eventide we could easily hear the voices of the pickets across the Potomac, just when they were using ordinary tones. And as we come to-day and stand by the river of Jordan that divides us from our friends who are gone, it seems to me we stand on one bank and they stand on the other, and it is only a narrow stream and our voices go and their voices come. Hark! Hush! I hear distinctly what they say: "These are they who come out of great tribulation, and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Still the voice comes across the waters, and I hear: "We hunger no more, we thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne leads us to living fountains of water, and God wipeth away all tears from our eyes."

### Importation of Dry Goods.

New York, March 11.—The imports of dry goods at the port of New York for the week ending March 11 amounted to $2,639,108, of which $2,232,108 were entered for consumption and $407,000 were warehoused. The withdrawals from the warehouse for the week amounted to $754,392, making total amount marketed $2,986,500.

—Young or middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address with 10 cents in stamps for large treatise, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N Y.

# News of the Week.

## BEECHER'S FUNERAL.

### Private Service This Afternoon, After Which the Body is Escorted to the Church Where it is Lying in State—Beautiful Floral Tribute—An Impressive Ceremony.

New York, March 10.—In spite of the rain the streets in the vicinity of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's house were crowded with people this morning.

The coffin rested in the center of the front parlor, and was surrounded with a bank of fragrant flowers. The sweet perfume pervaded the air, and on all sides could be seen floral emblems from the friends and admirers of the dead divine. The remains were dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, with the frock coat buttoned up and the right hand laid across the heart.

The features were natural and there was a smile upon the face. The long gray hair was brushed back over the ears, the same as Mr. Beecher wore it while alive. Early in the morning before the services, Mrs. Beecher went into the parlor and stood by the coffin for some time.

She bent over the remains and after imprinting a kiss upon the cold lips, was led into the back room. Promptly at 9:30 o'clock, Rev. Charles H. Hall, of the church of the Holy Trinity, entered the house. After a short conversation with Major J. B. Pond, he entered the front parlor and commenced to read the burial service from the ritual of the Episcopal church. A quartette sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Beyond the Sighing and Weeping," and "Come Holy Spirit."

While the service was in progress in the house, Company G, known as Plymouth company of the 13th regiment, was drawn up in front of the house on Hicks street. They were dressed in the regulation uniform. Only the members of the family and a few intimate friends were present during the services at the house. The family were seated in the back parlor.

At the conclusion of the services at the house, the Rev. Dr. Hall spoke for fifteen minutes. He was very much effected, and evidently spoke from his heart. Dr. Hall began by referring to the beautiful Jewish custom of whispering in the ear of the dying person the Hebrew sentence which, translated into English meant: "The Lord Jehovah is our God.

The members of the family then retired to other rooms and undertaker Hopper's assistants came in and carried the casket down stairs and to the hearse, which stood in the rear of the regiment; on the coffin was laid a pall of bright green ferns and with its emerald hues intermingled the beautiful shades of many varieties of roses. The Plymouth company which had led the van of the regiment as it approached the house formed eight file front and followed the coffin to the rear and then took the position of guard of honor.

As the coffin was brought out of the house, the bugle band of the regiment sounded a solemn dirge. As soon as the guard of honor had taken up its position round the hearse, the regiment was formed into twelve file with arms reversed.

The procession then moved slowly down Clark street until the hearse passed the front of the house, when the members of the family who so desired got in the carriages in waiting and brought up the rear, falling in line as the cortege moved on, the Drum Corps playing a funeral march with muffled drums.

On arriving at the church the regiment formed double file front to receive the body at the Orange street entrance, in front of which the hearse drew up.

The casket was carried in the church up the Henry street aisle and placed on the dias in front of the pulpit.

The pall was drawn back, and the sliding top of the casket was removed, exposing to view the face of the dead. The guard of honor took its position and then the regiment filed into church in double file front, marched up one aisle and passed in front of the coffin, breaking ranks, and passing one file on each side and then down the other aisle to the street. In the meantime, Gen. Horatio G. King, played, as the body was borne into the church, Beethoven's Burial March. It is the same march that was played at the great composer's funeral in 1723.

There will be music in the church during the whole of the time the body lays in the church.

### Public Exercises in Plymouth Church To-day—Business Generally Suspended in Brooklyn.

New York, March 11.—All Brooklyn was in mourning to-day over the death of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

The public offices were closed, business was entirely suspended, and memorial services were held in a large number of churches in the vicinity of Plymouth church.

While the vast crowd of people were gathering outside of the church the lady members of the congregation were working like beavers within, dressing the pulpit and casket with flowers.

The whole interior was turned into a perfect flower garden, and the fragrant perfume of the roses prevaded the air.

The walls, galleries and organ were covered with evergreens, palms and calla lilies. The reading desk was covered with roses and vines as was also the chair in which Mr. Beecher sat for so many years.

In the center of the organ loft was a floral emblem in the shape of a triangle, on the top of which were perched two white doves with white ribbons in their bills.

The facade of the gallery was covered with potted plants. The pulpit was loaded down with flowers and floral emblems sent by friends and different organizations.

The casket was placed on a catafalque of white roses, white carnations and smilax, directly in front of the reading desk.

Mrs. S. V. White and several ladies devoted their time before the doors were opened in covering the casket with lilies of the valley, roses, smilax, maiden hair ferns, tuberoses and French moss.

When they finished not a vestige of the black cloth covering could be seen. There was nothing to indicate the presence of death except the stillness which pervaded the room and the hushed conversation of the workers. The church had more the appearance of a wedding than a funeral.

It was nearly 10 before the doors were thrown open to those who had been waiting outside impatiently for nearly three hours. The people entered by Orange street and were shown to their seats by the ushers. During the time the audience were being seated, organist Harry Rowe Shelby played low, sweet music upon the grand organ.

At half past ten o'clock Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Hall, robed in his white surplice and accompanied by Rev. S. B. Holliday, entered the church and ascended the platform.

When the music ceased, Dr. Hall commenced to read in low but clear tones the opening sentences of the Protestant Episcopal burial services. After these the double quartette composed of Mr. Shelley, soprano; Miss Cavanagh, alto; Mrs. Grant, soprano; Mrs. Rosan, alto; Mr. Goff, Mr. Warrenroth, tenors; Mr. Brown, Mr. Steins, bassos; and a chorus of 60 voices sang the burial chant, "Lord, let me know mine end."

The lesson was read by Dr. Hall and a prayer was delivered by Rev. S. B. Holliday, the rest of the musical programme was as follows:

Anthem—"Blessed are the Departed."
Hymn—"Jesus Lover of My Soul."
Sentence—"I Heard a Voice."
Hymn—"Hark, Hark, My Soul."

The organ was presided at by Henry E. Brown and Gen. Horatio C. King. After the first lesson Dr. Hall commenced his oration. During its delivery there was not a dry eye in the house, and several times he was compelled to stop for a time to gain control of his voice.

At the conclusion of his address, which was a glowing tribute to the great preacher and his works, Dr. Hall pronounced the benediction and the vast audience slowly filed out of the church. It was a notable gathering, and one long to be remembered by those present.

After the conclusion of the services at the Plymouth church the public was admitted to view the body. The people were formed in line at Orange street with policemen every few yards. In a short time the line extended for two blocks, and two hours, after the doors were thrown open, the line was nearly a quarter of a mile long.

### The Remains of the Late Henry Ward Beecher Taken to Greenwood.

New York, March 12.—The remains of the late Henry Ward Beecher were taken from Plymouth church at 8:30 this morning and conveyed to Greenwood cemetery, where they were deposited in the large receiving vault, where they will remain until the family select a lot for final interment. All night long the church was guarded by Plymouth company G, and at 7 o'clock this morning the remains were turned over to the Plymouth church committee, who had charge of the burial.

At 8 o'clock the members of the committee and the other gentlemen present took a last look at the face of the dead divine, and the lid of the casket was screwed down. The casket was lifted on the shoulders of six undertakers' assistants, carried out of the church and placed in the hearse. Rev. S. B. Halliday walked in front of the casket with uncovered head. The flowers, which were placed on the top of the casket, were allowed to remain. There were twelve carriages.

Only the family and close personal friends of the deceased went out to the cemetery. The funeral cortege proceeded from the church to Greenwood cemetery by the shortest route.

## MR. BLAINE OF NAINE

### As a Republican Candidate for the Presidency as Against Cleveland The Present Administration and Its Errors—What Congress Did by Omission—An Interview with Sen. Hale.

New York, March 12.—The *Tribune* prints the following: "Sen. Eugene Hale, of Maine, was at the Fifth avenue hotel yesterday on his way home from Washington, to make arrangements for improvements and work on his place before going to Europe. It is his intention to sail from this city in April, and spend the summer with Mrs. Hale and the boys, who are in Paris.

"When asked about the general result of the session of Congress, Sen. Hale said: 'There are two things that have been shown very clearly and stand out distinctly above everything else. Those are the utter lack of administrative and legislative faculty on the part of the Democratic party in the first place, and, secondly, the unpatriotic attitude of the Democratic party.

"'They entirely failed in everything relating to fiscal and financial legislation. Everybody in the country knows that to be the fact, but it could be seen in Washington even more plainly than elsewhere. There was no cohesion in the party. The administration had no plans or policy of any kind. The leaders in the House had no plans that they were united on. The leaders of the Senate were equally without plans. There was nothing that even looked like united action between the leaders of these several parts of the Democratic organization. They did not agree on the tariff, nor on silver, nor upon the treatment of the surplus, nor upon any method of distribution of surplus by appropriations among the people.

"'The administration recommended very little for the consideration of Congress. It was apparently given over to the consideration of small things, petty details and minor matters, letting the large affairs of government go. It appeared to have no grasp of the broad questions of statesmanship. Whenever it made recommendations, it was snubbed both in the House and the Senate by the Democratic members. This was true on every measure of legislation affecting the business of the country.

"'When we come to the other subject, the unpatriotic attitude of the party was displayed by the entire indifference to every measure that affected the national defence and security. On those measures it was in pronounced hostility. The President recommended nothing to put the country in a condition of safety, either in respect to the naval establishment or for harbor defences or for coast fortifications. The House put the veto on everything attempted in this direction. The singular spectacle was presented of the minority—that is the position, and not the administration—presenting and framing and passing through the Republican Senate all the measures that tended to national security and defence.

"'This was all the more significant because the moneys appropriated by such legislation were lodged in the hands of the Democratic administration for expenditure, and the moneys would have been expended by the Democrats; yet the bills failed to become laws because of the opposition of the administration and its adherents in the two braches of Congress. I expect this unpatriotic attitude of the Democratic party and its indifference to national security and national honor will become thoroughly understood by the people during the next year, and will become a prominent feature for discussion in the next Presidential election. There is very little hopefulness in the minds of the Democratic leaders in Congress as to the future. They have very little confidence in the administration.'

"How about the Presidency? Whom will the Democrats nominate?"

"I think they are likely to re-nominate Mr. Cleveland. If he has New York earnestly for him in the convention, that will settle it."

"Is not that likely to bring on the old fight again between Mr. Blaine and Cleveland?"

"So far as the Republican nomination is concerned, if the convention should meet to-day, nobody would be much talked of or discussed for the nomination except Mr. Blaine. He has lost nothing in the two years since his defeat, in his retirement, which has been honorable and dignified, but has gained in public confidence. Personally, he is not thinking about the subject, and he has no desire to become again a candidate. If he is a candidate it will be because he cannot help it, and because the people and his party are bound to make the fight again with him as the leader."

## LOGAN'S COMRADES

### Testify Their Admiration for the Departed Soldiers—A Fitting Tribute.

Chicago, March 9.—U. S. Post 28, G. A. R., last evening presented Mrs. Logan with a beautiful ornamented escutcheon, emblematic of Gen. Logan's career. The chaplain in closing the presentation speech said: "We had hoped to make your honored husband President of our Nation, and you we had hoped to see Queen of the White House. But our Father willed otherwise, and has given him an appointment in the cavalry of Heaven."

Mrs. Logan's son, Manning, responded.

The escutcheon is painted on canvas and is about 30 by 24 inches, handsomely framed. The painting is composed of three parts: The escutcheon proper, which is a shield; the crest, which shows the arms of the United States—because of the National service—and a scroll at the bottom for the name and rank.

The shield is divided into four parts. The two upper quarterings are emblazoned with the army insignia or devices, so arranged as to show the consecutive events of service—a second lieutenant's shoulder-strap for service in the Mexican war; a colonel's, brigadier's and major-general's straps, earned in the war of the rebellion. The lower quarterings are emblazoned with the division corps and army flags of his several commands.

On the cross which quarters the escutcheon in gold lettering on red ground are enumerated the features of Gen. Logan's service, battles participated in, wounds received and various commands held during service. On a banner suspended from the base is given his civil record. From the scroll depend the badges of the various army and military societies with which he was connected. At the intersection of the cross is the seal of the state of Illinois. The society badges represented are the Army of the Tennessee, seventeen corps badges of honor, military order of the Loyal Legion, and commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

## THEY NEED IT BADLY.

### Foreigners to be Instructed at the American Exposition in London in the Matter of Our Indian Corn Products.

New York, March 9.—The New York Produce Exchange will make a magnificent exhibit of American cereals in the American exhibition which opens in London on the second day of May.

Franklin Edson, formerly mayor of New York, now chairman of the committee on grain; Evan Thomas and E. L. Livermore, an old New York merchant, constitute the committee on finance.

The chief purpose is to make foreigners acquainted with the many products from Indian corn, and thus develop a large export trade.

The intention is to build a special pavilion two stories high, and illustrate the grain-lifting and grain-cleaning processes; and among the exhibits show all samples, grades and products of grain, liquid and solid. Charts, statistics and photographs are also to be provided. American methods of preparing food are to be illustrated in an American kitchen, with American cooks, American recipes, American oil stoves and every other detail serving to instruct the world in the method of cheap living.

Mayor Hewitt warmly favors the idea of making a corn exhibit especially attractive abroad, and the probability is that twenty or thirty thousand dollars will be expended.

## THE RANDALL FREEZEOUT.

### A Scheme Being Put up in Philadelphia to Keep Randall Out of Congress—How it is to be Worked.

New York, March 10.—A Philadelphia special to the *Times* says: Hon. William M. Singerly, the proprietor of the *Record*, a Democratic newspaper, which is bitterly hostile Congressman Randall, is understood to be at the bottom to freeze him out, and James McManes, the most powerful of the local ring of Republican bosses, has said publically within a few days that he favored redistricting the city, so as to make all of the districts Republican.

It is doubtful whether the scheme will succeed, because it is apt to raise as much opposition from Republicans as from Democrats.

The chief article of faith of the Pennsylvania Republicans is protection and the protectionists generally believe that Mr. Randall serves them better than any Republican could.

Nine-tenths of the manufacturers of Philadelphia would put up money to elect Randall against any new Republican if Randall's election was in danger. Local politicians say that at a consultation between Singerly and William R. Leeds, a local boss, and the leader of the Philadelphia Republicans in the legislature, the scheme to freeze out Randall was formally agreed upon, and they also say that the scheme will succeed unless Cameron interferes to prevent it.

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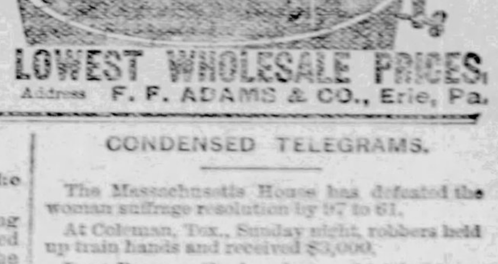

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## HAWAII'S MOUNTAIN FIEND.

### The King's Sister Sacrifices Herself to the Goddess Pele.

Honolulu, Feb. 17.—There is weeping and wailing to-day among the mild-eyed Kanakas in this far-off kingdom of the Sunset Sea. All that is mortal of the well-beloved Princess Like Like, the youngest sister of His Majesty King Kalakaua, will be deposited on the 28th inst. side by side with those of the other personages who have gone before to their last resting place in the royal mausoleum.

The princess was a woman of more than ordinary intelligence, and had improved herself by much reading and study. Her manners were easy and graceful. She was the wife of A. B. Cleghorn, at one time a member of the king's cabinet, and by him had one child, a little girl now 9 years of age. The little miss, provided she lives, will in all probability take an important stand in the affairs of the kingdom, she being in the line of succession to the throne.

But notwithstanding the intelligence of Like Like—the constant intercourse she had had with the foreign population for years and years—there was yet a strain of natural superstition in her composition of, which she could not rid herself, and to this if reports be true, we may now attribute her untimely taking off. For centuries back, or as far as run the Hawaiian annals, there has been a belief among the people that the eruptions of Mauna Loa and Kilauea were the means taken by the goddess Pele to show her displeasure at mortal events. It was also held—and the recently resurrected order of Kahunas and soothsayers encouraged the belief—that the only means to appease the goddess's wrath was by the sacrifice of some of the royal family. Time and again, when these awful volcanoes have deluged the surrounding country with their fiery flow and shaken the coral islands to their center, has this human sacrifice taken place, whether with the desired effect or not the chroniclers say not.

The volcano of Muana Loa recently broke out, as dispatches have already stated, into a violent eruption. This eruption, the first in 25 years, caused superstitious natives to believe that Pele had put her war paint on and was showing her anger at the things that be. The natives from their huts watched the lurid light that shone upon the mountain top and knew that the goddess was reaching out her fiery arms for a victim of the royal blood. The Kahunas, who have lately gained once more the favor of the king, declared the Pele must be appeased to arrest the fearful doom which they said must come.

They had not far to search for one who would make the fearful sacrifice, and while the rumbling of the volcana made awful thunder the Princess Like Like announced to her people that she, the sister of the King—the nearest to the throne—would lay down her life to stop the fearful flow. She openly proclaimed that she gloried to make a martyr of herself for her country and her people; and though in the prime of life and with the prospect of a crown before her, she made her final preparations and lay down to await the end. It is said that in this final proceeding the Kahunas played no important part, and that while acting as her guardians and advisers they were, in fact, practising their dark arts upon her and hurrying her onward to the end.

For days and days she lay among these people, and during all that time not a particle of food was allowed to pass her lips. Death was not speedily coming to one so full of life and vitality as she had been, but starvation did its work at last, and while the Kahunas sat about and their incantations went on the spirit of the Princess left her body and the sacrifice was at an end. For twenty days her remains are to lie in state, and on the 28th the iron portals of the mausoleum close in upon them forever.

That this good woman was cruelly sacrificed to the superstition of the Kahunas is an open secret at the islands, but the strangest part to tell is this, that upon the day of her death Mauna Loa the Awful ceased to belch its lava forth, and for days after was in comparative quiet, and then the hoary old soothsayers went about among the people with many a nod and mystic sign, as who should say, "Didn't we foretell all this?" and to-day their power is greater in the land than since the days when Capt. Cook laid his bones upon their sandy beach.

## THERE ARE CHICAGO MINISTERS

### Who Sympathize With Mrs. Beecher in Her Great Affliction—Action Taken by Congregationalists.

Chicago, March 10.—At the prayer meeting at the Leavitt street Congregational church, last night, Rev. Theodore P. Prudden, the pastor, who both spoke and voted for the Beecher resolution of condolence in the minister's meeting Monday, suggested that the church ought not to rest silent under the statements so publicly made, and after several speeches of unqualified approval of his suggestions, the church, by a unanimous vote, requested him to send a telegram of condolence to Mrs. Beecher.

At a missionary meeting held last night in the Union Park Congregational church, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Noble, in introducing Rev. E. A. Adams, said that he regretted from the bottom of his heart the recent action of the Congregational ministers about the sending of letters of sympathy to Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher. He was very sorry that he was not present in person, for had he been there, letters would have gone at least from the minority.

He deprecated the preachers' lack of good sense, and said that, although on theological points many of them altogether differed from Mr. Beecher, still all must admit that they had lost the foremost pulpit orator in America and one of the ablest of men. Dr. Noble's remarks were applauded, and it was unanimously voted that the congregation of the Union Park church send their sincere sympathy to Mrs. Beecher in her affliction.

## CATHOLICS AND THE K. OF L.

### The American Cardinals Reporting to the Pope Favorably to the Knights.

New York, March 10.—A Montreal special says: The following from *L'Electeur* is believed to have been inspired from the Cardinals' palace to pave the way for a backdown on the part of his Eminence of Quebec.

"Cardinal Gibbons, who went to Rome at the same time as Cardinal Taschereau, has made to his Holiness a report favorable to the organization of the Knights of Labor, as constituted in the United States.

"Some may think that there is a divergence of opinion on the subject between the two Cardinals. This is a wrong impression; it is not Cardinal Taschereau himself who condemned the league of the Knights of Labor. When it was established in Quebec, his Eminence forwarded to the Sacred Propaganda at Rome, the rules and programme of the new society, and in a pastoral letter which he addressed his clergy on the same subject, he confined himself to communicating to his flock the instructions received from Rome.

"We have it on good authority that there is no divergency of opinion whatever between the two American cardinals relative to the orthodoxy of the society of the Knights of Labor. The question is at this moment submitted to his holiness, and whatever may be the decision, which seems totally favorable to the Knights, it will be accepted with submissiveness by the faithful Canada."

## ENGLAND GREATLY EXERCISED

### At the Leaking Out of Her Naval Secrets—How it Happened.

Washington, March 9.—A naval official, who was asked about the alleged revealing of secrets by the English foreman at the Chatham dockyards, said he knew nothing about the occurrence, and whatever there might be in it was probably exaggerated. But it was well understood that the U. S. naval attaches at London and Paris were on the lookout, and their recent reports to the home government were said to be interesting.

In the officers opinion so far as the United States was concerned the information it had received was probably no more than any shrewd observer with official standing would be able to report just as the English officers had sent to their government all about the experiments at St. Lawrence with the Gallatin gun which is to be part of the new dynamite cruiser.

It was currently understood among naval people that the Russian government was as well informed about what other nations were doing in the way of a new navy as it was of other matters of moment. It is known in official circles in Washington that the English are much exercised over giving other nations the benefit of their naval discoveries.

## CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

The Massachusetts House has defeated the woman suffrage resolution by 97 to 61.

At Coleman, Tex., Sunday night, robbers held up train hands and received $3,000.

Lucy Parsons, the female anarchist, has been sent to jail in Columbus for disorderly conduct.

There was a sharp panic in wheat in Chicago Thursday afternoon and several firms succumbed.

Mr. Beecher's will has been opened and the family is authorized to settle everything among themselves.

Mr. Gladstone has informed his party that he himself will lead the opposition to the coercion bill in parliament.

Sen. Sherman and party arrived in Jacksonville, Fla., yesterday morning. They left in the afternoon for Cuba.

Dr. McGlynn has fully recovered from his late illness and will probably take part in St. Patrick's day parade.

J. Q. A. Ward says he knows nothing about Mr. Russel Sage having a statue of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher made.

Louis Bierel, who assailed Surveyor Beattie, of New York, has been sentenced to five years in the New York state prison.

It is probable that Rev. Mathew C. Julien, of New Bedford, Mass., will be called to the pulpit of the late Henry Ward Beecher.

Wright & Frost, hardware merchants of Delhi, N. Y., have made an assignment. Liabilities, $35,000; assets, $6,000.

The Treasury department is arranging to supply the increased demand for small notes, United States notes and silver certificates.

King Humbert's brother, the Duke of Aosta, will sign the new treaty of alliance while in Berlin on the occasion of Emperor William's birthday festivities.

The time for the reception of proposals for furnishing steel for guns and armor has been extended by the secretary of the navy from March 15 to March 22.

The national league of musicians protest against bands in the government employ competing with local musicians and the importation of foreign bands on contract.

It is said that the Southern Pacific road has purchased Sen. Fair's railway from San Francisco to Santa Cruz, also the senator's street railway system in Oakland.

Both branches of the Maine Legislature failed to give the necessary two-thirds vote on the passage of the amendment to the constitution providing for female suffrage.

M. de Lesseps, in an interview at Berlin to-day, said that the French nation was distinctly in favor of peace and that no intelligent Frenchman believes there will be war.

Farmers along the Wolf river in Wisconsin have entered suit against the Keshena lumber company for $48,000 damages, caused by overflows due to the company's dams.

A. Newlin Kettibler, who had been registrar of the Philadelphia water department for several years, and who died on the 3d of this month, is discovered to have been a defaulter.

It is asserted that the Russian government has invited the Powers to join in a protest to the Bulgarian regents against the cruelties practiced on the insurgent prisoners.

The United States attorney at Topeka, Kas., has given notice that the April term of the Federal court will not be held, owing to the failure of Congress to provide for expenses.

The London *Standard* has received a cipher dispatch from what it considers a trustworthy source, saying that an unsuccessful attempt has been made to assassinate the Czar. No details are given.

The marriage of Mme. Nilsson and the Count of Casa Miranda was private. The couple started for Madrid. Just before starting for Madrid, news was received of the death of a brother of the bride.

Dr. Schmitt Von Tavera, the new Austro-Hungarian minister to the United States, has started for Washington, his successor in the Austrian embassy in Berlin, Chevalier Eisenstein, having arrived.

Despatches from several points in Northern Michigan (lower peninsula) report a fall of snow, Saturday night and yesterday, of from ten to twelve inches. A northwest gale prevails and the snow is drifting badly.

Elie Stacey Charlier, son of Prof. Elie Charlier, was placed on trial in New York to-day charged with embezzlement of $50,000 from the Panama railway. Charlier was bookkeeper for the company at Colon.

The Illinois Supreme court has decided to hear the arguments on the motions for a new trial for the Haymarket anarchists next Thursday. The motion will be argued orally, two hours being allowed to each of the six attorneys.

The visible supply of grain at Chicago on March 14, as computed by the secretary of the Chicago board of trade, shows a decrease of 1,515,000 bushels wheat, 211,000 bushels corn, 217,000 bushels oats, 14,000 bushels rye and 128,000 bushels barley.

The new fast mail between New York and Kansas City, via the Pennsylvania and Missouri Pacific railways, started Saturday night at 8 o'clock and arrived in St. Louis at 3 a. m. It left St. Louis at 3 a. m., and reached Kansas City at 11 a. m.

Mr. R. C. J. Pendleton, of Indiana, representing the Hendricks Monumental association has received from Pres. Cleveland a substantial contribution toward the proposed monument, together with an expression of hearty sympathy in the movement.

A number of designs have been received at the navy department from naval constructors in the United States and Europe for the two proposed new double-bottom armored vessels of 6,000 tons displacement, of sixteen knots speed with torpedo outfits.

In the United States court at Grand Rapids, Mich., a verdict was rendered for $250 against the city of Charlotte in favor of James Cathcart, Salvation army captain who was arrested a year ago for parading the streets against the orders of the council. He sued for $10,000.

Public Printer Benedict, Saturday night, discharged 43 employes of the government printing office, including 33 compositors, proof-readers and copy-holders, five bookbinders and five girl assistants. Reason assigned for dismissals was that a reduction of expenses was necessary.

In Toronto judgment was given in high court ordering the extradition of Dr. Weir, on the ground that there was evidence of felony. Weir is charged with criminally assaulting a young girl while she was lying ill with typhoid fever in the hospital at Oscoda, Mich., thereby causing her death.

A special from Cedar Rapids, Ia., says that David Grant sold a number of fine stallions, Thursday, realizing over $13,000. Among the sales were these: Prince of Meredith, $1,300; Lawyer, $1,100; Young Dunlap, $1,250; Prince William, $1,675; Khedive, $1,000; Glengarry, $1,000; Gordon, $650.

The following is the New York Produce Exchange statement of visible supply of grain Saturday, March 12: Wheat, 54,267,280 bushels; decrease, 1,514,183. Corn, 15,526,523 bushels; decrease, 210,777. Oats, 4,249,340 bushels; decrease, 237,243. Rye, 399,044 bushels; decrease, 13,315. Barley, 1,725,955 bushels; decrease, 127,556.

The biggest importation of foreigners that has been made by one steamer for some time was landed at Castle Garden yesterday from the French steamer Cheribon. In all there were 1,191. The entire pack came from Italy, and they were sent by agents in Naples who have been negotiating with several railroads and steamship companies to furnish them with laborers to replace the strikers.

The process of melting up the trade dollars was begun yesterday at the assay office in New York. The first $100,000 worth received at the sub-treasury having been counted, weighed and examined, was turned over to that institution and yesterday placed in the hands of the melters. It is expected that each day a like amount will be sent to the assay office from the sub-treasury, so as to make room for the reception of a portion of the large sums already offered for redemption. The amount now registered at the sub-treasury for redemption aggregates nearly $5,000,000.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." Mrs. G. E. Simmons, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." Mrs. M. J. Davis, Brockport, N. Y.

Purifies the Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. Thompson, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. Barrington, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

## RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR BOSTON.

**Heartrending Scenes at the Wreck—Rescue of the Unfortunates.**

BOSTON, March 14.—The horrors attending the terrible accident on the Central Vermont road at Hartford, Vt., have hardly had time to be forgotten, when another accident somewhat similar, though it is to be hoped not so terrible in the loss of life, occurs this time near Boston, the scene being a new iron bridge on the Deadham branch, which is known among railroad men as "the tin bridge."

As the Dedham branch train which leaves Dedham at 7:05 and which arrives in Boston at 7:40 reached this bridge, the three rear cars were in some way thrown from the track and piled down the embankment, which at this point is 30 or 35 feet high.

This bridge crosses the Marsh which lies between Forest Hill and Roslindale, and is approached on either side by embankments which were filled in when the road was constructed. The train is one of the largest on the morning list. This morning as usual the train was heavily loaded, and the last three cars, the ones that left the track, were filled with passengers, who had taken the train at Dedham and the stations between there and Forrest Hill.

As soon as the accident occurred word was sent to the nearest station and from there the superintendent was notified by telegraph, and messengers summoning surgeons, were sent out on horseback. Surgeons were at once in attendance and the injured passengers received prompt attention.

In the meantime a force set to work to relieve those pinned under the wreck, and a wrecking train was made up and at once sent to the scene. One hundred and fifty mattrasses were obtained at the hospital and at sent to the scene by a special train, which also carried a large number of sufferers and friends of the passengers.

The latest advices from the scene of the accident on the Boston & Providence railroad indicates that 33 persons were killed and 40 injured. Among these are many women. Conductor Tilden was among the killed.

The engine and three cars went over safely but the five others fell through the bridge to the road beneath, a distance of 30 feet.

## A MASONIC SCANDAL

**Stirs Up the Masons in New York—Jere Dunn, a Murderer, Sought Admission in a Knights Templar Commandery.**

NEW YORK, March 15.—The *Sun* says this morning that the three commissioners appointed by the state grand lodge of Masons to investigate the character of the members of the order who were instrumental in introducing in to the order Tom Gould, the dive keeper, and Jere Dunn, the gambler and slayer of Jimmy Elliott, completed their work yesterday by expelling the last of nine men.

Gould and Dunn were admitted into Prudence lodge, No. 632, of this city, nearly a year ago and they found there many other men who had no reason to feel aggrieved at their admission. Bunco steerers and confidence men, it is alleged, had gained admission to the lodge—not one or two of them, but a formidable minority. It was the ambition of Gould and Dunn that brought them and several of their friends to grief. They rushed through the degrees of Prudence Lodge, and then went a step higher and were admitted to Palestine Chapter, Royal Arch Masons.

This was in June last, and only after the names of the men had been favorably reported upon by a committee. Even then there was no scandal, but both Gould and Dunn wanted to go higher still, and about a month later they applied for admission into Ivanhoe commandry. Here they were black balled and the scandal began. Many men threatened to leave the order. Wm. A. Whiting carried the news to Lawyer E. P. Wilder, master of Citizen's lodge, and he wrote a statement of the matter to Grand Master Frank R. Lawrence. Mr. Wilder was requested to investigate, but he was about going to Colorado for his health, and so the work was turned over to Mr. Whiting and Edward Dodd. When their report was handed in the grand lodge suspended both Prudence lodge and Palestine chapter, and took their charters from them, thus preventing them from holding any more meetings.

Besides Dunn and Gould, Hugh Denin, the master of Prudence Lodge, is expelled for letting them in, and the others for being worthy associates of the first two—H. W. Raymond, William O'Brien, G. Tibbetts, Jack Conway, H. Minchin and H. W. Winthrow. Conway was a high priest of Palestine chapter, and was charged with having known the characters of both Gould and Dunn when they were accepted as members. The investigation consumed nearly two weeks, the commission sitting six nights a week.

The Grand lodge will meet in this city on the first Tuesday in June, where the question of restoring lodge and chapter will be discussed.

## SALE OF A WIFE.

**An Italian Wins the Affections of Another's Wife, and Buys Her of Him.**

JOLIET, Ill., March 15.—The novel spectacle of a husband selling his wife was witnessed in Justice Munn's court in Braidwood, yesterday. The parties to the transaction were two Italians, Michaelo Duzetti and Patrello Pervna. Duzetti lived at the village of Diamond. Pervna boarded with him.

Pervna won the affections of Mrs. Duzetti, and Sunday she accompanied him to Wilmington, married him, and staid with him there. The deserted husband, armed with two guns, and accompanied by Marshall Blood, of Braidwood, followed up the guilty couple. They found Mrs. Duzetti at their stopping place in Wilmington, while Pervna, her paramour, was at the depot buying tickets to New Mexico. They arrested her and took her back, followed in hot haste by Pervna and a fellow-Italian, fully armed and ready to rescue the prize from the officer, who got into Braidwood before Pervna could overtake them.

Yesterday when Justice Munn called the case Duzetti appeared and stated that Pervna had been to his house during the night and told him that Mrs. Duzetti loved him better than she did her husband, and that he (Pervna) would pay all costs and give him $50 to let the matter drop, provided he would allow his wife to go with him. Duzetti said he had agreed to do this, and, giving Justice Munn $10, asked him to dismiss the suit, which was done, and Pervna is now on his way to New Mexico with Mrs. Duzetti.

## VOUDOOISM IN THE SOUTH.

**A Whole Family Supposed to Have Been Poisoned by a Voudoo Doctor.**

MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga., March 15.—Mr. Spights, who lives near Brown's crossing, came to town yesterday and reported that the entire family of John Harris, colored, consisting of himself, wife, and nine children, were poisoned on the plantation of Mrs. J. M. Morris, last Friday. The poison acted slowly and medical attendance was not summoned until Sunday evening. By that time one of the family was past hope and the others in a critical condition. Every member of the family was, when found by Dr. Hardeman, in a semi-unconscious state, from which they have not yet recovered. One of the children died Sunday night.

The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the child came to death from poison at the hands of some unknown person or persons. Suspicion rests upon a voudoo doctor in the neighborhood, and is grounded upon the fact that he makes the treatment of poison a hobby, and the suspicion is strengthened by the fact that the poisoned family incurred his anger by ridiculing his power. It is supposed he placed the poison in the meal-bag by slipping it through a crack in the log house. Several articles of food in the child's stomach have been brought to the city, and will be thoroughly examined by experts. The mother and two other children are almost certain to die, while the fate of all is very uncertain.

## JEWELS WORTH A MILLION

**Which Decorated the Chinese Minister When He Sat for His Photograph.**

WASHINGTON, March 15.—Mr. Chang Yen Hoon, Chinese minister, sat for some photographs yesterday. He was accompanied by his interpreter and two or three lady friends who were anxious to see the operation.

His servants carried up to the photographer's room two or three trunks and several smaller cases, in which were ten or a dozen changes of costume. The minister was "done" in each of these and in as many different positions.

He wore a silk cap, in the center of which was a large diamond about the size of a hazel nut. The cap fitted so closely that the diamond looked like a huge star set in his skull. From the cap floated a long peacock feather. Around his neck was a necklace of three chains, each of which was about a yard long, composed of precious stones, every sixth of which was a diamond.

His interpreter, one of the party said the aggregate value of the jewels which adorned the person of the representative of the "Flowery Kingdom," was about a million of dollars. The different costumes were composed of the richest silks and satins embroidered with solid gold and trimmed with richest furs. Mr. Chang Yen Hoon is said to be the richest man in China.

## CORONET-DAUNTLESS.

**The Ocean Yacht Race Began—The Two Speedy Schooners Start on their Risky Trip Across the Atlantic—How the Match Came to be Made—Details of the Start.**

FORT HAMILTON, N. Y., March 11.—After much talk and a delay so continuous that yachtsmen began to despair, the eventful day has arrived for the start of the great yacht race between Mr. Caldwell H. Colt's schooner Dauntless and Mr. R. T. Bush's Coronet. This is the infant attempt of the latter in the racing line, while the Dauntless is a veteran in the ventures of the like and is the possessor of significant trophies. The day broke bright and clear, the sun spreading its cheerful rays over the land and making the seas with its foam-crested billows, sparkle like diamonds.

By 12:30 o'clock, pleasure craft of all descriptions lay off Owlshead waiting for the start. They presented a beautiful marine picture. Above all towered the spars of the two beautiful schooners, with their great spread of canvas.

The preparatory signal was given ten minutes besore the start. The wind had not subsided nor had the sea become less restless. Every one was on the alert and when the final gun was given all were watching earnestly.

When the last signal was given from the Luckenback at 1 o'clock and ten minutes, the wind was 24 miles, and the tide a strong ebb. The Coronet, with topsails set, got away first, crossing the imaginary line between Owls Head and buoy, fifteen miles off the Staten Island shore, at 1:14, setting one immense square-sail, followed by the Dauntless five minutes later, with every stitch of canvas set.

In the preliminary play for position before the start, the Dauntless keeled over sympathetically with the influence of the stiff northwestern breeze, while the Cornet stood up like a house. Only lower sails were carried. After they had started the audacious Yankee stalked down the narrows majestically, the Dauntless curled the seething waters under her shapely bows, and the Cornet pushing rapidly through the sparkling blue in a defiant way.

The wind was almost free out of the narrows, and the two Yankee schooners started with good prospects and many a silent god-speed on their way to Cork Harbor, where the race is to be finished off Roche's Point

The Coronet seemed to be the favorite among the spectators, and by her masterly handling and evident ability justified the opinion.

THE CORONET AHEAD OFF THE HOOK.

SANDY HOOK, N. J., March 12.—The judges boats left the yachts when north of the light ship at 2:20 p. m. The yachts are forging ahead with a 24 mile north northwest breeze. The weather remains clear and the sea has gone down some. The Coronet is still leading by about a quarter of a mile.

This race really grew out of a discussion among several yachtsmen late last fall regarding the relative merits of various American yachts in heavy weather. Capt. Colt, who was one of the party, contended that the Dauntless was the best boat of her kind on this side of the Atlantic for ocean traveling.

This came to the ears of R. T. Bush, whose yacht had just returned from Cowes and had made such a good record for herself, both in going across and returning, that he placed considerable confidence in her ability to make the passage more quickly than any other keel schooner afloat. For a time there was talk of a race in December or January, but as no propositions emanating from owners were made, the matter was forgotten. The subject was soon revived, however, and about the middle of January, arrangements were completed for the race which is to begin to-day.

The Coronet has two distinct advantages over her rival. She is larger and newer. She was built by Poilon Brothers, at South Brooklyn, in 1885, while the Dauntless was constructed 21 years ago at Mystic Bridge, Conn., by Forsyth & Morgan. The betting is even.

## DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.

**March Report of the Distribution and Consumption of Wheat and Corn.**

WASHINGTON, March 10.—The March report of the Department of Agriculture of the distribution and consumption of wheat and corn shows that 36 per cent. of the crop of corn is still in farmers' hands, a smaller proportion than in March, 1885, and 1886, but larger than in 1884. The estimated remain is 603,000,000. The estimated proportion held for local consumption is 1,377,000,000 bushels, leaving 288,000,000 for transportation beyond county lines. The proportion of merchantable corn is 86 per cent., making the quality of the crop comparatively high, 80 per cent. being the average percentage merchantable in a series of years.

The amount of wheat on hand is 27 per cent. of the crop, or about 122,000,000 bushels, against 107,000,000 bushels last year and 169,000,000 bushels in March, 1885, the largest surplus ever grown. It is 3,000,000 bushels more than in March, 1884, and 24,000,000 bushels more than in 1882, after the shortest crop for recent years. The proportion held for local consumption is 191,000,000 bushels and the proportion to be shipped beyond county lines 263,000,000 bushels. The quality of the crop is unusually good in the principal wheat-growing section, the average weigh being 58.5 pounds per bushel.

## AN ACTIVE CAMPAIGN

**On the Fishing Grounds this Season—American Boats Will be Kept at a Distance by the English Cruisers.**

OTTAWA, Ont., March 4.—Capt. Scott, R. N. admiral of the Canadian navy and commander of the cruiser Acadia, has completed all arrangements for beginning the fishery protection service on April 1.

At the opening of the season cruisers will patrol the southwest coast of Nova Scotia and the entrance to the Bay of Fundy, where all spring fishing operations are carried on. Later on, as the summer advances, the rest of the cruisers now tied up will be put into commission.

The fleet will be considerably increased. Extensive improvements have been made in the Acadia this winter, giving her increased speed. Her furnace will burn hard coal which will not produce smoke, thus not disclosing her whereabouts to American schooners. The cruisers on the various stations will daily get under way with the fishing vessels and accompany them to the fishing grounds. They cruise in shore all day, keeping American schooners constantly in sight.

At night all the vessels will return to the nearest port together.

The gunners will be picked men of the British navy.

The seamen will be drilled two hours daily and their exercise will include practice at the great guns, as well as at cutlass and musketry instruction. Capt Scott started for Halifax last night.

## GOLD IN GEORGIA.

**Great Excitement Over the Discovery of a Veritable Gold Mine.**

ATLANTA, Ga., March 14.—William Waring Habersham, a mining engineer of twenty years' experience in the Black Hills and Western mining regions, has discovered within twelve miles of Atlanta a lead of rose quartz which assays over $1,000 a ton. The gold vein was found at a depth of 40 feet and has the general trend of the great gold-bearing leads of the country, namely, northeast and southwest.

The surface ore assayed by Prof. H. C. White, state chemist, yields $15 a ton, but the main lead assays over $1,100 a ton. The vein indicates an overage width of from four to five feet. The native miners have taken over $10,000 by panning and surface-mining with only the most primitive machinery.

One miner panned out $3,500 in nine months from the gravel in the bottom of a little creek which runs through the property.

The discovery of so great a quartz lead has created considerable excitement here.

A party of journalists and capitalists visited the mine Saturday. In their presence several small pieces of quartz were detached from the vein, pounded down in an old iron mortar and the ore being panned yielded 40 cents' worth of gold. Several specimens showed flakes of gold imbedded in the rock plainly discernible without the use of a glass. Other tests were made to demonstrate the area and the value of the ore vein, which extends for a distance of half to three-quarters of a mile.

## OFF FOR EUROPE.

**Ex-Sec. Manning in Search of Renewed Health—May Do a Little Business.**

NEW YORK, March 15.—Ex-Sec. Daniel Manning sailed for Europe on the steamer Arizona this morning. He was accompanied by his wife and daughter. Mr. Manning said the voyage was taken in the hope that the tonic of the sea air would benefit his health. He was feeling strong and the cold he caught in Washington had almost entirely left him. His old complaint had not troubled him for six months.

While in Europe he might do a little for the new bank by looking out for suitable places to locate agencies or branches, but that would only be in his private capacity and not as an officer of the bank. C. N. Jordan sailed on the same steamer.

## THE CONDITION OF TRADE.

**Dun's Weekly Report Lively Times All Around—The Number of Failures Shows An Increase.**

NEW YORK, March 11.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly trade review says that the past week has been one of great excitement among the railway and grain operators. There has been what may be called "liars'" market, fluctuating widely with flatly contradictory statements sent out every day.

Cotton has also been active, advancing ¼ with sales of 610,500 bales and coffee with sales of 425,500 bags closes as it began, as does oil with sales of 12,000,000 barrels.

Provisions and cattle are stronger while wool is weak, combing as well as fine wool yielding to a reduced demand. In all markets for securities the great bargain for the control of the Baltimore & Ohio absorbs attention. From conflicting reports there emerges a strong suspicion that the transaction pending are in the nature of a contract for running arrangements, and not for actual sale, having for its chief purpose the evasion of the inter-state commerce act.

A completed bargain of this kind reported would lift prices and create a demand for some important stocks. Wheat seemed to be "cornered" at Chicago early in the week. The immense combination, which was said to hold over 30,000,000 bushels, seemed to be selling out on Thursday. War rumors were employed as usual, but with little effect.

The exports for the previous week had been equal to 3,437,156 bushels of wheat from the chief Atlantic ports, but the purchases for export was a very different matter, and have been small since the prices advanced. With more than 90,000,000 in the country in excess of all home need for the crop year, the chances of a successful corner are not good. Sales reached 65,000,000 bushels and the price rose about 2c for the week.

These towering speculations with a prevailing real estate fever came at a bad time. Congress appropriated $18,000,000 less for the next fiscal year than for the present year, while the revenues go much beyond Sec. Manning's estimate, which means a withdrawal of much currency from use. Industry is progressing well with a gradual disappearance of labor troubles. The iron market has a weaker look. The weakness in wool and woolens continues, but cotton and cotton goods remain strong.

Some failures of consequence in the clothing, boot and shoe and carpet trades indicate unsatisfactory conditions, but the demand for boots and shoes and for leather at Boston is reported improving. Dry goods buyers show more disposition than usual to limit purchases to immediate wants, but the demands for April are to be largely anticipated this month, owing to the inter-state bill.

Business failures during the last seven days number: For the United States, 230; for Canada, 52; total, 282. Compared with 229 last week and 239 in the corresponding week last year.

## PROBABILITIES OF A PANIC

**Are Very Slight According to U. S. Treasurer Jordan—The Spring Demand for Small Currency.**

WASHINGTON, March 12.—In conversation with an Associated Press reporter tonight as to the possibility of a financial panic resulting from the accumulation of the surplus in the treasury after the payable bonds are called, Treasurer Jordan said that he saw nothing in the present situation which was at all likely to cause a panic. There was nothing in the situation to excite such fears.

Should a panic occur, however, Mr. Jordan said the government had full power to go into the market and buy bonds in order to relieve the financial strain. Although he could not, of course, speak for the administration of which he would soon cease to be a member, he had no reason to suppose this resource would not be applied, as it had been with success on other occasions.

The only trouble he apprehended was a pressure for small currency and this pressure was being felt even now, and in his opinion would continue until about April 10. The government was meeting this demand as fast as possible, but could not supply it as full as was desirable. At this season of the year there was always a demand for small currency, and the treasury was unable to issue silver certificates as fast as called for.

This was owing to no want of provision on the part of the treasury department, but to the failure of the deficiency bill which appropriated money for the issue of silver certificates. The department had ample facilities, but not enough money for the purpose. There was no reason for alarm, however. It was simply the spring demand for small currency, and there were about $47,000,000 of $5 and $10 gold coin in the New York sub-treasury alone, and about $100,000 more small money available with which to meet any such emergency. The department would supply silver certificates as far as possible, and any additional demand would simply entail on the banks the difference in cost between the transportation of silver certificates and other currency.

## THE BROKEN BANK

**Causing Great Distress in St. John's—No Further Hope of Recovering Anything.**

ST. JOHN'S, N. B., March 14.—The valuable lumber property of J. Stewart in the Ottawa district has been attached by the broken Martime bank for $500,000. This is one account of the sum of $600,000 said to be owing to the broken bank by the firm of R. A. and J. Stewart, lumber exporters. Not only the bank, but the great firms which it has been carrying are hopelessly bankrupt. The deposits of $1,000,000 are swept away and hundreds of people are financially ruined.

There is not an industry in New Brunswick that will not be disastrously affected. The bank did the largest business in the province and paid the highest rate of interest, hence its large deposits. It is only now that the people are realizing their desperate condition, hoping against hope until yesterday when it was announced that the bottom had dropped out of the bank. This is the greatest disaster that has befallen St. Johns since the great fire of 1876, when one-half the city was destroyed.

## SOUTHERN OIL MILLS.

**They are to be Erected at Once, Mr. Armour to the Contrary Notwithstanding.**

COLUMBIA, S. C., March 14.—Messrs. Fred Oliver and H. C. Butcher will leave Columbia to-day for Houston, Tex., to locate the site for one of the first oil mills to be established by the Southern Cotton Oil company. They will also select sites for the other mills which it is proposed to put up this year. The eight mills to be built this year will cost $125,000 each.

The special machinery required for additional mills cannot be turned out this year. Mr. Oliver gave some interesting information as to the method of organizing the new company. The capital stock was fixed at five millions, each of a half dozen individuals and firms subscribed for stock upon the agreement that from one-half to two-thirds thereof be placed by them. Mr. Oliver says Mr. Armour, having affirmed and denied, now wants to come into the company, but is not wanted any more.

## EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE.

**The Views of the Kentuckian on the Treasury Surplus.**

WASHINGTON, March 12.—In an interview yesterday Mr. Carlisle, in answer to the question as to what is the treasury estimate of the surplus that will be on hand at the close of the fiscal year, said: "Treasurer Jordan put the amount at $60,000,000. That is a great sum. After the close of the fiscal year the 3 per cents will be called in, in all probability, and then there will be no way of keeping the money from pouring into the treasury.

There will be no legitimate way of getting it out. That can not long continue without a disastrous business panic. It may be that an extra session will have to be called in the fall to meet this situation. To withdraw the amount of the present surplus permanently from circulation in itself would be enough to promise a panic. When England was called upon to pay the $15,000,000 of Alabama awards she did not dare to pay it all at once, as the withdrawal of so large a sum in one amount would produce a panic, so she paid it in installments."

## LOOK OUT FOR SQUALLS.

**The Books of the Suspected Chicago Boodlers Seized This Morning.**

CHICAGO, March 11.—An important move was made in the prosecution of the "boodle" county officials. Shortly after 11, an assistant of the state's attorney office, accompanied by six detectives, entered the rooms of the county commissioners, where, armed with a subpœna, every record and document belonging to the institution for two years were seized.

At about the same moment a similar movement was made at the county hospital and asylum. The papers and books were then taken to the grand jury room for inspection. The entire proceedings was carried on so quietly and speedily that very few of the suspects were aware of what had transpired until after the papers had been taken.

## TRADE WITH MEXICO.

**The New Tariff More Liberal Than the Previous One—Some of the Reductions.**

CITY OF MEXICO, March 15.—The public announcement of the new tariff schedule shows that it is more liberal than the previous one. The following list includes important modifications affecting articles imported from the United States: Cotton thread, $1.20 per kilogram, a reduction of 40 cents: print cloth, not exceeding 30 threads in the square of ½ centimeter, 12 cents per square meter, a reduction of 3 cents; the same, with more than 30 threads, 15 cents (no reduction;) cotton cloth, bleached or unbleached, not exceeding 30 threads in the square of ½ centimeter, 9 cents per square meter, a reduction of 2 cents; the same, with more than 30 threads, 11 cents (no reduction;) common salt, 3 cents per kilogram (formerly 1 cent when introduced via Paso del Norte and 6 cents by any other route;) iron 5 cents per kilogram, a reduction of 2 cents; steel 5 cents per kilogram, a reduction of 2 cents; bricks $1.80 per thousand, a reduction of 60 cents; lead 5 cents per kilogram, a reduction of 2 cents; iron furniture 20 cents per kilogram, a reduction from the previous rate.

Canned goods were formerly taxed at almost prohibitive rates, in spite of which some trade has begun with United States manufacturers. These goods continue to be taxed per legal rate, which includes the weight of the tin or glass. Pickles, sauces and mustard are rated at 25 cents per kilogram, a reduction of 55 cents; (this class includes canned meats, fish, etc., formerly paying 80 cents per kilogram); fruits in their juice, 50 cents per kilogram, a reduction of five cents; fruits in syrup, 50 cents per kilogram, a reduction of $1.05; fruits in brandy, 50 cents per kilogram, a reduction of 30 cents.

The tariff on liquors of all kinds is largely reduced, while that on paper is unchanged. The tariff on woolen goods is somewhat reduced, but this does not affect the American trade. The absolute free list is enlarged by the addition of 42 articles, among them barbed wire for fencing, hoes, bars for mines, fire engines, hydraulic; lime, printee books, all sorts of machinery, powder for mines, printing type, rags for paper, wire rope and cable, church clocks, and many useful chemicals.

The new free list gives better opportunities to trade with this country.

## A MORMON ELDER

**Has a Lively Way of Securing Converts—A Whole Village Terrorized.**

BAYPORT, Mich., March 9.—"Elder" Cornish, a Mormon, of Salt Lake, has been laboring in this vicinity for several weeks seeking to proselyte.

Rev. John B. Davis, of the Methodist church, challenged Cornish to a debate.

The first of the contests took place Saturday night, and was attended by a large crowd. Each speaker took half-hour bouts for two hours.

Sunday night the crowd opened with considerable boisterousness, and Rev. Mr. Davis was driven from the church, escaping by a window.

The Mormon chairman of the meeting pulled off his coat, and, seizing a chair, slashed around wildly, knocking down a half-dozen Saints and Gentiles in his efforts to preserve peace.

The third contest took place yesterday afternoon, and the church was crowded at an early hour.

Cornish opened with a volume of personal abuse of his opponent, amid the remonstrances of the men and women present. His language became so brutal and threatening that, fearing a fight, a panic seized the people, and there was a rush for the door. In the melee several ladies were knocked down and trampled upon. Davis rallied his forces outside the building, but they were frightened and quickly dispersed. Cornish baptized 23 converts.

The village is in a state of constant dread fearing that bloodshed will yet result.

## OUSTING RANDALL.

**He Will Run in any Event, and if the People Don't Like Him They May Say So at the Polls.**

PHILADELPHIA, March 11.—The action of the committee of the Republican members of the legislature in changing the congressional district so as to oust Samuel J. Randall is the talk of the hour.

At the Democratic headquarters it is asserted that Gen. Cameron will not allow the change to become a law.

The districts as organized give the city another representative, making six in all.

If the change made by the committee is voted by the legislature, Mr. Randall will be superceded by John C. Grady, whom, it is asserted to-day, James McManes is to put in the fight against Randall at the next Congressional election.

It is also on the slate to send new and younger men to the next Congress in place of A. C. Harmer and James O'Neil.

Mr. Randall registered at the American hotel yesterday, and in answer to questions as to the proposed change in the districts said: "I have not given the matter any consideration. I shall, however, run in any district the legislature might make, and if the people do not desire me to represent them any longer they could easily vote for a change."

## QUITE ROMANTIC.

**Mother and Son United after Many Years—An Abduction and Its Result.**

CINCINNATI, March 14.—Frank Morri, aged 42, has just discovered that his name is James Edward Williams, and that his mother lives in Cincinnati. He was stolen when 10 years of age and given the name of Frank Morri, and from that time until yesterday knew nothing of his mother's place of residence. The farmer, with whom he had a home, could tell him nothing of the circumstances of his abduction, and his own efforts to find his mother had, until now, been futile.

Recently he visited this city and told what little he knew of the story of his life, to a newspaper which printed it. Mrs. Harriet Williams, a widow living on Stone street, this city, saw the story, and feeling that he might by her boy, whose loss she had mourned so long, wrote him a letter asking for an interview. He came and the two quickly found incontestible evidence of their close relationship and the natural joy was complete. Mr. Williams will resume his real name and will come here from his home in Kentucky to live with his mother.

## ANOTHER CANADA TOURIST.

**Mr. Hickman, of Boston, the Latest Addition to the American Colony at Montreal.**

BOSTON, March 9.—William C. Hickman, originally of Philadelphia, but lately of Boston, has joined the American colony in Canada after having, it is alleged, swindled a number of Boston capitalists out of between $40,000 and $50,000. Hickman claimed to have a formula for manufacturing an article called "sugarine" out of common starch. The sugarine was to take the place of ordinary sugar, to which it was equal in all respects. According to Hickman's story, the sugarine could be made for 1½ cents per pound and sold for 5½ cents.

Several capitalists became interested and furnished considerable sums of money which, it is said, Hickman perverted to his own use. When he found he could no longer blindfold his dupes, he left the city for Montreal where he now is. He makes no secret of his whereabouts. Hickman is said to be very well connected in Philadelphia.

## THE MONEY MARKET.

**No Fears of an Immediate Stringency—The Post on the Subject.**

NEW YORK, March 15.—The *Evening Post* in its financial article says that the point of greatest interest in the prospects of the stock market is the possibilities of a tight money market during the next few weeks.

Its the prevalent feeling, whether well founded or not, that the interest of two well-known individuals in the stock market would be served by a temporary decline of several points, and as these two are the only ones who are able to lock up enough money to effect the rates for call loans, and through them the stock market, the "Street" has for several days put itself in readiness for such an emergency.

But even several weeks ago, before this idea became prevalent, the continued talk of tight money in March and April caused the bull cliques to provide themselves to a large extent against such contingencies, and the chances are that, even if a sudden artificial stringency should be created, it would have but a very temporary effect. The reduction in rates of sterling again, to-day, was additional argument against any serious stringency.

## THE INDIANA MUDDLE.

**The Supreme Court Decides that the General Assembly Must Settle the Matter.**

INDIANAPOLIS, March 12.—The case of Smith against Robertson, to decide the question of the disputed lieutenant governorship, was finally settled, so far as courts are concerned, when the Supreme court denied Smith's petition for a rehearing. The court holds in effect that the General Assembly is the only tribunal competent to pass upon the question.

## SINGULAR AFFLICTION

**Of Dumb Beasts in Georgia—Mad Dogs Playing Havoc—Deaths from Hydrophobia.**

ATLANTA, Ga., March 15.—During the past three weeks there has been widespread consternation over the prevalence of rabies. There is scarcely a community which has not been visited by mad dogs. In Banks, Hancock, Troupe, Elbert, Forsyth, and other counties parties of men armed with shot guns are disposing of unknown dogs at sight.

A pitiable death has just taken place in Homer in which the victim was the 10-year-old son of Mr. Lockhart. The victim's sufferings were excruciating. He was unconscious much of the time with his head and spinal column drawn back. At the mere mention of water he would shudder and go into violent spasms. His death on Saturday night is described by Dr. Thompson as being beyond portrayal. Great excitement exists in Troupe county over the ravages of a rabid animal there. A dog belonging to Dr. Roberts left home and was absent several days, upon returning last Friday he was mad. A gentleman, Mr. Borders, 80 years of age, was bitten and is now in convulsions.

Passing on the animal bit five women and children, besides about 100 head of stock. The fact that so many persons were bitten has created the most painful alarm and mad-stones have been sent for in all directions. In several other sections similar alarm exists. Near Sparta, Mrs. Wash Wynn was terribly lacerated by a mad dog. In Cherokee county there are not less than 50 mad dogs at large. The three children of Mr. Elered were bitten.

A strange disease also seems to affect the cattle. In Canton a young cow, while grazing, suddenly broke off and ran all over town, clearing the streets and knocking down fences. It then ran into the woods and died in great agony. Other cattle have been afflicted thus suddenly with similar results. This great affliction of dumb beasts creates much speculation as to the cause.

## HARD ON THE LUMBERMEN.

**The Canadian Woods Are Covered With Snow and Cutters Cannot Work—A Discouraging Outlook.**

OTTAWA, Ont., March 11.—The outlook for the lumber trade for the coming season is far from encouraging and unless within the next few weeks there is a great improvement in the condition of the woods, which are now covered with snow from twelve to fifteen feet deep in places, the lumbering business will sustain a very severe loss.

Men who were sent into the woods to make logs are returning, as it is impossible to work.

Of the stock of lumber on hand nearly every plank in the Ottawa district has been purchased, and there is nothing left to supply the present demand.

Within the past twelve months the price of lumber here has advanced 15 per cent. The uncertainty of this season's cut has had the effect of still further running up prices, and mill-owners decline to fix a figure for future delivery.

Members of some of the oldest lumber firms say that this has been the most severe winter on lumber operations they ever experienced, and it is feared that the cut will fall a long way short of the quantity of logs that will be required to fill the demand for sawed lumber.

The terrible fall of snow during the present winter has by no means been confined to this district, as advices received from Three Rivers, Quebec, state that arrivals from the lumbering districts there report an unprecedented quantity of snow in the woods—Fifteen feet in some places. There is certain to be a great dearth of logs this spring, and the lumber trade will certainly sustain a great loss.

## CANADIAN COUNTERFEITERS

**Victimizing All the Banks in the Province and Some in the United States.**

OTTAWA, Ont., March 15.—One of the most daring gangs of counterfeiters that has ever afflicted Canada with its presence has been operating in this county for the past twelve months on an extensive scale.

The operations have been distributed all over the country, from the maritime provinces to western Ontario, and nearly every bank in Canada has been more or less victimized. The whole detective force of the Dominion has been on the scent for over six months, but so far without success. A dozen men were recently arrested in Montreal for supposed complicity with this gang, but were all discharged for lack of evidence.

The Bank of Commerce, the Merchants and Montreal and Toronto banks are reported to have been heavily victimized, while the Dominion issue of $2 bills has been largely counterfeited. Several American banks are also reported to have been drawn in, notably the Chase National, of New York, and the First National, of Chicago, chiefly on $5 and $10 bills.

The operations of the gang in Canada cover $300,000, but it is not known how much they have manipulated in the states.

## EULOGIZING BEECHER.

**The Methodist Episcopal Ministers Adopt a Resolution of Condolence After Some Opposition.**

PHILADELPHIA, March 15.—At the meeting yesterday of the Methodist Episcopal church preachers, the following was offered by Rev. J. S. J. McConnell:

*Resolved*, That the members of the Methodist Episcopal church in Philadelphia and vicinity, share in common with other branches of the church of Jesus Christ, in the general sorrow occasioned by the decease of the great and eloquent minister of the gospel, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the late, and for so many years the honored pastor of Plymouth church, Brooklyn, and we hereby beg permission to assure his family of our profound Christian sympathy with them in their bereavement.

Rev. S. Barnes contended that Mr. Beecher began as an orthodox minister, but within a few years had repudiated the blood atonement and the doctrine of the resurrection of the body. He stated that Mr. Beecher was a believer in probation after death and was also a Universalist. Although he had been a great man and did great things as a patriot and emancipator of slaves, yet Mr. Barnes did not have much opinion of him as an orthodox minister of Jesus Christ during late years.

Mr. McConnell said the resolution was not an unqualified endorsement of all of Mr. Beecher's theological views. The paper was adopted by a vote of yeas 20; nays 9.

## THE POCKET-VETO,

**And its Effect Upon Forty Bills, Some of Which Were of Great Importance.**

WASHINGTON, March 11.—When Congress adjourns it is the duty of the clerk of the House to send to the President for a list of the bills which remained unsigned on the day of adjournment. One of the employes of the clerks office called at the White House to-day for this purpose. He found that just forty bills had been vetoed by the "pocket" process. Of these, 6 were Senate bills, and 34 originated in the House. There were fifteen pension bills among the 40.

Of the others the principal were the river and harbor bill, and the two labor bills, and the bill providing for the printing of the report of the health officer of the District of Columbia. This is a very important document, and the failure of the President to approve the bill for printing it will, it is said, be felt in every bureau of the vital statistics in the world. The remaining bills were all of minor importance.

## CAPT. JAMES B. EADS.

**The Benefits Resulting from the Construction of His Jetties.**

NEW ORLEANS, March 11.—The *Times-Democrat* to-day commenting on the death of Capt. James B. Eads, says: "The loss at any time of such a man would be a calamity to mankind, but at this particular time, in the full ripeness of his fame as a great engineer and scientist, when the crowning glory of his long and useful life that giant work which his genius had conceived and which it was his dearest wish to live long enough to carry forward to triumphal success, needed his master mind, his guiding hand, his death is indeed deplorable."

Regarding the jetties and benefits resulting therefrom to the Mississippi valley it says: "This one engineering enterprise of his has added $1,800,000,000 to the wealth of farmers and manufacturers of this vast region, which he opened to the largest steamers of the world."

## COAL MINERS AND OPERATORS

**In Session at Pittsburg—Appointing Members of the Board of Arbitration.**

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 15.—The railroad coal miners of Western Pennsylvania are in session here to-day for the purpose of demanding a uniform rate of wages for "dead work," increased pay in mines were large screens have been introduced, and to appoint four delegates to represent them on the joint board of arbitration and conciliation arranged for at the recent inter-state convention of operators and miners held at Columbus, O.

The operators are also meeting here to select their representatives on the board, and a joint conference to consider the other questions will probably be held.

As both sides show a disposition to compromise, it is thought everything will be settled amicably. Nothing definite has been done as yet.

## SOUTH CAROLINA JUSTICE.

**How it is Meted Out to Murderers—Thirty-one Men Charged With Killing a Suspect—Pretty State of Affairs.**

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 15.—The Court of Sessions, or Criminal court of Edgefield county, is now sitting in Edgefield and the docket is loaded with cases, most of which are for offenses against the person.

During the past week S E. Tinmerman, who some months ago shot and killed a negro boy seventeen years of age, in a spirit of malicious mischief, was delared "not guilty" and was set free.

Robert T. Jones, an artist in murder, having killed three men in one day, and all relatives, has just been found guilty of manslaughter, the jury having given what they termed a "compromise verdict."

Jones shot two brother-in-laws and his father-in-law, all named Presby. In one case the jury disagreed, and now he escapes the gallows by the above verdict.

The *cause celebre* is, however, the Culbreath lynching case, which began yesterday morning. Thirty-one men are accused of the murder of O. T. Culbreath on Sept. 21, 1885. These men when first arraigned on the 13th of November, 1885, all pleaded "not guilty" and on the 19th of that month were admitted to bail for appearance at the next term of court. It was then thought they would never be brought to trial.

On the night of September 14, one W. H. Hammond, a relative of several of the accused, was killed in the yard of Mrs. O. T. Culbreath's house. Culbreath, who had treated his wife so cruelly that she had separated from him, was arrested, as he had charged Hammond with undue familiarity with his wife and threatened to kill him. On September 21, while in the law office of Gray Evans, at Edgefield, awaiting the preparation of a bail bond, two masked men entered the office and dragged him into the street.

There the mob took possession of him, riddled his body with bullets and left him for dead. He lingered, however, until next morning when he made an ante-mortem statement, positively identifying William Parkman and Wyatt L. Holmes as two of his murderers. Many of the defendants are representatives of the best families in the state, among them being State Senator Talbert. One of them is a prominent physician. Another is the brother of Mrs. Culbreath, who married a sister of the murdered man. Half of the men charged with the crime are married, and have over a hundred children between them. Some of them are white-haired and have grandchildren, and some are still in their teens.

The trial of the lynchers has been postponed, for one reason or another, until the present time, and there is no likelihood that they will be convicted, although the state is making a strong effort to secure the punishment of the murderers. Attorney General Earl secured a severance of the cases yesterday, and the trial of two of the lynchers was begun.

During the last thirteen years there have been 112 murders committed in the county. The record for the year 1886 shows 14.

## SOME PLAIN TALK

**Regarding Retaliatory Measures Between the United States and Canada.**

NEW YORK, March 12.—A Montreal special says that the people of the maritime provinces are not unanimous in approval of the government's policy regarding the fisheries question, as is clearly shown in the last issue of the *Boddeck Reporter* of Cape Britain, published in one of the largest fishing districts of the Dominion. It says: "Should the Retaliation bill be put in force and all our trade with the United States be cut off, the results would be disastrous to the maritime provinces.

"It seems a fair contention that the United States vessels should be allowed to buy bait in our ports for the prosecution of the deep-sea fisheries. In this country, the loss from the sale of bait has been considerable. The right of fishing within three mile limit is not in dispute. Why not deal with the fishing rights and the sale of fish independently?

"The one has no right to be mixed up with the other. We have no right to violate a plain commercial right to induce the people of the United States to change their policy from protection to free trade. We refuse to sell bait and ice to induce them to take the duty off our fish. The principle is a bad one. Let the fishing rights be defined and deal with the policy of free goods afterward. Why not put an export duty on ice, fishing supplies and bait? There might be some reason in this policy, but the non-intercourse policy is only fit for barbarians."

## SOUTHERN CATTLE TRADE.

**Houston, Texas, to be the Great Market—An Important Business Inaugurated.**

HOUSTON, Tex., March 15.—The committee of stockmen recently appointed by the Texas cattlemen to decide upon a location for a large refrigator canning and packing establishment, while in session yesterday at Austin, fixed upon Houston as the place for locating the works. All the principal cities in Texas made overtures for the location, offering large donations. Houston was selected because of the liberality of her offer and her proximity to tide-water, with superior railroad facilities.

Leading citizens have guaranteed a donation of 500 acres of land, and will subscribe for $250,000 of the stock. The cattlemen will also subscribe for the same amount of stock, one-fourth payable in cash and the balance in cattle at their Houston market value. This will make Houston the most important cattle market in the South. The works will be constructed immediately, arrangements having already been perfected for the transportation of the beef to England.

## GONE INSANE

**Over the Suspicion of Having Murdered a Man—Queer Case in Chicago.**

CHICAGO, March 15.—Jacon Kuebler, who has been locked up for a week on suspicion of knowing something about the mysterious disappearance of Frederick Worth, the butcher, from his home at No. 2551 Archer avenue, a week ago last Friday night, has gone violently insane, and is now confined in the insane department of the county jail. Kuebler persistently denied any knowledge of Wirth's whereabouts, but his arrest caused him more mental worry than he could bear, and he broke down under his troubles.

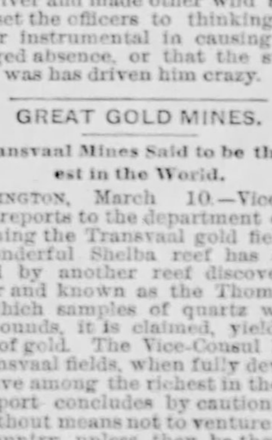
The police yesterday called in City Physician Moore, who declared Kuebler insane. When Dr. Moore began the investigation Kuebler became frantic, and it required the exertions of several brawny officers to render him at all tractable. He spoke incoherently of throwing some one in the river and made other wild allusions which set the officers to thinking that he is either instrumental in causing Wirth's prolonged absence, or that the suspicion that he was has driven him crazy.

## GREAT GOLD MINES.

**The Transvaal Mines Said to be the Richest in the World.**

WASHINGTON, March 10.—Vice-Consul Knight reports to the department of State concerning the Transvaal gold fields that the wonderful Shelba reef has been reeclipsed by another reef discovered last summer and known as the Thomas reef, from which samples of quartz weighing 3,000 pounds, it is claimed, yielded 148 ounces of gold. The Vice-Consul believes the Transvaal fields, when fully developed, will prove among the richest in the world. The report concludes by cautioning persons without means not to venture into the gold country unless they be thoroughly practical miners, as the conditions found existing are very hard.


ROYAL

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## AN EARLY SESSION.

**The President Will Probably Convene Congress Early in the Fall.**

Democratic members of Congress and others, who has access to the President and means of knowledge on the subject, do not believe that there is any possibility of an extra session of Congress now.

The prevalent impression, as fathered by a *Star* reporter from a conversation with members of Congress, is that the Fiftieth Congress will be called together in the fall, perhaps in October, in order that some of the important legislation to come before it may be matured early.

It is well known that Congress scarcely ever does any business until after the holiday recess. In view of the fact that questions of revenue and taxation of fortifications, and others of great interest must receive attention at the next session, it is thought that the President will call the session to begin in the fall, and that it will run along into the regular session.

**Rolling Mill Started Up.**

MILWAUKEE, Wis., March 15.—The nail factory, nail plate mill and cooper-shops of the North Chicago rolling mill company's plant, at Bay View, has resumed operations after an idleness of several months. About 200 men are given employment. Every other department is running, and, for the first time in several years, all departments of the works are running full force at the same time.

## CONDENSED TELEGRAMS.

John Sherman and party have arrived in Havana.

A dispatch from Chicago says that Alfred White, the famous stenographer who was reported dead, is visiting friends in that city.

At a meeting of citizens of the District of Columbia last night, $336 was subscribed for the relief of the earthquake sufferers in the Riviera.

A building employer's protective federation has been formed in New York with the object of "fairly considering the rights of the employe as well as the employer."

The commission appointed by the Chamber of Deputies of Belgium to consider the matter, has approved the proposition of the Congo Free State to issue a lottery loan in Belgium.

Trouble is feared between the striking coal miners and the Grape Creek negroes, near Peoria, Ill., when the latter go to work, and it is said the negroes will be armed by the operators.

Secret negotiations, which were on foot between the Vatican and Russia, looking to a renewal of diplomatic relations, have been broken off, on account of Russia's exiling the Bishop of Wilna.

A proposal is being discussed to grant annually to the president of the Reichstag the sum of 10,000 or 20,000 marks for the purpose of promoting informal social gathering of members of all parties.

The Kansas City Base Ball association has accepted the National League's offer of $6,000 for its franchise and players. The association has possession of a franchise in the Western League and will organize a new club.

It is stated that Abdelkader Pacha disagreed with his colleagues in regard to reforms in the Egyptian army and on the Soudan question. It is reported that the Soudanese rebels are advancing in force from Dongola upon Wady Halfa.

The issue of standard silver dollars from the mints during the week ending March 12, was $447,252. The issue during the corresponding period of last year was $411,780. The shipments of fractional silver coins since March 1 amount to $133,838.

The national officers of the Travelers' Protective association have decided to urge the name of Mr. M. J. Pickering, the chairman of their national railroad committee, upon Pres. Cleveland as a candidate for railway commissioner under the inter-state law.

The comptroller of the currency has received a certified copy of an act of Congress providing for reserve cities. Directors of the banks interested may make applications subject to the approval of the comptroller. Application will be made for the designation of Chicago as a reserve city.

A mass meeting in honor of Gen. John A. Logan was held in Brooklyn Tuesday evening. The Academy of Music was crowded with people. Ex-Mayor Low presided and delivered a brief address. Mr. Beecher was to have participated. Senator Cullom, of Illinois, was the orator of the occasion.

The secretary of the Interior has directed that all important decisions of his office in pension cases made during the present calendar year be printed from time to time and that at the end of the year they be bound into a volume. Orders for this volume received by the public printer before the work goes to press, will be filled at a price ten per cent. above the cost of printing and binding.

# Market Column.

## REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

**Financial.**

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, Wednesday, Mar. 16, 1887.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

| | March 15. | March 8. |
|---|---|---|
| 4½'s coupons | 109⅛ | 108¾ |
| 4's coupons | 128⅝ | 128⅜ |
| 3's registered | 100¼ | 100⅛ |
| Pacific 6's of '95 | 126 | 126½ |

NEW YORK, March 12.—The weekly statement of the associated banks shows the following changes:

| | |
|---|---|
| Reserve—Decrease | $1,089,700 |
| Loans—Increase | 13,400 |
| Specie—Decrease | 1,777,500 |
| Legal tenders—Decrease | 198,400 |
| Deposits—Decrease | 1,144,800 |
| Circulation—Increase | 50,100 |

The banks now hold $7,998,350 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

NEW YORK, March 15.—The stock market was extremely dull after 11 o'clock, but a firmer tone was noticeable and small fractional gains were established. Reading, Lackawanna and Western Union were the most active stocks, but a quiet business only was done in the most active. The market showed little feature and at noon is quiet but firm, generally at small fractions lower than the opening.

Closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: St. P., 91⅞; L. S., 95⅛; Pac. Mail, 54¼; N. Y. C., 112; D., L. & W., 133⅞; J. C., 69⅜; Erie, 33⅞; Erie 2d ex. c, 99¼; W. St. L. & P. 17; Erie pref. —; N. P., —; N. P. pf'd, 59; D. & R. G. —; Louis. & Nash., 63; Texas Pacific, —; Union Pacific, 57¾; Missouri Pacific, 108; C. S., 57½; Western Union, 76⅛; Kansas & Texas, 31; C., B. & Q., 139; Rock Island, —; Mil. L. & W., —, L. S. W. pfd, —; Cen. Pac. —; Oregon Trans., 32; Omaha, 48⅜; Omaha pfd., 108½; Manitoba, —; Michigan Central, 90⅛; Phila. & Read., 38¼; Del. & Hud., 101⅛; N. W., 115⅝; St. P. & M., —; Hocking Valley, 31⅜ New York & New England, 63; P., D. & E., —; Consolidated Gas, 84¼; Wabash, —; St. P. & D., —; R. I. —; Richmond T., —; C. C. C. I., —; Oil closed at 63¼c bid.

TRADE.

During the week just closed the general trade of the United States was not marked by much activity, yet merchants are hopeful that there may be a fair earing business. Iron and lumber are firm at best figures.

## THE MARKETS.

**Active, but Lower Markets.**

The markets generally for wheat, to-day, were active; opened ¼ to ⅛c under the close of last evening, but soon weakened, finally closing with a fair degree of strength. The decline at Chicago was 1⅛c in May as compared with the opening and at Toledo ⅜c. The result of the day's trade up to 1 o'clock indicates that the bulls at Chicago have control of the long wheat, and that the drop to-day was entirely on account of indifference. Lower wheat might induce exports, but they who control the wheat will see to it that they lose nothing. Whether wheat has touched its lowest point or not, it is believed by many that there will be a reaction, although there is nothing in the situation to strengthen the market at present. Exports were fair. Cables weak.

**Toledo Grain Market.**

TEN O'CLOCK A. M. CALL.—Wheat—May, 82⅝c sales; June, 83¼c bid; August, 82⅛c bid, 82⅞c asked. Corn—May, 41¼c sales.

At the regular session of the Toledo Produce Exchange to-day, there was but little done in cash wheat. Prices were a little lower. No. 2 soft Red Lake Shore, 82¼c.

For future delivery trade was active for May and August delivery No. 2. Prices opened steady, afterward weakened, and closed with a little better tone at a fractional decline as compared with yesterday.

| | Mar. | April | May | June |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Sales to-day | 5000 | ...... | 338000 | 54000 |
| " yesterday | ...... | ...... | 150000 | ...... |

seller March, 81c; seller April, 82¼c, fell to 81¾c, and closed at 82¼c, ⅛c down; seller June, 82¾@82⅝c; seller August, 387,000 bushels were taken; opened at 82⅝c, went to 82¾c, and closed at 82¼c, ⅜c lower.

Cash corn—None sold. For May delivery a sale was made at 40½c. Oats unquoted. Clover seed—Prices unsteady and 5c lower; prime, $4 20; No. 2, $4 05; prime Mammoth, $4 30; Alsike, $6 10. Futures were not dealt in.

AFTERNOON CLOSE—Wheat—May, 82¼c sales; June, 82⅝c bid; August, 82¼c sales. Corn, 39½c. Clover seed—Nominally $4 20 for prime.

**Toledo Produce Market.**

There was a little better look to the market this morning. The things that were on sale were sold at steady prices. Poultry holds well, the feature being that turkeys and chickens sell at the same price. Vegetables are in good demand. Butter steady. Eggs unchanged. Meats firm but unchanged. Butter, finest quality, 22c; second quality, 18@19c. Eggs 13c. Salt, in car lots, 75c; in barrels, 90c. Poultry—Chickens, 10c; turkeys, 10c. Vegetables—Cabbages, 35@40c per doz; Potatoes, 35@40c per bushel; sweet potatoes, $3.00@3.50 per bbl; beans, per bushel, $1 25@1 75; onions, $1.00 per bushel. Wool, 30c per lb. Fresh meats—Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs, $6.25; beef, 4½@7c per lb for sides; mutton, 6c; lambs, 6½c; calves, per lb, 7½@8c. Salt meats—Mess pork, $18.50; short mess, $19.00; long clear, $19.25; short clear, $19.50; rumps $16.00; butts, $16.00; clear neck and bean, $15.00. Hams, 18 lbs. and over, 12c; 15 lbs. average, 12c; 12½ lbs. average, 13c; shoulders, 8c. Breakfast bacon, 9½@10c; clear sides and backs, 9@9½c. Lard—Kettle, tierces, barrels, half barrels and cans, 8c, 8¼c and 8½c; fine lard, 7½@8c in cases and cans. Fruits—Apples, 60@75c; cranberries, $3.00 per box; oranges, $2 50@3 00 per box; lemons, $3 00@$3 50. Hides dull.

**General Produce.**

KANSAS CITY, March 14.—Wheat steady; No. 2 Red April, 71c bid; May, 72½c. Corn weaker; No. 2 cash, 31½c bid; April, 31¼c bid; May, 32½c bid; June, 32½c. Oats—Nominal at 26¼c asked cash.

MILWAUKEE, March 15.—Wheat weak; cash, 75½c; May, 78⅜c. Corn quiet; No. 3, 39@39½c. Oats in fair demand; No. 2 white, 31½c@33c. Rye unchanged; No. 1, 57c. Barley steady; No. 2, 51c.

DETROIT, March 15.—Wheat—No. 1 white, cash, 81c asked; cash Michigan red, 82c asked; No. 2 red, cash and March, 82c asked; April, 82¼c asked; May, 83c asked; June, 83¼c; August, 82¼c. Corn, 39¼c. Oats—No. 2, 30c; No. 2 white, 32c bid. Clover Seed—Cash, $4 10; April, $4 00 bid.

BALTIMORE, March 16.—Wheat—Western is a shade higher and quiet; No. 2 winter red, spot, 88¼@88½c; March, 88¼@88½c; May, 89⅝@90½c; June, 90¼@90½c. Corn—Western about firm and dull; mixed spot, 45⅛@45⅜c; March, 45⅛@45⅜c; April, 45½@46¼c; May, 46½@47c; steamer, 45¼c bid. Oats about steady and quiet; western white, 37@39c; do mixed, 34@36c.

CINCINNATI, March 15.—Flour weaker; wheat easier at 83c. Corn dull at 39c. Oats weak at 29c. Rye dull at 53c. Pork nominal at $18 00. Lard dull at $7 37½. Bulk meats in fair demand; short ribs, $8 00. Bacon steady; short rib, $7 87½; short clear, $9 22½. Whisky active; sales, 964 bbls.; finished goods on a basis of $1 13.

CHICAGO, March 15.—1 p. m.—Wheat declined to 78⅞c under very large offerings, rallied quickly near the close to 80¾c, and closed steady; cash, 74¾c; May, 80⅜c; June, 79¾c; July, 79¾c. Corn weak and lower; cash, 34½c; May, 39 11-16c; June, 40⅛c. Oats steady; cash, 23½c; May, 29c. Rye, 54½c. Barley, 49½c. Flax seed, $1 06½. Prime timothy seed, $1 83. Whisky, $1 18. Pork firm; cash, $20 20; May, $20 60. Lard firm; cash, $7 45; May, $7 57½.

ST. LOUIS, March 14.—Cattle—Market stroner; natives, $4 50@5 10; butchers', $3 40@4 20; Texans, $2 00@3 60. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000 head; market active and a shade higher; butchers', $5 90@6 10; packers, $5 70@5 85; Yorkers, $5 45@5 65; pigs, $4 90@5 35. Sheep—Receipts, 400 head; market unchanged. Wheat—Under the influence of dull cables and fine weather the market sagged and prices closed ¼@⅜c below Saturday. No. 2 red cash, 78⅛c; May, 80@80¾c, closing at 80c; June, 79¾c; July, 78¼@78⅝c closing at 78¼c; August, 78⅛@79c, closing at 78⅜c. Corn—Market weak early and slow, but closed steady; No. 2 mixed cash, 35⅛@36c; May, 36⅞@36⅝c; June, 37¼@37⅜c. Oats—dull; No. 2 mixed cash, 28½c; no options sold. Rye—Fair demand; No. 2, 53½@54c.

NEW YORK, March 15—Wheat—Market opened ⅛@⅜c lower and heavy, with a moderate speculative business; receipts, 147,400 bu; sales, 64,000 bu No. 2 Red April, 90⅝c; 10,296,000 bu do May, 91@91⅝c; 248,000 bu do June, 90⅞@91½c; 240,000 bu do July, 89@89⅞c; 272,000 bu do August, 90@90⅜c; 296,000 bu do December, 94 1-16@94⅜c. Corn—Market ⅛@⅜c lower and moderately active; sales, 160,000 bu mixed western spot, 48@50⅛c; do futures, 48⅞@50c; receipts, 45,100 bu. Oats a shade lower; sales, 120,000 bu western, 34@42c; receipts, 24,000 bu. Beef dull; new extra mess, $8 50@9 00. Pork firm; mess, $16 50; old do, $15 50@15 75. Lard stronger; steam rendered, $7 75. Butter quiet and generally steady; western, 12@32c. Sugar steady; crushed, 6¾@6 5-16c; powdered, 5⅞@6⅛c; granulated, 5⅜c. Molasses quiet and firm; 50 deg. test, 19c. Coffee dull; fair Rio, 14½c; good do, 14¾c; prime do, 15c. Spirits of Turpentine steady at 39c. Eggs—Western, fresh, 16¾@17¼c.

**Live Stock Markets.**

CINCINNATI, March 14.—Hogs—Market firm; common and light $4 85@5 30; packing and butchers, $5 60@6 05; receipts, 2,100 head; shipments, 960 head.

CHICAGO, March 12.—Hogs—Receipts, 12,000 head; market active and 5c higher; light, $5 25@5 75; rough packing, $5 30@5 55; mixed and heavy packing and shipping, $5 60@6 05. Cattle—Receipts, 5,000 head; market active and 10@15c higher; beeves, $3 90@5 27; cows, $2 20@3 58; stockers, $2 60@3 90. Sheep—Receipts, 6,000 head; market weak; common, $2 75@3 75; good, $4 40@4 85.

EAST LIBERTY, March 14.—Cattle—Receipts 665 head; shipments, 285 head; market active, and 15@25c higher than quotations of last week; prime, $4 75@5 10; fair to good, $4 50@4 75; common, $3 75@4 25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,200 head; shipments, 4,100 head; market firm; Philadelphias, $6 30@6 40; Yorkers, $5 80@6 00; common and light, $5 50@5 75; pigs, $5 10@5 40. Sheep—Receipts, 3,200 head; shipments, 400 head; market fair at last week's prices; prime, $5 50@5 75; fair to good, $4 50@4 75; common, 2 00@3 00; lambs, $4 00@6 00.

KANSAS CITY, March 14.—The *Live Stock Indicator* reports: Cattle—Receipts, 1,246 head; shipments, 544 head. The market was strong and fairly active for good; common about steady. Sales of good to choice shipping steers at $4 25@4 65; common to medium, $3 65@4 10; stockers, $2 60@3 25; feeders, $3 35@3 75; cows, $2 25@3 50. Hogs—Receipts, 5,818 head; shipments, 2,777 head; choice 10c and others 10@15c lower. Sales of good to choice, $5 55@5 65; common to medium, $5 10@5 50; skips and pigs, $2 75@5 05. Sheep—Receipts, 3,325 head; shipments, — head; the market was strong; good to choice muttons, $3 60@4 00; common to medium, $2 50@3 30.

BUFFALO, March 14.—Cattle—Receipts, 730 head; prices advanced 25 to 50 cents from last Monday; common to fair, $4 00@4 50; good to choice shipping, $4 65@5 00; extra steers, $5 15@5 50; stockers and feeders are quiet at $3 00@3 75; veals, $5 50@6 50. Sheep—Receipts, 5,200 head; market is quoted steady with a fair demand; common to good, $4 50@5 00; choice to extra, $5 25@5 40; fair to good lambs, $5 00@5 40; good to choice, $5 50@6 00. Hogs—Receipts, 8,190 head; market opened with good demand at full prices; light pigs, $5 00@5 50; mixed pigs and light Yorkers, $5 60@5 90; selected Yorkers, $6 00@6 10; selected medium weights, $6 15@6 25; selected heavy ends, $5 25@5 75, and closed at a decline of from 5 to 10 cents.

**Boston Wool Market.**

Buyers are cautious and the market runs in their favor. Holders of desirable wools are not forcing sales; to do so would render large concessions necessary. Ohio and Pennsylvania, Michigan, Wisconsin, etc., 31@32c; Territory, 24@26c; combing and delaine, 30@32c; unwashed and unmerchantable, 26½c; pulled wool and noils, 32@42c; scoured and tub washed, 35@60c; California spring and Oregon, 18½c.

**Foreign Markets.**

LONDON, March 14.—The *Mark Lane Express* says: The supplies of native wheats are sparing. Trade in the provinces is firm and prices have advanced 6d to 1s. The sales of English wheat during the week were 43,442 quarters at 32s 7d against 64,422 quarters at 29s 9d during the corresponding week last year. Flour is steady notwithstanding large foreign arrivals. Foreign wheat is steady and quiet. American red winters are 6d better. Foreign flour is steady. Corn irregular; mixed American scarce and tending upward. Oats are dull.


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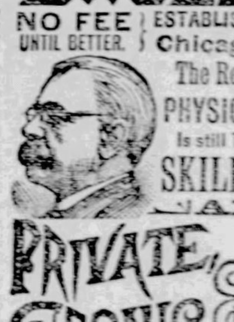

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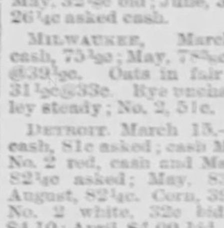


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